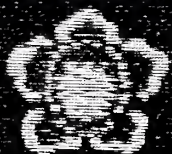


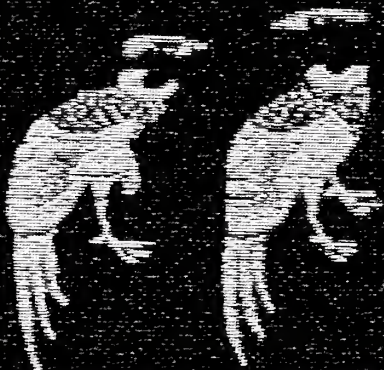


OR THE LIFE OF THE
REV. W. J. MCKENZIE.
• • • OF KOREA • • •



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W. J. McKeen

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A CORN OF WHEAT

OR

THE LIFE OF REV. W. J. McKENZIE

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ELIZABETH A. McCULLY

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PREFACE.

THE life of the Rev. William J. McKenzie is written in too many hearts ever to be forgotten, and the great work he has inaugurated in Korea speaks more than volumes of praise; yet these facts seem to demand that the details of that life be recorded—a life that was a glorious message to his generation, not only from bleak Labrador and far-off Korea, but from the student's desk and the home pastor's pulpit.

The task of writing should be that of a master pen, and not of a novice; but in the long delay of others who could have done it worthily, I have been impelled to the attempt.

The courtesy of Mr. McKenzie's family in placing at my disposal his treasured books of diary, has relieved me almost wholly of the burden of authorship, and made my work chiefly that of compiling and editing. Other material, such as personal letters and newspaper articles, gradually accumulated through the kindness of interested friends, among whom I am especially indebted to the Rev. Duncan

McRae, of Korea, for valuable facts and for photographs, and to the Rev. George E. Ross, lately of Demerara, for untiring help.

The task of deciphering the closely-written, difficult pages of diary has been slow, but the deeper acquaintance thus gained with the writer's inner life and thought has been a blessing which I would fain share, especially with the young people of our churches, as those on the eve of deciding their life-work for God.

May the secret of this heroic life, that has made glorious history for his Church and country, be discovered and applied by many other true hearts. May his absolute surrender of self and its interests to God be repeated in many lives.

He who touched the heart of McKenzie of Korea with "fire from off the altar," is able to kindle in others the same Christ-like spirit of love, even through this simple telling of his life-story.

That he may thus deign to use for His glory the work for which I have had "no sufficiency" in myself, is my one desire in presenting it.

ELIZABETH A. McCULLY.

TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA, January, 1903

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A CORN OF WHEAT.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOY AND THE STUDENT.

No romance of life can begin without the most ordinary of facts regarding time and place, which must, at the outset, adjust the mind of the listener to the hearing of the story; for without some knowledge of the obscure days, the lights and shadows, of early surroundings, who can receive the true impression of the final picture of beauty, of manliness, of bold enterprise or patient suffering of a hero's life?

William John McKenzie, the noble man whom the Canadian Church delights to honor, was of purely Scotch descent, born July 15th, 1861, in the island of Cape Breton, that easterly extremity of Nova Scotia, most like to Old Scotland in its wild and rugged beauty.

In the early days of 1800, when only the daring and adventurous came to her shores, Canada received a son from Scotland, William McKenzie, of Sutherlandshire, as a settler, who should influence in a marked degree her best and truest life for many years to come. With his brave wife and one child, he chose Richmond

County as his home, and there, on the lovely West Bay of Bras d'Or Lake, with but one cow as the nucleus of his possessions, he gradually won for himself the good things of life, turning the wild tracts of the hill country into beautiful farm lands, and building up the home so long to be held in honor for the sake of his posterity.

He was the grandfather of our missionary, and the one who, above all others, influenced that life in its choice of all that was best. His son, Robert, was born December 22nd, 1823, and inherited the homestead, as well as that better estate of Scottish piety and principle.

In March, 1854, Robert was married to Flora McRae, of Middle River, Victoria County, a woman of Scottish blood and faith, and of their six children William was the third. The grandfather's namesake was also his chief favorite, and the warm friendship which grew up between the sturdy, energetic boy and the saintly old man lasted through nineteen years, when, in 1880, God called His aged servant home, and left the young man impressed for eternity by the rare beauty of his life. Through the childhood of the boy the grandfather would take him for long walks, when, especially on Sabbath days, they would pore over the Word of God, the old man's faith and experience testifying to the reality of the Book of Truth, with its marvellous promises for "the life that now is and that which is to come." Whole books of the Bible would be read by these two while sitting under a shady tree, and who can doubt that

the blessed Spirit who moved men to write it was even then instilling the truth and the power of its meaning into this young heart? With prayers and tears the faithful servant of God pleaded for the future of his beloved grandson, perhaps receiving by faith some of the harvest of his patient sowing, and seeing "afar off" the glorious service unto which his manhood should be given. The all-wise Creator, who counts the hairs of our heads and not less surely cares for all other details of human life, had evidently arranged the factors that should go to influence this one individual, and mould him as a chosen vessel to carry the "Waters of Life" wheresoever He would.

The breadth of vision from the hilly shores of the West Bay, which rise grandly to the north and south, with the beautiful Marble Mountain in well-defined whiteness opposite his homestead, and away to the east, in the distance, the magnificent Grand Narrows, leading into another superb "Arm of Gold," must have given a sense of great things and a thought of wide possibilities to the receptive heart of the boy. But the fire of old Scottish blood, that burned in his veins with glorious life until the last flicker of its flame died out on Korea's soil, was by no means a small element in his moral make-up, nor in the magnificent physical life that carried him through all phases of future hardship. Nor are the inheritance of the truth and stability of generations, the saintly piety of the old grandfather, and the silent strength of the father's uprightness, to be forgotten in estimating the forces that "made this man

strong." But, above all, was it the awakening of the Christ-life that brought out in bold relief the rare qualities of this great nature, and rounded out the character.

Of great stature from his boyhood, his unusual physical strength demanded the balance of mental and spiritual power to give harmony and poise to his being. We see him as a Saul, towering over his fellows in bodily height; as an Abraham in faith, when he "staggered not at the promises of God through unbelief," and "went out, not knowing whither he went," at God's command; as a John, in the vehemence and tenderness of his love for the Master. But the latter traits were not early developed. Days of youth did not give much promise of future holiness of life, and some bitter years were passed before the Spirit of God gained possession of his heart.

Human nature was strong in him. His brightness and wit and love for others made him beloved. His giant strength gained its peculiar honors among his fellows, and made him the hero of many battles. But these natural endowments were as likely to be snares as helps, for the things that gave him fame among men were not always those to make him good.

The days of his boyhood were shortened by his rapid development, both mental and physical. At thirteen he looked a man, and had finished the course of study afforded him at a country school. He therefore ventured into public life at this early

age in the rôle of school teacher, near his own home. The people of the country-side, however, who well knew his youth and fun-loving nature, were cautious about committing their children to such immature care, and for the first week of the undertaking his energies were focussed upon the one scholar who had braved public opinion and enrolled himself as student with the boy pedagogue. Others then came in, and when six months had passed the room was overflowing with scholars, many of them older than the teacher, and a most successful term had expired. At fourteen he had obtained a "B" license as teacher; this was the highest accorded in the Province for Common School work, and commanded a good Government grant. He was then in demand in the school districts near his home, and until nineteen years of age worked most successfully as a teacher.

During this time some reckless deeds made him realize that it was possible for fun to end disastrously, and serious thoughts took possession of his mind. He felt he should give his life to God, and by way of preparation for service of some kind began to study Latin and Greek with his minister at West Bay.

The following winter, 1880, he begun study at the Academy, in the town of Pictou, well-known throughout the Province for the many men of fame who have passed out of its doors. Here, he says, he nearly became an infidel, but that he could not get away from his grandfather's prayers. More than

one influence for good was thrown about him while at study, whatever may have been the evil. Link after link was added to the chain of love with which God was drawing His child. The Young Men's Christian Association of the town was one source of blessing to which some have attributed his conversion, while friends at home believe the friendship of a saintly man, a shoemaker, who took a deep interest in the bright young student, to have been the final cause of the change that now came into his life. May it not have been, also, that as centuries before "God remembered Abraham," and delivered Lot from doom, so now He remembered the grandfather who had prayed, and brought his beloved boy out into the liberty of a child of God?

The grandfather passed away during William's first year at Pictou, perhaps in the joy of assurance that his prayers had triumphed over the strong power of the enemy. Scepticism had gone for ever from the heart of the young man, and he came out of the conflict with doubt and unbelief made doubly strong at his weak point, and hereafter to be conspicuous among men for his faith in God.

We may never know just how, but the voice of God had made itself heard in this soul, and he had responded with the whole-heartedness characteristic of him, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

After three years had passed at Pictou it was necessary to teach a year in order to enter Dalhousie College, at Halifax. A second great sorrow came to him here in the death of his father, but his studies

were not interrupted. Ill-health, however, demanded his resting from mental exertion, and a summer was spent at sea, on a vessel doing business with the West Indies. A new experience was thus brought into his life that helped to equip him with knowledge that was to be useful, and help to tide him over hard days in the future.

After this interruption his college work went steadily on, the intervening summer seasons being spent in teaching, chiefly in High Schools, or at farm work on the homestead.

The summer of 1887 was passed at Cape George, where his first directly religious work was done as a catechist of the Presbyterian Church. Previous to this he had entered upon his affiliated course in the Theological College at Halifax and closely identified himself with its spiritual life. In the spring of 1888 he graduated in Arts, and was ready to devote himself to the studies he most deeply loved. He knew by this time where his life-work was to lie, and had determined to know nothing among men but "Jesus Christ and Him crucified." His was not a spirit to be content with less than the best that life offered. Business life did not attract his heart, absorbed in the love of Christ; nor could the choice of any other profession satisfy his great soul. He had not received salvation as a selfish possession, but as a trust committed to him for the blessing of others; therefore, to pass on the glad tidings was henceforth his one ambition. Like Paul, he had said, "This one thing I do," for the experience of salvation had

belittled all things earthly and temporal, and the things that had been coveted as gain he now "counted but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus."

"A man of strong convictions," he was termed by college-mates and fellow-students; but it was rather by deeds than by words that he so impressed them. What he believed he carried into action, and it was by the continual doing of those things that denote the follower of the Master, and by strict obedience to every command received from the Word of God that he best enjoined upon others the blessedness of a Christian life. He recommended the doctrine of Jesus Christ by adorning it, winning from his college-mates admiration and love, as well as their true respect. The example of one who was so upright in all his dealings was a strong influence. His was no Pharisaical sanctity, but that true purity of life which has nothing to conceal or to pretend, and shows as truly in the free sparkle of its merriment and kindly fun, as in its more serious moods, the beauty of its divine source.

Mr. McKenzie was perfectly natural in any surroundings. He hated shams and pretended to nothing he did not possess; but his innate refinement and instinctive love for his fellows clothed him with graces. One needs to hear the many stories treasured still by the friends of his old home to understand the high honor in which he was there held—of the boys who flocked about him in his short vacations, of the rowing and skating, the boxing and

wrestling, the painting and singing, of which they were so proud.

At college, no less than at home, he was a famed athlete, especially in Highland sports, and a champion boxer, but disarmed all jealousy by a sparkling wit that made him irresistible; yet these were but minor traits, that emphasized the more that deep piety which all felt who came in contact with him.

Few men have been privileged to win the devoted love of as many hearts as did this man in his few years of college life. Few have been esteemed more highly or praised more widely, yet he was all-unconscious of his power. A man "whose heart God had touched" he surely was—a man to his own self true, and, therefore, never "false to any man; a man to whom the truth was glorious truth, who dared not withhold aught that he believed, or compromise his faith in what God taught. He believed in the absolute authority of God's Word over all human opinion and never tried to evade it. A strong man, with the courage of strong convictions, what wonder that, when the Spirit of the Living God took possession of him, he should be a man of note?

Men who studied with him and knew him best speak of him as "our beloved hero." Tested by the close associations of college life, it was no small tribute to his worth that, when the Missionary Association of Students proposed opening a work in Labrador, and desired a man of ability and courage as a volunteer, as one of themselves said, "every eye turned to McKenzie." His one summer

of preaching had intensified his love for this work of winning souls and he gladly offered himself for the new service. As gladly was the offer accepted, and the pioneer work of the splendid Mission now carried on by the Church on those bleak shores was entrusted to a true spirit worthy to be its founder. For the unconscious hero this was but a step towards the "larger room" in which his feet should finally be placed, another opportunity for the great Master to work upon the vessel fitted for His use and mould him more perfectly into His own image. The lessons to be learned in that isolated land were to make the hunger for souls the very passion of his life.

CHAPTER II.

EIGHTEEN MONTHS IN THE ICE.

FORTUNATELY for the completeness of our story, Mr. McKenzie, on the day of leaving Halifax for his mission in Labrador, commenced a diary, in which he faithfully chronicled each day's doings. At the very beginning of this careful record, a secret of his magnetic power over men is easily noted. This is the deep interest in humanity, not *en masse*, but as individuals, which is manifested in his observation of the disposition and temperament, the varying moods, and especially the religious tendencies, of his most casual acquaintances. The captain and crew of the little schooner in which he left Halifax, the supercargo, and the few persons met in small harbors by the way, were all subjects of deep interest and prayer to this man who loved men.

As the slow voyage proceeded he spent much time in reading, confining himself chiefly to the study of missionary lives. This he believed to be a source of inspiration, as with Dr. Moffat, whose zeal was provoked for his great labors by reading of the self-sacrificing Moravians in Greenland and Labrador. Mr. McKenzie's practical way of stimulating his own

enthusiasm he soon found to be effectual, as he pored over a book on Korea. Upon this he comments: "Found it full of instruction. The Presbyterians have taken the initiative there and translated the Bible into Korean. Jesuits suffered nobly for their religion. Why not go out there and do as Paul did. *Get there some way, and grow into their life by some trade or labor, and also preach. Then stir up the Church, if need be, for assistance.*" This is evidently a seed-thought regarding Korea, which, seen in the light of after days, is of fuller import than he perhaps knew, who incidentally dropped it into a diary.

In the not too comfortable quarters of the little schooner he busied himself with practical dreams, learning lessons for his work from many teachers, and apparently forgetting the mean accommodations of a small cramped bed and poor fare. Keeping his mind fixed upon lives of rare spiritual beauty, he drank in their spirit and longed to be like them. The "Memoirs of Harlan Page" led him to say, "I should learn to see what personal work will do. Lord, help me to see the unbeliever, whatever his lot here, as going down to hell and a hater of Christ! Oh, give me clearer views of Christ's love, and may I feel it more! Show me the sin of disbelieving Him."

Of E. P. Hammond's "Conversion of Children," he writes: "Help me to preach so simple a Gospel that the child can see and know Jesus. Help me to keep before me that a new heart is needed, and God has promised to give it to those who ask." Just

here his longings seem near fulfilment, as he speaks of his liberty at the throne of grace "on behalf of the captain and crew, and the destitute to whom we go."

A little incident shows his child-like faith in God's answer to prayer: "Last night was the first time I prayed at worship for fair wind, and I was no sooner done than it came, beginning light, but increasing gradually all night, so that at four in the morning we sighted Anticosti, East Point." This was a real bringing of need to God, for much precious time had been consumed in slow going, and the last hundred miles of the hitherto tedious voyage were now quickly made.

Two weeks after leaving Halifax, Labrador was sighted. Rocks as large as islands, multitudes of birds' nests and eggs, an abundance of snow, and many handsome, swarthy Indians, were among the first objects noted on the coast. May 25th was the day when Mr. McKenzie and the crew went ashore. The missionary found a family belonging to the Episcopal Church, with whom he had worship and singing, a programme which he carried out wherever practicable in the months to follow.

The second stop was made at Harrington, a settlement of some importance, and one well-known henceforth to the Church which Mr. McKenzie represented. Here many subsequent visits were made, and here the missionary received very favorable first impressions in the religious services of the community. Old and young were eager to have part in

the exercises, two often rising at once to speak. Both in the afternoon and evening of the first Sabbath here Mr. McKenzie found it difficult to close the meeting, that had already lasted two hours. Here he saw the need of training and guidance, that these enthusiastic spirits might retain their ardor and steadily grow in grace. Meetings of five hours' duration he advised them to shorten, and gave some counsel regarding the children, who showed eagerness to testify of their love for Christ, as also to the adults, who knew but little of doctrine.

For a fortnight he reconnoitred about the coast near Harrington, enjoying keenly every phase of this new life as a preacher, coasting on the great banks of snow, twenty feet deep, with boyish delight; shooting, in spite of the danger incurred, among the great island rocks, where the loons and gulls were without number; but entering with keenest zest into the religious life of the people, to whom he came as a ray of glorious sunlight in the darkness.

Many of the people spoke only French, but everywhere they pressed upon him to hear the Word of God, especially the sailors from fishing schooners, and the more intelligent employees of fishing establishments along the shores crowded into the little services held in houses or huts or wherever a gathering was possible.

Some individual cases he mentions in his diary, such as a Roman Catholic, who did not know who Jesus was; an old Englishman, who had left the

Mother-land when there was but one railway in the world; and an old Indian, whose mind refused the idea that God's love demanded ours in return.

During the two weeks thus busily spent in a first study of the situation, he was entertained free of charge on board the little vessel that carried him; but with the independence characteristic of his nature, he purchased a boat for himself for eighteen dollars, and on June 21st proceeded on a solitary tour to find out the most desolate places, and carry temporal and spiritual help to those most needy on these forsaken shores.

At Bonne Esperance, he embarked in his new boat, and at Fort Island, his first stopping-place, he says he was "entreated to stay on account of the whaling-men, but could not for lack of time." Here he left trunk and boxes and procured boat supplies.

The following Sunday found him at Braddore Bay, where was a family whose history took a great hold upon him. He records in detail what was told him of them in the days of their wealth, when with an income of thousands annually, derived from seal fishery, they employed among their servants, a hunter, a fiddler, and a butcher, built a carriage road solely for their pleasure, and educated their sons abroad. Then of the strange contrast brought about in their condition by profligacy, which had reduced them to a stupid, illiterate people, hardly fit for servants, idly using the fine wood of the old oil vats and other parts of the great mansion for firewood, while they found a commodious dwelling-place in the pantry of

their former magnificent house. Deploring their sad state, he gave books to the women, who seemed anxious for learning, but he saw no prospect of the men ever having energy to remedy matters.

In spite of the fact that other college students have retraced his steps in the main and have made familiar many of the scenes which he records, the notes of this diary might be themselves amplified into a book of deep interest. In brief notes and sentences he makes vivid the needs of all classes of sufferers, over whom his heart yearned. For the ignorant little children he was very solicitous, and everywhere impressed upon their parents the need of education. In some places he was delighted to find how rapidly these little people had progressed where for two or three short summers schools had been held. Among the sick and the poor, whom he constantly met, he distributed medicine and clothing, sometimes performing surgical work, which, he says, "had to be done as if I knew all about it." But everywhere he proclaimed the Gospel.

Reaching the Strait of Belle Isle on July 1st, he found it full of ice, as it had not been for thirty years. The boats were all hauled up, and the outlook for the fisher folk was a hard one. Like Paul, he was "pressed in the spirit" on his first Sunday at this point, as he preached many times to the people and walked miles to reach some of them. Re-counting the events of this crowded day, he says, "Yet I feel I have done very little for my Master.

Oh, that I could be nothing, if only His glory could be advanced!"

Through the month of July he pressed on, past Red Bay and Henley, toward Cape Charles. Many of the day's journeys were against heavy odds, ice and cold, rain, fog, and heavy winds, with swarms of mosquitoes and black flies ever accompanying. Drenched to the skin in spite of oilclothes and long boots, or with feet galled by miles of weary tramping, hungry and worn, this messenger of the Cross pursued his way, unconscious of any heroism, and filled only with the thought of the destitute to whom he ministered.

Beyond Cape Charles, where he found chiefly people from Carbonnear, Newfoundland, the conditions grew worse. On the northern shore, the population was largely Esquimaux, among whom the suffering from poverty was extreme. Men had had but one meal in days, women were crying for food, and children were almost naked. First, the missionary said, "Be ye warmed and fed," and he distributed supplies, for which "they danced with joy, and could hardly express their gratitude in words." Then he held meetings among them, which brought out large numbers, even the half-naked, who eagerly drank in the Word of Life. The Esquimaux were usually able to read and very apt in learning. Their pitiful condition stirred the missionary to write home, as he says, "in the hope it may arouse the people of Nova Scotia to action to save these people from starvation." For their permanent relief his

practical mind devised the scheme of appealing to the Canadian Government to take them off to the North-West, and for this he made strong efforts. One young Esquimaux woman he sent later to his own home in Cape Breton.

Amid the distresses and discomforts of this desolate region he looked for a steamship to bring letters, but none came; and though two months had passed without a word from home friends, he utters no word of complaint. Two boats finally came, though without mail, and on one of these he started, July 30th, to return to Cape Charles; but because of the ice blockade and the great commotion of icebergs breaking up and turning over, she had to be abandoned for a steam launch, in which he arrived at the Cape early in August. Here he was joined by a fellow-worker, with whom he had spent some weeks of the summer, and under whose escort he sent the Esquimaux to Nova Scotia by the steamship, which had finally come through the ice.

Mr. McKenzie then planned to go alone to Bonne Esperance. Storms, high seas, and discomfort had already entered into the experiences all along the coast, and this was a decidedly daring undertaking. The fishermen of Lance au Loup watched him embark, greatly admiring his courage, though fearful for his safety. Yet God was watching over His child, and he arrived without mishap at the next harbor.

He mentions here his first marriage ceremony, recording the names and the fact that he received

racquets (snowshoes) and tan and sealskin boots as the wedding fee. He gave to the pair a Bible, "in memoriam of a great occasion."

The return to Old Fort Island and Harrington, his first stopping-places in Labrador, was made at leisure, and no effort was spared to reach every available harbor and bay where men and women would listen to the Gospel. It meant much hardship; yet nothing could daunt this bold and tireless worker, as he walked for miles, often late at night, over rocks and cliffs and yawning precipices, to reach some forsaken corner with the Gospel message. Nor did he lose patience even with the strange extravagance of the ill-fed people, whom he found spending most of their income on tobacco, or with flattering beggars, who sought to win his favor. There were those, too, who had been cheated and oppressed by clever traders and trappers, and for all he found sympathy.

His loving heart made him not only tender, but wise and tactful, as he dealt with varied cases, and with joy he tells of the tokens of God's favor in his labors. The heart that was seeking souls as the passion of life was sure of success, and we do not wonder to find many such paragraphs as the following in the daily records:

"Some liberty in declaring the truth. Some four or five young men resolved to begin to lead Christian lives. Had good hopes of one who has often been praying, but had not strength to confess Christ before the world. Had a good sing with the people

after meeting. Some are resolving to give up tobacco. Hope this will have some good effect. Many came though in rain, wind, and darkness."

He realized the fast-flying days of this summer to be full of responsibility, and perhaps gives the secret of the full measure of service rendered in the note penned on September 1st: "Beginning a new month. Lord, help me to be faithful during its days. Grant me guidance and direction in all that I do. May I be more unselfish, humble, Christ-like." This faithful dealing with his own heart meant a close walk with God, which everywhere had its influence among the simple, ignorant people, who yet could read a "life of Christ" written thus large in His servant.

A few days later, at Bonne Esperance, mail was awaiting him. Parcels were there, besides letters. One of the latter was from the Church, acceding to his request to remain all winter in Labrador. "This," he remarks, "is much better than staying on my own responsibility." Then followed boxes of clothing from friends in Nova Scotia who had been touched by his urgent appeal for the suffering. With these supplies he did much. Where it was possible, the clothing was sold, and a fund thus gathered to be expended for the more utterly destitute in the farther north.

With a long season of work then before him, he hastened to his winter's quarters at Harrington; but of this trip we must give the detailed account from

his diary, as typical of frequent experiences on the unfriendly Labrador coast:

“ By October 23rd all ready for a trip to Harrington (westward). Sailed, on the 24th, with two friends. Passed among many islands. Called at a French household, where they said we return back around the Island Mercature, about ten miles. They said we could not get through by low tide, and it was then falling. We tried in fear, and succeeded well, to get out of the small creeks, with miles that are dry at half low water. We sought then for the winter-house in vain till about four o'clock, among various channels and shoal waters. We sought next to get outside by a short cut, but only grounded in the middle of the bay, and nearly were caught there for the night. We escaped, however, after laying the boat on its side, and many other trials. We had now to turn back five or six miles in the way we came to seek the summer-houses. We could not get out. Luckily, it was calm, or we could not have faced an open bay about eighteen inches deep. We stayed three or four hours on a barren island, where was a rock with a few scraggy bushes, and lighted a fire, burning one of the trees. Our fire soon went out as we had no axe to cut wood, only a knife. I awoke from a nap quite cold, and went to the boat to find the tide had risen four or five inches; so we hastened out of the bay before the wind rose. The fog settled down upon us. We rowed five or six miles around high, rocky heads. We sought in vain for Harrington Harbor, so landed again on an

island, but had no matches to light a fire. A thick, cold, drizzling fog rested upon the island and we felt very chilly. I slept part of the time in the sleeping-bag of sealskin. We sought to spy the harbor all night. In the morning the rain and wind came from the north-east. We sailed along, when daylight came, for about a mile and a half among endless islands and shoal places. We then fell back against head wind and tide for two miles or more in pouring rain, to sight an island to the east where we might take our bearings. The fog lifted, and we saw exactly where we were. About seven o'clock we espied a house on the outside of us, hidden before by the fog. We set sail hither with a terrible gale and rain, arriving about eight o'clock in the morning, and were kindly entertained. The man persuaded us, by a few genuflections, that he is converted. Has been for a year under conviction and is not satisfied with the world. Think he will hold out. On Friday we set sail for the winter-house. The other night we were beside the houses in here and yet far away. How many get near the gate of heaven and yet are shut out. We had a heavy lift with the boxes on a hand-barrow through a bad marsh. Have good winter quarters."

In the settlement of Harrington he remained for two months, holding a day-school, where he spared no pains to improve the minds of the bright, eager children. Of music he made a specialty, and delighted greatly in the interest and progress of his pupils in sight-singing. He also improved this

daily contact with the children to give them sound Scripture teaching, and of this he saw sure results. These school-days were not without their difficulties, as a few quotations from his daily notes indicate :

“ November 5th.—Hard work to get to school to-day in the snow.

“ November 7th.—Had hard time going to school; tide very high; bushes covered with snow; good skating on ponds.

“ November 9th.—With some of the boys chopped part of the way to school for times of high water.

“ November 16th.—Heavy rain; gumming mud over the road to school; dangerous walking.”

He also taught a Sabbath School for these young people, rising earlier in the morning to accomplish the extra task. A blessed time of spiritual awakening followed upon his unceasing efforts to glorify God in his clear and practical preaching of the Gospel of the Kingdom. He did indeed “ watch for souls ” as one “ that must give account,” and the never-failing God honored the steward of His grace in the salvation of many.

Through snow and slush and driving sleet even the women walked long distances to attend service. The themes were not chosen for any effect, but that of the conviction of sin for the unsaved and growth in grace for believers. Such subjects as were taught by, “ What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? ” “ One thing thou lackest,” “ Prepare to meet thy God,” “ When I see the blood,” and kindred texts, were ever upon his

lips, and found their way to the hearts of eager hearers.

The greater need of those in heathenism still pressed upon his soul, however, even in these destitute regions of the north, and was often made the subject of discourse. By means of charts showing the comparative expenditure of money for selfish purposes and the spread of the Gospel, even tobacco-users were finally convinced of the unfair proportion, and some resolved to give all their tobacco-money for the nobler purpose. Who shall say but in other fields the same plea might be urged with as great a likelihood of response? The preacher's own heart was also quickened as he thus faithfully dealt out God's Word to others, and his resolve to give his life to the salvation of the heathen became definite and fixed.

His enjoyment of the varied, though trying and constant, work of this two months was evident, as he wrote, on leaving Harrington for a second trip to the north: "Bade all farewell; asked them to remember me in secret prayer; sad parting with friends; was at home whilst among them, and may say a happy two months were spent at Harrington as ever I enjoyed."

The idea of his going north at this mid-winter season met with many protests from the rough friends, who well knew the danger of such travel in high latitudes, and were, therefore, very apprehensive for his safety. Still he persisted in the bold idea, and left Harrington on December 16th.

Snowshoes, skates, and komatiks drawn by Esquimaux dogs, were the means by which the journey to Cape Charles was accomplished, and on the whole, enjoyed by the hardy missionary. He truly "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," though he writes but little of the difficulties and much about the kindness of the people, their great need, and their willing attention to the preaching of the Word. Only in such jottings as the following do we get a hint of the rough experiences of the way:

"January 1st, 1889.—Left for east and came thirty miles to-day; skated the greater part of the way against the wind. Other of my fellow-students have spent a different New Year from mine. Hard places we came through to-day; arrived at Tucker's in the evening and kindly entertained. Praise God for bringing me through the old year! May I be faithful to God this year, if spared to see its close.

"January 4th.—Arrived at S.'s where a young man of twenty-seven years had died of consumption; died in hope, exhorting others to be good. They intend to take the body down to the store until they can go on the ice in March, the long distance for burial. I spoke from Hebrews ix. 27, 'It is appointed unto men once to die.' Two things before us—death and judgment. I hope they have received some instruction. They made the coffin after sawing out the logs. I slept in the loft, where I could see the stars through the roof and put my hand out through the seams. My nose was nearly frozen; had

to spread my overcoat over myself; a bitter cold night. The others, who slept in the adjoining house, were nearly frozen stiff. Clothing is very scarce and the houses are very cold. Left, after dinner, for fifteen miles over very rough roads and cliffs. Going over had some upsets. Arrived at Mr. W.'s, having travelled from Harrington one hundred and two miles.

"January 5th.—Started from Mr. W.'s, six miles very rough going, sweeping down hills faster than dogs can go, and were it not for the rope drags under the runners we would smash everything; seven dogs to a team.

"Sunday, January 6th.—Preached from 'The Sower,' and 'The Serpent in the Wilderness.' In the afternoon read Spurgeon. A clear, bright day, scarcely a cloud in the sky; but the sun arises very little above the horizon and has little power. The dreary waste around facing the ocean presents a lonesome spectacle. The bleak rock has but occasional scrubby bushes showing themselves here and there above its surface.

"January 11th.—Came in to St. Paul's River, walking six miles; accommodation very primitive, bed on the floor and very short; can see daylight through the roof; had to cover with overcoat. Compelled to go on my knees while putting on my coat; no room to stand on foot. Kindness and hearty welcome overcome all, and I gladly put up with this. My Master had not where to lay his head.

"January 23rd.—Very stormy; drifts coming in

over my bed; can see daylight through the roof. I climb up over the wall by ladder; everything is rude, but better than Elisha had, or Christ.

“January 31st.—Very cold; thirty-five degrees or more below zero. Walked to Old Fort Bay in cold about thirty degrees; face covered with icicles and hoar frost; meeting at F.’s well attended.”

Between Bonne Esperance, where boxes and bales of clothing arrived in large quantities, and St. Paul’s River, from which, as a centre, he distributed in every direction to the suffering people, he remained until the middle of February. He had conducted regularly a day-school at the latter place, beside the many religious services, and was accomplishing the work of a giant in the midst of raging Arctic storms that were as nothing to his brave spirit; yet the thought of more extreme suffering to the north weighed upon him, and he determined to press on with relief, in spite of all the hardship entailed.

On February 14th he makes the following note of various phases of the Master’s business in his hand:

“Arrived at Braddore. Ran a good, long way; then came to Lance au Clare. Made arrangements with Mr. A. to go north with him; also saw Mr. Morrell and Mr. Grant. Enjoyed the evening with them. They warn me about giving to lazy folk. If flour had not come there would be terrible want. I can assist with clothing. Feel more particularly for the children. Settled Figuet as teacher; hope he’ll do well; has a loft to teach in; no expense connected

with it. People are desirous for it, and heartily welcome him."

The untiring traveller reached Cape Charles on the 1st of March, with supplies for the needy, which he had to engage three men to transport. Here he was kept busy ministering to bodily wants, while at the same time burdened with the pressing spiritual needs. Poverty, squalor, and immorality, were on every hand.

In a few days he retraced his steps southward, visiting every little harbor and bay as he passed, and leaving everywhere substantial food for soul and body, that made his coming a tender memory. A specimen day is given in the following page of diary:

"March 4th.—Came twelve miles from Henley, where I had been for evening service, after visiting all the people and assisting some with money; very bad going through the hot sun. Had to stay at Wreck Cove, sleeping out on the snow in my sleeping-bag; no hot drink, as our kettle was broken; thawing snow-water in a tin can. The fire burned a large hole in the snow; was very cold before morning, then at daylight started for Mr. Leyden's, seven or eight miles. Breakfast about half-past nine; had missionary meeting at Red Bay; little notice to prepare anything; spoke to a large audience. Mr. F. tells me he had trouble from the distribution of the clothes—too many applicants and not deserving."

Early in May, at Old Fort Island, his headquarters, he repaired and painted his boat for a more

extended trip to the north. The first sign of good weather was enough to incite him to venture upon this lonely journey; but as the indications did not continue, he had a dangerous experience. Enormous roaring breakers, with a strong tide carrying him to shore, and floating ice that made the course difficult, combined to perplex him; until he quite lost his way, when he quietly lay down to sleep covered with a sail. The pounding of the ice against the boat awoke him, and at daylight he was again moving under sail. After some time a vessel espied him—a solitary figure in his boat, with flag flying, and a fog settling down upon him. In a few minutes he would have been lost to sight in the mist, but God, in his goodness, spared him a second night of exposure, and for this he was full of praise.

He had then to return to Harrington until June before a second attempt to move northward. A young colporteur who had won his heart was included in his summer plans. He says of him, after observing his fearlessness in storms, "Martin seems ready for the worst, and will make a good companion for the summer."

In true apostolic fashion they set out to visit all the little churches and groups of believers on the way to their goal in the north. This was Hopedale, the Moravian Mission Station, some three hundred miles north and about half-way between Cape Charles and Hudson Strait.

Although June weather was more favorable, the difficulties were many—sandbanks, over which the

boat must be carried; unseen rocks, against which they rubbed, though without hurt; reefs and shoals, rains, gales, and strong tides. But through all they pressed on, manfully battling against hindrances, and praising God for many deliverances from danger. Of one perilous bit of the journey Mr. McKenzie writes thus:

“Contrary to people’s wishes, we sailed away; scolded and shown graves of persons drowned in same place. Twenty-five or thirty were watching our fate. We had our coats off, ready for a swim. Succeeded with great care in getting through, arriving soon at Captain Blandford’s, where we spent a pleasant evening; one man there was an inquirer.”

Thus watching eagerly for souls to win for the kingdom, the hardships of the way were repaid by many a blessed opportunity. From Captain Blandford’s, who employed nearly five hundred men in his great fishery establishment, to the poorest owner of hut or shanty, everywhere hospitality was freely offered to the travellers and their message of truth well received.

One experience of entertainment is recorded, dated July 8th: “We started in evening for east, with much beating and blowing and wading. Got to M.’s; had evening service; some from schooner present; much dirt and ignorance, but kind to us; never slept in a dirtier bed; had to sleep on my back so the smell of the pillow would not trouble me; pillow and sheets nearly black with filth; some live stock; found a louse in the bread at breakfast; not much appetite.”

Pushing on to Cape Charles, they had many a hard brush and exciting adventure. One day, as they raced a larger craft in a downpour of rain and a gale of wind, their mainsail broke loose, and Mr. McKenzie flung himself over the stern to make it fast, while Martin held him by the feet for fear of a tumble. The diary makes special mention that they won the race.

But supreme love for his fellow-men shows itself throughout all the missionary's notes. One day he writes of a young man who, when converted, was invited by his minister to preach in an out-harbor for part of the winter, and adds, "He preached and taught, and souls were saved, a quiet reprimand for us who wait till through college."

Again, a case is quoted of a young half-breed who led the Sunday services at Fox Harbor. Here, and at Indian Harbor, the spiritual interest was intense and most refreshing to the hearts of the workers. The account of a Sunday in these places is given in these words:

"June 21st.—Martin went to Indian Harbor, where he held two meetings, and many were bathed in tears and crying out for that peace that the world cannot give. He never had such a good time or such a meeting. I, meanwhile, had three meetings in Mr. B.'s store-loft. The place was crowded, and we had a good time. Many tears flowed from the faces of young and old. A number from *S.S. Leopard* were on shore—captain and engineers. Only for the rain in the evening and no lights we would have had an

inquiry-meeting, when I believe some would have made a start for the kingdom."

All along this part of the coast people were anxious to leave, and inquired of Mr. McKenzie as to the chance of their being removed to the North-West in the autumn. Again he wrote to several Nova Scotian ministers, asking their advice on this matter, and urging the sad need from destitution. This was a poor summer for fishing, because of much ice and many storms, so that the outlook for winter was unusually hard and meant almost certain starvation for those who remained beside such unfriendly waters. But the travellers had now arrived at Battle Harbor, where they found a steamship going north, upon which they embarked for the coveted visit to Hopedale.

ESQUIMAUX VERSION

OF

"FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS."

I.

Karalit Kakkanginit
India tikkidlugo
Afrikab nunangine
Kiaktakartune
Nellojune tamaine
Niplertokadlarpok
Kaititse persititse
Kelaumgujaptingnik.

II.

Kaumaksartairjogulle
Takpangat kilangmit
Nellojut taksiotut
Napkigidlarlavut
Puiliijautiksamik
Tussarnidlartomik
Inuit illunaita
Okarvigilavut.

III.

Nunanut illunainut
Jesusib attinga
Nertornartok ataule
Annovinut sorlo
Siamartitaulaurle
Opigijauninga
Nalegaumariklune
Utterkartinnago.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE MORAVIANS.

JULY 28th saw the missionary and his colporteur friend safely landed at Hopedale. Although coming as perfect strangers, they were nevertheless welcomed with great Christian kindness by the Moravian brethren at the station. Mr. McKenzie had long entertained an almost reverential regard for missionaries of this Church, and felt as though treading upon hallowed ground in coming among them. He accepted the invitation to preach in the Moravian Chapel to the English-speaking people as a high honor and a privilege much to be enjoyed.

At the Sabbath evening service all were Esquimaux, and there, for the first time, Mr. McKenzie looked upon a congregation reclaimed from heathen darkness. The thought of what they had been, of what grace had done for them, brought tears to his eyes, and he says the very expression upon their faces was sufficient to awaken spiritual thoughts in the heart. Doubtless the deep touch of God upon his own heart had much to do with his emotion, which was but a foretaste of the spiritual joys awaiting him in another land.

A lengthy, detailed description of the mission at Hopedale occupies many pages of his diary. Evidently the memories of so rare a privilege as this visit afforded were to be cherished. Particularly was he impressed with the wonderful industry of these self-denying men of God, as seen in the workmanship that filled their homes. Even articles of luxury were there, impossible upon a salary of eight pounds a year except through the toil of the home-makers. Their economy and thrift had brought amazing results of comfort. Even the indolent Esquimaux had been infected with the spirit of patient labor, and could show houses not only clean and orderly, but furnished with such conveniences as sewing-machines, clocks, barometers, and musical instruments. The influence of the devoted teachers had shown practically that godliness was profitable "for the life that now is," as well as "that which is to come."

In contrast with the thrift and comfort of Christian Esquimaux was seen the poverty, misery, and idleness of those yet untouched by the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Sometimes families of eight or more children were found with absolutely nothing to eat. Men would come into the station with boots and kossack gone—eaten up because of failure or laziness to catch deer, which is the main supply for winter food. At times, when deer were plentiful, the feasting would be so excessive that much sickness resulted. Thus the care upon the shoulders of

the missionaries for the improvident people was great in the extreme.

The Sabbath Day question was difficult. It was well-nigh impossible to keep hunters from their nets, and for this reason the missionaries allowed more laxity than might be expected. Church members, unless they had faith in God to supply a sufficient winter's diet, were allowed to catch seal and visit their nets on Sunday, provided it did not prevent their attendance at church, nor make a great commotion in the settlement. Mr. McKenzie's own convictions in regard to Sabbath observance were strong and clear, yet he did not in this judge another man's servant, believing that each must know his own conscience.

The fellowship with the devoted men, who in so many points are above the average Christian or missionary, was very sweet to their admiring guest, whose own intense spirit was only to be satisfied with fulness of consecration as of blessing. His full notes of the methods and customs of the Moravians, and of many circumstances revealing their piety, of wonderful answers to prayer, of self-forgetfulness for their work's sake, and the minute account of various religious services and ceremonies, show the keen interest and delight he felt in all that pertained to his brief visit.

After a few days at Hopedale, he planned to go farther north, to the next Moravian station, at Nain. The little steamer on which he took passage with his friend, Martin, was but poorly fitted, but the

uncomfortable journey lasted but two or three days, and had its pleasures in the interesting places passed, that brought up many reminiscences of Moravian heroes.

Arriving at Nain, their welcome was made doubly warm by the letters of introduction brought from Hopedale, and they were at once received as honored guests. Again the missionary heart of the visitor was drawn out in sympathy and tenderness as he listened to the story of what God had done among the heathen, who are to come, as he was reminded, from the NORTH and the south to sit down in the kingdom of God.

With liberal spirit he was willing to admire all the beauties of this sister Church, and as at Hopedale, made copious notes of the ceremonies witnessed in their services. Close contact with men of such self-sacrificing spirit stirred his deepest nature, and what many Christians might call the extreme of self-denial, appealed strongly to his sympathies, who had in himself the capability of suffering great things for the name of Jesus. His faith in God was inspired anew, and his desire for utter surrender to the will of God in all things greatly strengthened by this period of spiritual refreshing.

Naturally, he looked for the secret of the great missionary enthusiasm of the Moravian Church while so good an opportunity was afforded, and this he believed he found in their method of teaching their converts. All through the long winter they carried on systematic study of mission fields the

world over, much of which involved the large work of their own Church. At an anniversary service, which happily took place during his ten days at Nain, he had an opportunity to see the fruit of this effort in the greetings read from missionaries in South Africa, to whom the Esquimaux of Nain had sent money to assist in building a chapel. As he saw the rapt attention with which the people listened to this message, Mr. McKenzie realized how truly their hearts had gone out in obedience to Christ's command to "disciple all nations," and this because they had obeyed the first requirement, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields."

We pass on the open secret to the reader of these pages, as we believe Mr. McKenzie meant to do when he so faithfully preserved the impressions made upon his own heart in these precious days.

Of all the varied industries taught and carried on by the workers, we can make but little mention, though it is difficult to pass by the repeated praises bestowed upon gardens and workshops, and even ambitious scientific labors, that occupied the active missionaries, and made the frozen zone a place of warmth and beauty.

Mr. McKenzie felt the days spent with his noble brethren to be far from a mere pleasure-visit, but rather full of the truest blessing and profit. Many sentences penned during his stay at Nain and Hope-dale indicate this, and it is not strange to find him resolving to deny himself sleep that he might save precious time. He says, "The gaining of one hour

each day thus gives me thirty days of twelve hours each. I will endeavor to save this hour." As he closes another day's reverie, he says simply and beautifully, "It is blessed to live only for Jesus." It was with real regret he parted with the German brethren of Nain and steamed away toward the south, after demonstrative farewells from the Esquimaux, who followed him to the vessel.

Touches of his great nature come out in the subjects that engrossed his diary-thoughts. The grasp of detail that reveals a master-mind; the deep interest in the individual, that bespeaks a love that was wonderful, both impress even a casual reader as characteristic of an unusual nature. No soul was small in his sight, and no circumstance trivial. Along with the account of "Jonathan, the Christian Esquimaux Explorer of Ungava Bay," he writes as fully the story of "Dan, the Dirty Cook-boy," on board the steamer from Nain.

The journey southward was delayed by numerous stoppings. At Hopedale there was a second farewell to the missionaries; at Rigoulette, where was great destitution from the falling off of the fisheries, and at Sandwich Bay, there was interesting mission work to be noted, all of which relieved the tedium of the voyage. Some sick persons were taken on board on the way, and other cases needing Christian care. As they neared Cape Charles the plea to be taken off to the North-West sounded often in the missionary's ears, but he could do no more than bid them hope and be ready. Farther down the coast

the same cry was repeated, as the fear of a bleak winter threatened.

At Battle Harbor, Mr. McKenzie left the steamer for his own boat and took the remaining distance at his leisure, so that he might spend a few hours wherever he chose. At every familiar locality he stopped to strengthen those who had received the Word of Life, and once more to warn those who treated it lightly. The shedding of many tears, and the tender spirit everywhere shown as the message was spoken, evinced a ministry "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." God had honored the servant who honored Him. Always and everywhere his "Father's business" was his first concern. Whether the placing of a teacher in a newly-opened day-school, or the settling of financial accounts with those who distributed clothing for him, occupied his thoughts in the meanwhile, the "one thing needful" was ever his absorbing interest and the spiritual welfare of the people his chief desire.

Old Fort Island was reached early in September, where ties must now be severed with friends who had taken him into both homes and hearts for all the weeks and months of his Labrador experience. The whole month was spent in good-byes, in which every tiny settlement was included. No storms were too wild, no tide too high, no waters too treacherous for him to venture upon, that he might reach every individual soul and leave with them some last personal word of counsel. The work was not done by an eye-servant. The whole heart of the man was

bent on soul-winning, and it was not so much self-denial as self-forgetfulness that led him through hardship, danger, and privation, with no consciousness of aught but that he was an unprofitable servant; he had done that which was his duty to do.

It was slow work getting down to Harrington, since so much ground intervened where evidently the good seed had begun to spring up. Arriving there at last, he writes thus touchingly of meetings held near the settlement on his farewell Sabbath:

“Sunday, September 29th.—Meeting at G.’s house; subject, “Come unto Me,” where a number from Bonne Bay schooners were present; afternoon at J. Brown’s. The Spirit was present among us, and even the indifferent were made serious. Rogers made a start, and while speaking was very much choked up. The Spirit of the Lord was present to convince and convert. C. B. from Harrington was there, who lately lost his Christian wife. J. C. also spoke well. Many more would have spoken, but were weak and afraid. In evening had service on the Island. Evening very stormy and cold, but a large crowd present, showing the seriousness of their minds. Subject was ‘Death of Paul,’ not so very interesting, but deep seriousness shown. Mary A. prayed a most earnest prayer, that touched the hearts of many. Annie was weeping. Two wayward young men, companions, would not stand up and confess Christ because others would not. Have been the same way myself. ‘Lord, let Thy Spirit knock loudly!’ ”

The last day at Harrington was spent in rapidly visiting all the families and having prayer with them. The people showed by gifts, as well as by tears, their deep regret at the parting—another case truly where “their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality”—and this strong attachment lasted for the years that followed, when their beloved teacher and friend had crossed the ocean to other strange coasts and by loving letters cemented the bond. But even stronger has grown the love since the traveller has passed to eternity’s shore, and the name of their hero is upon their lips in greater tenderness, as that of a martyr for the Cross of Jesus Christ.

The steamer carrying him back to Nova Scotia sailed on the 6th of October from Harrington. Here he left Labrador, with all its memories, its days of monotony and of keenest interest; its labors abundant, its journeyings and perils, its weariness and painfulness, its watchings and fastings, its hunger and thirst, its cold and nakedness, that had not daunted him, true soldier of Jesus Christ as he was, but had equipped him better than he knew for the larger life-work still before him. Like the great Master whom he served, he had pleased not himself, and God had made him a chosen vessel to bear His name to the uttermost parts of the earth.

He had covered well the ground given him to occupy in the name of Jesus Christ. He had carried that precious Name into every little bay and inlet along the bleak coast from Harrington to Cape

Charles, and that not only once. Three times had he traversed the weary miles between these points, making light of the ice and snow that lay as threatening barriers in the way. Necessity was laid upon him, and with the pressure of a great love upon his heart it was a relief to be able to bear the message to forsaken and sinning souls, over whom the Shepherd was yearning, in the pitiless, ice-bound north.

The few incidents of the home-voyage were not of special note. The days were, as usual, profitably spent in reading of a nature to arouse spiritual longings and enkindle missionary zeal. A thoughtful message was sent to the mother from Cape Canso, and as the voyager reached Halifax, he closed with a doxology the last page of his Labrador diary and a loud-speaking chapter of life.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOME MISSIONARY.

“Beginning at Jerusalem.”

THE months of practical work and experience in Labrador were a requisite in preparing for future service upon which Mr. McKenzie set a high value; but study he also considered essential, and to be fully equipped for the sphere he longed to fill, he arranged to complete his studies at the Theological College in Halifax. Here he obtained his degree of divinity, April 22nd, 1891.

In pursuance of his purpose to become a missionary, he had also included medical studies in his last year's course, and made fine progress. Some opportunity for practical work offered itself during the winter, and developed still further the surgical skill he had already exercised in Labrador.

Leaving college in the spring of 1891, he returned to his home in Cape Breton for the summer to await the Lord's summons to whatever work he should next appoint. Love of home was a strong trait in his character, and it was with zest, rather than reluctance, that he entered into the pleasurable toil of the farm after a hard winter at books.

Mounted one day on top of a load of oats, as he drove into the farmyard a letter was put in his hands, which contained his first call to a home pastorate. This was in the County of Colchester, Nova Scotia, in the country district of Stewiacke, some forty miles from Halifax. To this call he responded promptly, believing that God had chosen his sphere, and by autumn of the same year was settled in his charge.

Congregations in the Homeland may not seem to offer the largest scope to the spiritual ambitions of one whose heart has taken upon it the great world of heathendom. Yet to Mr. McKenzie no field was without its opportunity to glorify God; and so, entering upon his pastorate with the sole aim of doing the will of his Father in heaven, he was led from step to step of privilege. At first it was the influence of his own devoted Christian life that was felt by his people. As with his faithful little pony—still a loved member of the farm homestead in Cape Breton—he moved continually among his parishioners, seeking out the need of every soul, he was a constant witness unto Jesus Christ in his deeply spiritual life. To believers he was truly an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity, while toward “them that were without,” he walked honestly and in wisdom, “holding forth the Word of Life.”

He dreaded the influences of hypocrisy and of half-hearted Christian living upon those who were inclined to be sceptical as to the truth of the Gospel,

and by no act of his was any soul led to think lightly of its claims or its power. His walk was upright. He made "straight paths" for his feet, lest that which was lame be turned out of the way. His conversation was "with grace, seasoned with salt," and therefore his memory endured among his first people even beyond separation and death. They loved him deeply and truly, so truly that, when after nearly two years of close friendship he began to speak of the larger demands of God upon him, they did not seek to oppose. God had touched his heart with "a coal from off the altar," and enkindled a flame of love for the perishing that nothing could quench.

Great as he felt the need at home to be, far greater and more appalling was that abroad, which ever thrust itself upon him. Korea stretched out her hands to him in silent entreaty, and the contrast between the home fields, sown and sown again with the blessed seed, and the vast untouched wastes of heathen lands, where never a sower had yet passed, was ever in his mind. His thoughts and his sermons were full of the theme. He bade his people look with him upon the harvest fields, until he could no longer bear the sad sight, and he could hear the Lord of the Harvest say, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" Then his whole heart answered, "Here am I, send me." And as with Abraham and with Paul, God directed his steps.

Korea had come upon his heart as though there were no other spot on earth so needy and so ready. God had brought the thought to him, kept it in his

mind, and made it a burden, and in no other way could he feel himself obedient than by going to that land. Becoming fully convinced through prayer that this was God's will, he offered first himself and then his money—just one hundred dollars—to the Lord. Then he broached to the Church his desire, but difficulties arose as the Missionary Board considered his case, since the Presbyterian Church in Canada had no work in the land to which he wished to be sent. This they deemed an insuperable hindrance because of the condition of the funds, a large debt at that time demanding all their powers of finance. To open a new mission field at such a time was judged both unwise and impossible, and Mr. McKenzie was advised to choose some other field where stations were already established and opportunity open for work.

The alternative suggested by the Board of Missions was that he apply to the American Presbyterians, who had a flourishing mission in Korea, and would no doubt gladly receive him as a worker there. Mr. McKenzie's convictions upon what he believed to be God's plan for him were strong. However, as a Canadian he believed that he should represent Canada wherever he might go as God's ambassador, and that the money for his support should not come from another than his native land. He also felt that he had been "forbidden of the Holy Ghost" to preach the Word in China or Japan, but that from Korea had sounded the cry, "Come over and help us." Therefore, assuredly gathering that

the Lord had called him there to preach the Gospel, there he must go whatever hindered; if not at the bidding of the Church, then without it, and in utter reliance upon God.

To some his course may have seemed wilful, even stubborn, and judging too hastily, some may have erred; but no human opinion had weight with him compared with the leading of the Holy Spirit, and he quietly prepared to obey God rather than man, while he relied upon divine promises for all needed support. As he remarked later, he had learned to trust God in Labrador. Beyond such reliance he needed nothing, and without reluctance announced his purpose.

He then resigned his charge at Stewiacke, much to the regret of his people, and was appointed by the Presbytery to the charge of a mission in the suburbs of the city of Halifax. Here he again had the advantage of study and practice in medical work. He was devoted to the patients in the hospital, and the early morning often found him in attendance there, seeking not only to relieve pain of body, but to lead the soul to that comfort and peace which can be found alone in God. Many testimonies have been given of his faithful and successful ministry in these wards in spiritual things, but doubtless more of the work will be revealed when the great day of reward comes.

The quickening of missionary zeal in the charge which he held during the summer of 1893 was very marked, and the interest which still continues there

is on all sides accredited to his strong influence. The knowledge of his resolve soon spread throughout the Church and he became a noted man. The boldness and faith of his act in disregarding all human persuasion that he might follow the definite leading of God in his great choice, and in his determination to trust God for daily bread, if need be, for years to come, touched the heart of the Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia as nothing had done for years. The heroism had not gone out of foreign missions as some had asserted, and the personality of a hero made a more effective appeal to Christian sympathy than any well-worded argument. From all sides invitations poured in for missionary addresses. Thus, while careful to go only where such calls would help the cause of God, he was kept for some weeks prominently before the eyes of his Church.

Many warm hearts were waiting for his message. Many others were ready to give freely, so that in a surprisingly short time he had a sufficient sum to take him to Korea and maintain him there for a year. The desires of his heart, who delighted himself in God, were being gloriously fulfilled in that he not only saw the way open to go forth, but the means had been supplied by the people of his beloved Eastern Canada; and yet the Church was not impoverished nor her treasury depleted by the offering, for God had touched fresh springs and revealed sources of supply hitherto unknown to her financiers. Tiny legacies from sainted baby fingers were brought by mothers, who could whisper in his willing ears

the sacred history of their gifts; the widow's mite was offered to the loving heart that could estimate its worth; even destitute Labrador laid its gift at the feet of one who so truly had manifested Jesus Christ where all other beauty and joy were lacking. Men and women whose thought of Christian duty had never before included an interest in Christ's kingdom among the heathen were stirred to deep sympathy with this practical preacher of self-denying love. To him they gave liberally and were blessed in their deed. And who can reckon the influence upon the whole Church of this unlocking of hearts and this lesson in the grace of giving thus taught? Not often had it been granted to her members so to see human calculations set aside, caution and prudence forgotten, and God manifestly at work among His people, who brought a willing offering for His work. God had given a precious object-lesson of faith and courage to His people in the fearless missionary whom He had chosen, and his zeal had provoked very many.

Perhaps some may have attributed his influence to the merely magnetic power of a great soul, to last only while his presence remained. But future years were to show that this was a true inspiration, breathed by the Holy Spirit of God through one wholly yielded to Him, that was to bring about not a transient interest in a man, but a new phase of missions in a Church which years ago had gained the enviable prestige of being first in the field.

As Mr. McKenzie came before this eager

audience, he seemed a veritable incarnation of missionary zeal consumed with a longing to save dying heathen, absorbed in this one great mission of Christ's Church, realizing that no other need could be so great as that of a soul that had never heard of Christ nor been offered His salvation, and counting himself guilty until this obligation to them was discharged. Surely the same Spirit who had laid upon the apostle the "woe" if he preached not the Gospel, and made him know himself debtor to all who had not heard it, had found again a responsive, listening heart, who could know His will and be a witness unto all men of what he had seen and heard.

Not in vain had God looked for a man to stand in the gap for Korea, and it was for Korea God was working. The influence for her of the man who in faith was going to her shores can scarcely be estimated, nor can the history of his last summer in Nova Scotia be either collected or summarized. It lives best in the heart-life of many hundreds who were thrilled by the sweet violence of his melting appeals, the potent urgency of a voice quivering with pathetic tenderness, the masterful decision of a fearless Christ-possessed soul. What better could the Lord of the Harvest have done for His field than thrust forth such a reaper, and bid him give his burning message to his fellows?

Not "I must go," nor "I ought to go," but "I dare not stay," was his cry. No fitness moved him, no unfitness restrained. He had a life to give, and he could not withhold it. How could the Church for-

get him, rare true heart as he was? How could the echo of his farewell ever die out from the hearts that vibrated under the solemn, searching words? No; God had chosen His messenger, and as all-unconscious of the beauty or the power of his deed he went forth alone, the heart of the Church followed, and Korea had won a place that almost seemed to threaten the claim of beloved Trinidad, India, China, or the blood-stained New Hebrides. Little did he know that the Church that now thought it impossible to sustain him in his chosen field of labor would, in five short years, send five missionaries to fill his room and take up the task that had fallen from his hands.

CHAPTER V.

GOING FORTH.

“When I sent you forth, lacked ye anything? They say unto Him, Nothing.”

DAYS of parting were mingled with sorrow and joy. In October of 1893 the dear old mother in her country home yielded up her treasure for God's service, and the people to whom he had ministered, and those whose hearts he had won, bade him God-speed on his errand of love. Many were the farewell scenes not soon to be forgotten.

A fellow-minister writes: “It was in the church at the North-West Arm (Halifax) that he gave his farewell meeting in this part of the Province. That October night shall never be forgotten by those privileged to be present. ‘Certainly I will be with thee’ was his favorite theme, and the service concluded with the hymn he loved so dearly and in which he joined so heartily, ‘Anywhere with Jesus.’”

Another story, contributed by a warm friend and sympathizer, may serve as an illustration of the deep impression Mr. McKenzie had made wherever he was known, and of the wonderful magnetism which drew to him all classes of men. The story is given as follows:

“It was my privilege to be present as one of the speakers at a farewell meeting to Mr. McKenzie in the Berachah Mission, in Truro, a meeting which McKenzie himself described as one of the most touching and memorable of all his farewells. This mission had been begun in the extreme east end of Truro for the very poorest inhabitants of the town, among people who considered themselves beyond the zone of any of the churches.

“At the time of Mr. McKenzie’s leaving for Korea, the mission was yet in its infancy. From the very beginning its founders had taken a deep interest in foreign missions, and had endeavored to carry that spirit into their work. When the question began to stir the Church, Shall McKenzie go to Korea, and will the Christians at home provide funds to help him in the great work? the founders of this little mission desired to do something to assist. A sum of money, which represented the quarterly offering of the Sabbath School, was therefore allotted to this purpose, and the farewell meeting, of which this is a brief description, was held to bid the great missionary God-speed, and to present him with that which to their power, yea, and beyond their power, they had gathered to help him cross the sea and enter upon the longed-for work in far-off Korea.

“Among the privileges of my life I reckon very highly the experiences of that night. I can well remember the scene yet—the little, dimly-lit mission room, hot and crowded to the door with as mixed

a gathering as could be found in the streets of many a great city; but every face was eager and deeply interested, and through that meeting many, many eyes which had not wept for years, which had not wept before with any such emotions, were dim with tears.

“ I pass over all the other parts of the service, till, towards its close, a little lad, whose familiar surroundings and occupation were those of the street and the gutter, arose at a signal from the leader, and with the air of a man engaged in high and serious business, he stepped forward, and standing in front of the giant form of McKenzie on the platform, read with some effort a beautiful address expressing the love and interest of Berachah Mission in their new friend and his good work. Then, amid a silence which could be felt, he presented the offering, which meant so much self-sacrifice to many in that gathering. There was a moment's pause, and then McKenzie rose to reply. In the dim light of the little room his tall form seemed to reach almost to the low roof. His voice was trembling with the tenderest emotion, for the gift and the address had come as a complete surprise. Most of what he said I have forgotten, although some things I still remember; but the spirit of his address will never pass from my recollection, it was so honest, so kind, so grateful, so full of love. No one who was in that meeting will ever forget the scene. Many learned then, for the first time, the meaning of the Master's words when He said, ‘ It is more blessed to give than to receive.’

“The prayer which followed for Korea moved every heart. It was the spirit of that meeting, of many such meetings, which has made the Korean Mission a possibility and a fact. It never died; it never will die till Korea is won for Jesus Christ.

“One thing which McKenzie said that night I well remember. It was this, that of all the meetings which had been held to bid him good-bye and God-speed, this to him would always be one of the tenderest, one of the most helpful, one of the most memorable. We all felt that God had been very near to us that night.”

The lesson in faith was one for all who would learn. Oh, that all might learn the glorious results of stepping forth into the brimming Jordan! Oh, that the Church of God might bid scores, yea, hundreds, of men and women go forth in Christ's name to the heathen world, fearing not for their future, while they together trust in the Heavenly Father who “knoweth that ye have need!” Then surely would come about the evangelization of the world in the present generation and the fulfilment of all the blessed hopes that concern a perishing world.

The final day in Nova Scotia came for the great man who had been stirring her spiritual life, and with loving farewells all along the way, he left his beloved native land never to return. Again, a diary begins which touches upon most of the important episodes of the following two years. Living, as he did, not for future hope, but for present opportunity, Mr. McKenzie could not have uneventful days, even

those spent in the monotony of a long railway journey. Half-way across the continent we get a grand story of a resultful Sabbath day. Here it is from the pen of an appreciative fellow-student and minister:

“ It was Saturday night, somewhere in the neighborhood of the Rockies. The train was hurrying along and the passengers were beginning to prepare for the night’s rest. McKenzie was seen to fold his travelling bag, don coat and hat, evidently with intention to leave the car at the next station. It was so. His fellow-passengers could not prevail upon him to remain. He could not, and would not, travel on Sabbath, and purposed to stop off at the next depot, regardless altogether of the accommodation he might find. So, bidding all good-night, he carried out his will.

“ A more lonely and desolate spot, it is said, would be difficult to discover. Beside the small station-house, only one light glimmered in the distance, and thither he was directed by the gruff agent as the only place to get shelter. He directed his way thither, and found it to be the scene of a drunken revel. Nothing afraid (for fear had long since been removed from McKenzie’s vocabulary) he entered, and was received with great surprise. He might remain for the night if he accept of a rude couch upon the floor. The revelry continued for a time, but soon the rough men began to circle round the unexpected visitor and inquire whence he came and what his purpose. Mr. McKenzie’s strong personality seemed to attract

their attention, and they listened to what he had to say.

“Before retiring for the night he informed them that he was in the habit of reading from the Bible and having prayer, and he requested that they listen while he did so. The scene was changed, and can better be imagined than described. The drinking and gambling ceased, and comparative quiet reigned.

“In the morning they were told that he usually preached on Sunday at eleven o’clock, and were asked to give him audience. Willing assent was given, and ere long God’s Spirit had touched and melted their hardened hearts. Tears trickled freely down their brawny cheeks, memories of former days were revived, and for an hour these men listened with rapt attention to the Word of God.

“That Sabbath was a new experience to them, and on the following day the company followed our hero to the depot, bidding him farewell in tears, prompted by grateful hearts, and promising henceforth to lead a better life.”

In a beautiful letter, written while crossing the Pacific to one of his beloved friends in Labrador, Mr. McKenzie makes the following reference to this same Sabbath experience:

“Coming across the prairie, when Sunday came on I stepped off the train. I thus lost the berth that I paid five dollars for and the pleasant companions I found, and stepped out into the dark. I don’t like travelling on Sunday, and won’t while I can help it. I knew no one; went to the hotel, where rum was

sold. Preached twice on Sunday, and held a special meeting on Monday, where God was present in power. All stood up and held hands up, with tears in their eyes, pledging to lead a better life and meet me in heaven. Among them was the hotel-keeper and rum-seller. When I was leaving he would not take a cent for pay of board. May God open his eyes! I believe He will. I had quite a number at the station to see me off. May God bless my visit there and take the praise all to Himself."

Soon after, as the Rockies came into view, he wrote: "This morning sang 'Coronation.' What tremendous crags, cliffs, peaks, and gorges, and these are but the workmanship of Thy fingers! How majestic these seem in their dignified grandeur! Oh, what must be the greatness and dignity of the Maker! Yet my Heavenly Father interested in me, and I am in His likeness!—'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' 'The Lord is my shepherd.' 'Underneath me are the everlasting arms.' God forgive me for ever having distrusted Him in any promise given, and may I have Him every moment as my living, present companion."

Arriving at Vancouver on Friday, he had two days for business and friends, and a blessed Sabbath for a last message in Canada. He preached, as he had done all along his railway journey, at various points, to large congregations on this Sabbath day, addressed a Sabbath School, and had opportunity in private to testify to God's goodness in Labrador.

As he embarked next day for the voyage across the Pacific, these were his words:

“Stepping on board ship, I did not wish it otherwise, leaving my native continent. Have no regret, nor do I feel badly about it. Oh, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee!’ It is no sacrifice; would be to stay. Henceforth may Korea be the land of my adoption. May I live and work there many a year for the glory of God, and may my dust mingle with theirs till the great trumpet shall sound, when Death shall be swallowed up in Life!”

Sad prophesy this, to find such speedy fulfilment before two full years should pass, and although the desire to “live and work many a year” seemed to be denied, yet how marvellously God is still granting it in the living power of the life that yet speaks, though so soon laid down for Korea, and in the glorious extension, in a few short years, of the blessed work he was allowed to establish.

The careful record of the diary reveals much of the individuality of the writer in the various themes he touches. The fearlessness with which he stated truth to the sceptical and objectors at the ship’s table, and the eagerness with which he sought to continue conversations thus started on spiritual matters with officers of the ship and others who had revealed their opposition to God, was an evidence that it was “out of the abundance of his heart” such words were uttered.

The work of God among Christians or pagans, was to him not a matter of propagating theories,

nor of denominational zeal, but of doing the will of God in saving souls from death. This he ever sought to impress, and upon a ship's officer as simply as upon the most degraded heathen, he urged the acceptance of Jesus as Saviour.

The stately services conducted among the passengers by the Lord Bishop of Japan did not relieve him of responsibility, but he sought and found opportunity for a simple evangelistic meeting among the sailors. This was conducted with mutual pleasure and profit—a privilege to the missionary as truly as to his hearers.

Precious hours were passed with his Bible and books of deeply spiritual nature through every day of the voyage. To relinquish his bed to a sick missionary, or occasionally go without a dinner lest he pamper his body too much, were but incidental evidences of the secondary place he gave to self. No special thought was given to attentions shown him, nor did he seem to grasp for any place of honor among men, yet the constant reference to conversations held with his fellow-travellers, from the sailors to the Lord Bishop, shows something of the impression his noble personality made upon all.

His future work lay heavy upon his heart, and its power over him must have been shown even to casual acquaintances. Early in the voyage, he settled upon the plan of writing to young Mr. Robert Grierson, then scarcely through college, to come out and share his labors in Korea. Thus early did he plan for extension in the field, and thus early did

God reveal to him plans that were to be fulfilled in the future for the land he loved.

After fifteen days, on November 27th, the ship reached Japan, and Mr. McKenzie first set foot on a heathen land at Yokohama. His first interest was with the religious life of the people, and the great Buddhist idol, Dabutse, and a Shinto temple, at once absorbed his attention. Climbing a steep bluff to look down over the fine city, he with two other missionaries sang a doxology and offered a prayer of thanksgiving "for evidence so striking that the divine in man seeks after the Divine, and makes a god of his own if knowledge of the Living One is not given; also that ours is the only God that can hear and answer the cry of the needy." He says, "The very ground so carefully kept, the beauty and stillness, and the meditative attitude of the huge idol, led one intuitively to serious thought and to longing for the time when hills, valleys, and villages shall resound with the praise of Jesus."

On entering the temple some amusement was caused among the jinrikisha men by his omission to remove his shoes. They also were quite merry over his great size, comparing him to the monster idol, asking an extra price to carry him, and so on.

Nine days were spent at Yokohama, with a run to Tokio, during which time he met a number of missionaries, and made a study of their various methods. The tendency to elaborate secular education did not appeal to him as the highest plan of lifting these clever Orientals to a knowledge of God, however

tempting it might be as a means of securing interest or patronage.

At a monthly missionary concert, led by a worker also from Cape Breton, Mr. McKenzie was asked to give an address, and as usual spoke a heart-message filled with scriptural teaching that had first touched himself.

A Japanese steamer carried him to Kobe, and after a rest of three days, filled with missionary interest and including a visit with the noted Dr. Gulick, he proceeded on board another boat to Korea. The lovely Inland Sea he fully enjoyed, with its beautiful, cone-shaped mountains and innumerable islands, and a day at Nagasaki, as they left Japan, gave him a glimpse of the Dutch Reformed Church Mission. The following day, December 12th, Korea was sighted, and aroused strong emotions in his heart. On that day he wrote:

"Spent a pleasant time in prayer and reading God's Word. As the land of my adoption approached felt I needed consecration. Oh, may I become more a vessel fitted for the Master's use! How willing He is to use us and have His almighty power work through us! Help me, O Lord, to make a complete sacrifice and surrender to Thee! As we came on deck I saw the rugged hills of Korea for the first time. It is with feelings of awe I approach this land as ambassador of no earthly nation, but of the King of kings, eternal. How weighty is my responsibility!"

Then follows, strangely enough, the text we have

chosen for this memorial: "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." And here is given the open secret of his future successes, his continual triumph over difficulties, his rare self-forgetfulness, his sure hold on the affections of the people, and the glorious victories won for God.

The man saw himself in no earthly relationship, and indeed responsible to no human authority; but like Joshua, the great conqueror, he had been given the vision of the "Captain of the Lord's host," to whom alone he must give account, with whose might he was endued, and in whose strength he was to conquer. He had put on "the whole armor of God." Above all, he had taken "the shield of faith," and with the supreme consciousness that he went forth not alone, he entered the quiet battle-field with the shout, "Thanks be unto God, which always giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

CHAPTER VI.

WITH FOREIGNERS AT SEOUL.

THE first night in Korea was passed in a Chinese inn, in the city of Chemulpo, the great port of Seoul. At Fusan, Mr. McKenzie had gone ashore, and here had hastened to get a lesson in the Korean language. A teacher pronounced for him the sounds of the alphabet in the Korean manual with which he was already provided. He found to his great joy that he could easily imitate, and afterwards gave credit to his Gaelic tongue for the readiness with which he acquired the language.

The day at Fusan was one in which he dealt sharply with himself, feeling intensely the fact that now he was face to face with the task to which he had dedicated his life. There was no self-complacent comparison of his noble act in having come to a heathen land relying only upon God, with that of other missionaries who had churches at home to lean upon. Rather, he was reminded of the heroic Mac-Kay of Formosa and Geddie of Aneityum, who had landed upon foreign shores having to conciliate savage natives and almost discover for themselves a strange tongue.

His own comfort in meeting numbers of missionaries ready to counsel, and friendly native teachers eager to instruct him in a written language, seemed to him almost contemptuously easy in contrast. He felt he had nothing whereof he might glory, unless some hardships might await him in the untrodden interior, whither his heart had already turned. He desired not to find his life but to lose it, and he could see no greater joy than that resulting from the death of his self-life—"if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

This whole day's record is one of heart-searching. Every plan in prospect was tested by God's Word, and every desire was held up to the light of His truth, lest there should be hidden away some unworthy motive that would mar the work. Would that all God's people, every soul who goes forth to work in His name at home or abroad, could stand the searchlight of the text he chose that day: "He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory: but he that seeketh His glory that sent him, the same is true, and no unrighteousness is in him."—John vii. 18.

Prostrated before God, he prayed that no lack of consecration and no desire for vain-glory should hinder the work of God through him; that Christ should be in his heart, and the sacred name upon his lips in testimony before all conditions of men, wherever God should lead. Can we doubt that God accepted the gift laid on His altar, and that the victory over self gained that first day on Korea's shores was his

Jericho, the promise of possession of "every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon"?

As he quietly talked over hopes and plans the next day with the Rev. Heber Jones, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission of Chemulpo, he was ready to receive whatever counsel might further the great work to which he was so entirely yielded. A centre of light to radiate in many directions, and this to be planted in the darkest, most needy locality, was what he longed to establish. A small bit of ground to cultivate would support him, or go a long way toward it, and he would enjoy the pretence at farm life. The isolation involved in the plan was quite forgotten in the joy of other thoughts. Mr. Jones thought this idea quite feasible, and that a little village of better-class people could easily be found, about which a whole colony would inevitably gather as the benefits of Christianity became manifest. Thus, at the very beginning, God revealed the plan that was to be so wonderfully owned of Him in days to come.

The next morning, at four, he was awake and preparing for the journey to Seoul by tug-boat. He took second-class passage with Japanese and Koreans. It was impossible, however, for the boat to squeeze through the ice, and about dark she had to return to Chemulpo. The missionary's quick observation had already shown him something to admire in the Korean character on this short trip, as he saw them suffer kicks and blows from the Japanese without retaliation.

A happy, busy Sunday passed with Mr. Jones at his services, where Mr. McKenzie gave, through an interpreter, his first burning message of salvation to the people for whom he had laid aside all worldly ambitions. He told them simply and tenderly of how God had led him to think of them, and to leave home and friends to come and tell them of a Saviour; how God had sent the means for travel through some who were very poor; how the name of Jesus was more precious to him than earthly honors, or friends, or kindred; how he hoped to live and die among them, and that together they should go home to be with Jesus evermore. Who can say but there were firstfruits from that first message of testimony?

On Monday morning a pony was secured for an overland trip to Seoul. Perhaps the diminutive size of the Korean pony, as compared with the unusual proportions of the would-be rider, accounts for the fact that he walked all the way, a distance of twenty-eight miles. He accomplished this in seven hours, but not without suffering. The slippery roads made walking a great exertion, and brought intense pain, till the feet and hips almost gave way and the wet brought cramp into his limbs. Still he says Jesus sustained and cheered him in answer to prayer, and the warm welcome of the missionaries compensated for the hard day. Dr. Horace Underwood and Mr. Gifford were at once his fast friends, and the tie so quickly formed held strong while he lived. They encouraged him with the good progress other mission-

aries of his age had made in the study of the Korean language, and apparently stimulated his desire to begin work, as that very week he secured a teacher and commenced study.

Settled so speedily at his first task, he arranged matters regarding his living, money affairs, and so on, at his leisure. Association with the missionaries he appreciated, not only for fellowship, but as a valued means of help in future work. Their knowledge of the people and the conditions in various cities and provinces was what he needed in deciding on his best locality. Fusan was suggested as having more population to the number of missionaries than other cities, and as being in a good country district. These matters were all brought to God in simple faith for direction. Prayer ever brought to his mind a sense of God's power and greatness. Pentecost, with its glorious enduement, came vividly now, and the consciousness that true supplication meant patient tarrying at the Throne kept him long on his knees.

He had real needs and great ones, and he laid hold of the promise that all would be supplied according to God's riches. An Oriental language was before him to be mastered, a new people to be understood, a precedent in missions to be established in the eyes of older missionaries, and the Church at home to be yet convinced that his seeming venture was in obedience to God's command and leading.

It was not strange that the man thus placed should turn from men to the infallible Word for the

wisdom and help he so sorely needed; nor that, having proved the promises of God in the past, he should look to Him for the supply of fresh needs. His inner life was not hidden, humble though he was and unconscious of any unusual degree of spirituality in himself, and the men of longer experience looked upon him as one to inspire new faith in God. His close walk with God was being made a blessing before he had even chosen his field of service. He was sowing beside all waters, little knowing how full should be the harvest. The missionaries showed him every kindness, no doubt enjoying fully the pleasure of his bright companionship in the routine of their labors.

Christmas day fell on Sunday and was filled with the work of services, native and foreign. At a station newly opened, where natives preached to natives, Mr. McKenzie remarked the ease and fluency of the Korean talker, and rejoiced in the thought that such would soon be evangelizing their land.

On Monday he enjoyed a gathering of the missionaries for Christmas celebration at Dr. Avison's, and then plunged into hard study. Five or six hours each day he worked vigorously. He says, writing of his first lesson, "Began with prayer that the Lord would help me; give readiness in speech and receptive mind to retain words." Then follows a comment on his daily Scripture reading: "Enjoyed study of Acts viii.-xi. All, when filled with the Holy Ghost, could accomplish much—not till then. Again power came, and signs and wonders followed the preaching

of the Word. How much I need the baptism of the Spirit! Thank God, I am drawing nearer to Him!" It is easy to see that he depended upon the true power for all that lay before him, and upon the lofty thoughts of the Book rather than the experience of his fellows for inspiration.

The journal notes on the last day of 1893 speak for themselves of the humble, thankful, earnest spirit that possessed the writer. He says:

"The Lord has blessed me much during this year; acquaintances formed have been more appreciated as they have extended; spiritual blessings have been granted to my congregation. I have been blessed also in work at North-West Arm, and am finding favor with man. Have had grace to do much complicated work, good health, and freedom from care about the future. Reading of Bible in early morning hours has been much blessed to me. May I be humbled in view of all these things that I cannot number. My whole desire now is for effective work; that I may be filled with the Spirit; that I may call the world's attention to Jesus the Saviour. Oh, for complete consecration! Have found God giving the foretaste of victory over every sin. Preached in afternoon and had liberty shortly after beginning. The Spirit was present in power; but can I give Him all the glory? Oh, to do that and not take any credit to myself! Went to watch-night service at Appenzeller's—chiefly Presbyterians. Prayed for the Spirit's filling and the conversion of hundreds and thousands this year. If in faith it will be answered. Prayed into the New Year."

CHAPTER VII.

A GLIMPSE OF THE INTERIOR.

A most happy and enduring friendship was formed during Mr. McKenzie's first week in Seoul with Dr. Hall, of the Methodist Mission, so soon to lay down his life for Korea. The doctor desired Mr. McKenzie to accompany him on a trip to the north for ten days or so at the beginning of the New Year, and the arrangement was carried out to their mutual satisfaction.

In the few days that intervened, Mr. McKenzie had some difficulty in procuring his trunks, which occasioned a journey to Chemulpo on foot. He was bold enough to essay conversation with all whom he met by the way, though in most cases unable to make himself understood. He had a night in a Korean inn as a new experience, and a sample of native diet. His fellow-traveller, Mr. Jones, was more affected than he by the "tiffin," and had no appetite for another meal; but Mr. McKenzie writes cheerfully of making up for his friend's deficiencies. He wrote home a graphic account of these first experiences, evidently accepting his enjoyment of them as a token that God had chosen him by adaptation for the life in Korea.

A just regard for his property, and a desire for honesty in others, made him wish to see his trunks safely delivered ; but as for their own worth he seemed indifferent, and ready to take joyfully the "spoiling of his goods." As he says, he should not lament if he never should see them. They arrived, however, without mishap, and added something to his bodily comfort.

By the 9th of January all was in readiness for the trip north with Dr. Hall. They left Seoul on foot, with Mr. McKenzie's teacher riding and the "mapus," or coolies, attending. A very short distance out of the city they came upon traces of robbers. Pools of blood were about the road, where they had attacked and stabbed a wayfarer. This terrified the Koreans until the missionaries' confidence in God reassured and made them willing to proceed. Soon they found the injured traveller, and Dr. Hall dressed his wounds, charged him to keep them clean, and then added the healthful message of the Gospel both for the benefit of the sufferer and the crowd of onlookers. It was a new story, received with the more reverent attention because of the bodily relief of which it was the accompaniment. As in the days of Jesus, the power to heal the body brought more than a hope that the message for the soul was also a real power. The name of Jesus had been uttered before in the ears of these people, therefore the missionaries sought to impress it and assure them that love of that Name had brought them so far with the one purpose, to make it known.

Passing the night in an inn, a crowd of villagers gathered, who also heard the Word of God. As they pressed on towards Song Do they passed many sufferers struggling to reach the hospital there, fearful of being crowded out in the race for room. On the fourth day they passed through this great town, with its fine masonry of walls, and outside, the grand protection of encircling hills. They remained over the Sabbath in a small village beyond the city, quite to the discomfort of the mapu, who would have preferred to continue the journey regardless of days.

The inn where they lodged was of typical Korean style, made entirely of mud—roof, walls, and floor—with supporting ribs of round sticks; paper windows, with numerous holes to let in the light, and straw mats as furniture, while porpoise and dragon guarded the entrances. The cold of the January nights was made bearable by the well-heated floor on which they slept, but through which the smoke came up into the room.

The little retinue of coolies and teacher made always a morning and evening class for Bible reading, and the natives who might gather about were thus unwittingly drawn into a Christian service. The two missionaries were closely drawn together as they shared experiences, and Dr. Hall became urgent that his new friend should settle near him, doubtless seeing in him a tower of strength, as well as a truly spiritual companion. He taught him some useful phrases in advance of the primer lessons, such as "Hurry," "Put on good fire," "Give two dishes

rice," "Bring soup," and others that were necessary in a traveller's vocabulary.

On that quiet Sabbath, spent in the discomfort of a Korean mud-hut, as they planned their work for God in the smoky darkness of its rude shelter, how little they dreamed that so few months remained of their time for earthly service, and that in the fellowship thus sweetly begun they were so soon to be re-united in the eternal mansions. Surely the glories of the "house not made with hands" would be for both enhanced by having passed through "the darkness and the shadow of death" that hung over a heathen land. How blessed that they had learned to redeem the time and were being used of God in the present for the redemption of precious souls!

Mr. McKenzie's teacher confessed himself a believer in Jesus, but had not yet the courage of his convictions sufficiently to declare it boldly. His father and mother were not aware of his new faith, and as his home was with them he dared not make it known. Mr. McKenzie gave him scriptural teaching on the duty of public profession if we would have Christ confess us, lifting his eyes to the higher thought of blessedness in persecution should it follow, and showing him not only Christ's words upon this, but the example of Paul and the other apostles, who rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for His sake.

Thus early in his acquaintance with these people do we find him leading them to high ground to encourage rapid growth in their spiritual life. He had

no desire to leave his converts mere babes in Christ, but nourished them with the strong meat that should make them what they are—Christians of stalwart growth, of great fidelity, and true Christ-likeness.

Early on Monday morning they were again on the road to Pyong Yang, Dr. Hall's beloved city of the north. Here, in the following year, he settled into an established work. From village to village they passed, telling their wondrous story to every willing listener as they rapidly covered the ground separating them from the great city.

This was Dr. Hall's seventh trip to Pyong Yang, and the incidents of the journey had grown familiar to him; but to his companion all was full of fresh interest, and amid all the wild beauty of the way the social degradation of the people lay heavy upon his heart. A special case he mentions in his notes is that of a boy of fifteen years of age about to be married, whose great-grandfather was only fifty-seven. Another young man of twelve tender years was a father.

The personality and work of such a man as Dr. Hall must not lightly be passed by, especially as he touched so closely the life of our hero. The work at Pyong Yang has also become interwoven with the work of our Presbyterian Church sufficiently to warrant somewhat full attention here. The following extract from the memoir of Dr. Hall, published by his widow, gives an account of the initial work and the noble man who inaugurated it:

“ Shortly after his [Dr. Hall's] arrival in Korea,

in December, 1891, he started upon a country trip of three hundred and fifty miles to the north, which included a visit to the great and needy city of Pyong Yang, the principal city of the northern interior, where no mission had as yet a foothold. Mr. Jones, who accompanied him, speaks thus of the city and the trip: 'Pyong Pang was then large, prosperous, and enterprising—a great overgrown city, unclean physically, mentally and morally, externally and internally, and noted for its rough, rabid mobs. Its population was then, roughly, one hundred thousand, a people proud of the hoary age and wickedness of their town. What a history it had seen! As we visited together the relics of the past we talked of the historic inheritance of Korea. We drank from the well of Ki-ja, dug by that sage king eleven hundred years before our era—eight hundred years before Alexander conquered the world; five hundred years before Confucius taught; four hundred years before Isaiah prophesied; one hundred years before King David sang, and thus, by a draught of water, we were carried back to the days when Egypt was in her glory, Greece occupied by rude, savage tribes, and Rome still four hundred years in the distance. But from morn till night we were besieged by visitors, and to one and all we preached the truth, cared for the sick, and spent a happy, busy week. Our Korean brethren had an exciting time. Opening a book counter in an accommodating store, they sold eighty Christian books. This brought down an edict from the governor prohibiting the sale; but this

didn't worry us much, and we kept right on selling. We attempted to organize a class for instruction, but this proved abortive, for as soon as we left the men that joined disappeared. In the five days that we were there, we accomplished our object, and left sufficient social dynamite in the form of over one hundred volumes of Christian books to effect the moral regeneration of that wicked city.' ”

In his report to the annual meeting of his Church, in August of that year, Dr. Hall strongly recommended opening work in Pyong Yang, and was immediately appointed by his bishop to its supervision. At once he gave himself wholly to it, and excited so strong a sympathy that in April of 1892 he had secured a fund sufficient to purchase two fine sites as mission property. In a letter to the *Christian Herald*, December 16th, 1892, he writes of his appointment and subsequent visit to Pyong Yang:

“At our annual meeting in August I was appointed to the Pyong Yang Circuit, which includes the territory from Seoul to Pyong Yang, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. We loaded our little pack ponies with drugs and books, and started on our tiresome journey over rough roads, fording streams and climbing mountains. I have the privilege of being the first Protestant missionary appointed to exclusive work in the interior. I praise God for the privilege of carrying the Gospel to those who have never heard of it before.

“My work is entirely pioneer work. On September 30th I entered the city of Pyong Yang. As I

passed through the streets throngs of Koreans gathered to see the foreigner. After wending my way through several streets with difficulty, I came to an inn, and was given a room eight feet square, the front door of which opened into the street, the back door into the yard, where the horses, pigs, cattle, and poultry are kept. There were no windows, and the only light that entered the room came through the paper, which was pasted over the lattice-work of the door. This little room, with its mud walls and floor, was my consulting-room, dining and bed-room. Here I saw all my patients, dispensed my medicines, and sold my books. Each day, long before the hour appointed for opening the dispensary, the street was thronged with patients. The street answered as a waiting-room, and one by one I saw my patients in my little room. How much we needed a suitable building for carrying on our work!—one which could be used for a hospital, dispensary, book-room and chapel. But we are trusting God to open our way, and we know He will supply all our needs. Our medical work brings us into great favor with the natives and gives us an opportunity for preaching the Gospel and selling our Christian books to many that we could not otherwise reach.

“Last spring, when I first visited Pyong Yang, an edict was issued prohibiting the buying of our books. This fall I have sold over five hundred copies of Christian books without the slightest opposition. The people appear to be anxious to buy and read. They are manifesting a deep interest in Christianity,

and we are looking for glorious results. God is wonderfully opening up our way, for which we praise Him, and ascribe to Him all the glory."

An account of the trip in which our hero shared is also given in full by Dr. Hall, and we quote it as more clear than the snatches of Mr. McKenzie's story in his diary. It reads thus:

"On January 10th, 1894, I again left Seoul for my work in the north, Pyong Yang. Mr. McKenzie, from Nova Scotia, accompanied me. God has given him a wonderful experience. He felt that God called him to Korea, and although his Mission Board did not feel able to start a mission here, he trusted the Lord to supply the necessary funds for his outcoming and support after reaching here. God always honors the faith of His children. We had blessed seasons of communion with God on the journey. I was only one day out when I was called to see a patient who had been badly cut and stabbed by robbers. I dressed the wounds and told the story of the Great Physician. His comrade had been so badly stabbed that he only lived a few minutes afterwards.

"After seven days' journey I reached Pyong Yang, and went at once to one of the houses which had been purchased for our use, but which, on account of the opposition of the governor, we were unable to occupy for several months. It had been used as a home for dancing-girls, and was still being used for the same purpose. After some difficulty they consented to give up the house. The following

two nights the house was vigorously stoned by a band of men who had been accustomed to spend their evenings there, but had now been defeated in their evil purposes.

“Every day we saw our patients and had a great many visitors, who all heard the story of salvation. Every night we held our service, and a deep interest appeared to be manifested by a goodly number. Everything was moving on smoothly and all opposition had ceased; but on the morning of February 17th several of the leading men of the district came in and said they had been accustomed to receive 1,500 cash (\$2.50) from this house every year to sacrifice to the evil spirits, and they wanted me to give the same amount. I told them of the sin they were committing in worshipping evil spirits instead of the true and living God.

“Shortly afterward, my helper, a young man of twenty years, but an earnest Christian, was sent for by a man who lived near our home. He went, and returned shortly afterward with torn clothes, and told me they had seized and beaten him because he would not give the money for sacrifice. They gathered the people of the neighborhood together and decided to drive us out. I went to the magistrate and told him the whole story, and asked him not to punish the men but to quiet the disturbance, which he promised to do. While I was gone the same man who had beaten my helper came to the house and seized a boy of eighteen years who had been attending our services, tore his clothes, and

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beat him severely. I shall never forget his testimony, which he gave on my return. He was cheerful and happy, and showed no spirit of resentment. I asked him if he felt like giving up serving Christ when he was so sorely persecuted. A smile lighted up his countenance as he said, 'I cannot give up serving my King, even if they kill me.'

"O friends in the Homeland, who can serve God under your own vine and fig-tree, with none daring to molest or make you afraid, pray for those who are not so favorably situated. Some, like Peter, have denied their Lord. Others, like Paul, are braving every storm and allowing nothing to separate them from Christ.

"The following week our persecutors threatened those who came to our meetings. The number decreased. We held our service every night, and before the regular service held a children's meeting, at which fifteen bright boys attended. One boy, who had learned the whole catechism, was beaten by one of our persecutors and forbidden to come to the meeting. But, praise God, they cannot beat out the truth from their hearts and minds! It will yet yield a rich harvest. Dr. Scranton, our superintendent, was with us for two weeks and proved a great blessing to the work.

"I had considerable difficulty with some under the influence of liquor. It is distilled by the natives, and is the same curse here as in the Homeland. One afternoon, after I had treated my patients, I took my usual walk. As I ascended the hill three men

were sitting in the pathway with a jug of liquor. After I passed them they followed me and asked me to drink. I told them I never drank liquor. When I still persisted in not complying with their request, one of the men ran and picked up a stone as large as my head, and coming up to me, was in the act of throwing it at me when God stayed his hand, and the other men let go of me and I walked slowly away. They stood and shouted after me for some time, and then followed me for about a mile, shouting at the top of their voices. This, and even far worse, treatment our Christians have to endure when they refuse to drink liquor.

“Late one Saturday night two of the native Presbyterian brethren came in and said there was a great deal of talk all over the city, and that the people said they would kill the natives and foreigners. They seemed much alarmed and wanted us to secure protection for them. We told them that our Father was stronger than all who could be against us, and He would suffer no harm to befall us unless it was for our good and God’s glory. As we were being persecuted, we talked together of Paul’s experiences, and God filled our hearts with joy and peace. We were ready to die for Jesus if he required it. We received great blessing from God’s Word and we turned to the passages that then applied to our case. The following Sunday we baptized two men at our regular morning service who had given good evidence of saving faith in Christ. We are laying our

foundation stones in the midst of persecution, and we believe they will be solid."

A fellow-missionary, to whom Dr. Hall refers, and with whom Mr. McKenzie enjoyed true fellowship, was Mr. Moffett, of the Presbyterian Mission, whom they found living alone in Pyong Yang, and in true Korean style. Mr. McKenzie was impressed with his simple and economical living. In a few days they were fast friends, and Mr. Moffett had introduced him to the work, in which at that time God was greatly blessing him. On the previous Sunday eight persons had been baptized into the Christian faith, and seekers after the truth were bravely standing taunts and ridicule in their desire to learn of the new doctrine. Mr. Moffett had been here for two months without hearing from the outside world, and was happy indeed at the coming of his two brothers. Mr. McKenzie shared his humble quarters during his visit of eight days, while Dr. Hall occupied his own dwelling-house, under the difficulties described in the above letter.

Mr. McKenzie spent hours each day at study with his teacher, and also learned of ways and means from the two friends, who could give him an opinion of experience in regard to settlement in the interior of the peninsula. Hwang-Hai-Do, the next province to the south, was strongly recommended, with its large cities, Chang-Yan and Hai-ju, neither very far from Chemulpo, where foreign supplies could be obtained, and having large country districts out-

lying. Mr. McKenzie decided to reconnoitre on his return, and soon bestirred himself for that purpose.

Meanwhile he was accumulating knowledge and experience. Mr. Moffett's boys, who had been attracted to his services by gifts of cards, were soon also Mr. McKenzie's fast friends, and they ran to meet him as soon as they saw his tall form appear in the distance. He studied with deep pleasure the enthusiastic services then being conducted by Mr. Moffett. He felt that the Holy Spirit was Himself applying the truth when great sinners were being converted to God, and men in good social position were enduring persecution at the hands of their relatives for Christ's sake. The eagerness of converts to have a share in the services made it often difficult to close them, so much singing was desired and so many wished to pray, and all voluntarily. Yet the devil was not absent from these solemn gatherings, as was evidenced on one occasion, when an inn-keeper asked Mr. McKenzie to pray for them in English, in order to cause a laugh.

Passing through the streets, Mr. McKenzie's height was frequently a subject of comment, and names, sometimes amusing, sometimes ugly, were called after him. At times there was a more unpleasant salute of stones, though this did not appear to be with altogether malicious intent. A walk through the city revealed a terrible state of immorality and utter wickedness, even for a heathen population. Sin indeed abounded, and the trio of heartsick mission-

aries found themselves growing earnest in prayer that more helpers might be found for the stupendous task that faced them.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, in her book, "Korea and Her Neighbors," has a chapter on Pyong Yang which gives possibly as good an impression as can be obtained without actual vision of this great ancient city. She also met Mr. Moffett here, and speaks in wondering admiration of the devotion which could sustain educated men year after year in such surroundings as those into which she was ushered upon her first visit. But more valuable than the fine description of the city itself is Mrs. Bishop's tribute to the spiritual results of missionary work in Pyong Yang. Writing a little later than the date of Mr. McKenzie's visit, she speaks of the crowds of seekers after truth who thronged the mission premises, of the many under instruction who came from outlying villages to remain for three weeks studying five or six hours daily, besides the long services for prayer and praise and fellowship, where they rehearsed the story of their first hearing of the Gospel and the rapid spread of the good news, as heart spoke to heart of its gracious power. Some of the converts, Mrs. Bishop says, were among the most notorious evil livers of the city, who were shunned by other men for their extreme wickedness, but now were living irreproachable lives. She says one could come to no other conclusion but that it was through the teaching of the "apostolic doctrines of sin, judgment to come, and divine love, which had brought

about such results," all the more wonderful because to an observant traveller like Mrs. Bishop, the degraded and poverty-stricken Korean seemed a well-nigh hopeless case, revealing no spiritual instincts, and with an unrest of soul that meant only a longing after creature-comfort.

Mr. McKenzie's last note on Pyong Yang was in reference to the ill-treatment of the faithful Dr. Hall in his solitary quarters in a bad neighborhood, and the more cruel abuse of an old man, put out in the streets to be tormented by evil-minded boys, and passed on from village to village without food, all in fear of the evil spirit about to leave the poor, spent body.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VILLAGE OF HIS CHOICE.

“And he went out, not knowing whither.”

THE sights in Pyong Yang, and the ceaseless efforts of the two missionaries there, were the strongest incentive to Mr. McKenzie to begin work of his own. He could not be an onlooker while there was any possibility to serve. Therefore, after consultation and prayer with his friends, he set out to find a little village to the south, which they recommended to him. This was Sorai, the home of Mr. Saw, whose conversion to Christianity and subsequent earnest efforts to bring others to the light, had given him a reputation in the northern province of Korea. The prospect of getting such a man as a helper made Mr. McKenzie determine to visit this village and seek him out.

With no other escort than that of his teacher and a coolie, he set out. The inevitable struggle with the coolie over the price to be paid him delayed them at the start, until the difficulty was settled by Mr. McKenzie and the teacher each shouldering a part of the load—the bulky cash which, even when thus divided, represented only twenty-five dollars. This



MR. SAW AND HIS TWO SONS.

coin is strung on straw strings, and as thirty-two hundred go to the dollar, the trouble of transporting is easily understood. Mr. McKenzie had made good arrangements with Mr. Moffett's merchant friends for all but the money required daily on his journey, and was thus saved much anxiety.

He travelled about fifty li from Pyong Yang the first day, and spent the night at an inn where a young Christian man from the city was also lodging. Some books and calendars were sold, and in the morning the Bible was read and prayer offered in the hearing of a group of bystanders who frequented the inn. Morning, noon and night, the story of the love of God was rehearsed to the wayfarers on the road or to the crowds gathered about the rough inns. The aid of the teacher was, of course, indispensable in these wayside talks, as the missionary had been but six weeks in the country, and had been ambitious beyond all expectation in so soon venturing into work on his own account.

With much tact he varied the introduction to the Gospel story, and skilfully showed the superiority of Christianity over heathen religions in its elevating power, and the progress and comfort of lands where it held sway as compared with Korea or China. Tenderly he told his hearers of the pity he felt for their unhappiness and blindness, and of how God had sent him to tell them the message that alone could bring joy and peace into their weary lives. He sought a point of contact with them, and found it in their desire for worship. This, that led them

to bow before ancestral tablets, led him as a Christian to that true spiritual worship of God which permeates all the life and pervades all times and places. The love of God could as fully occupy the mind as did the superstitious dread of which they were the slaves.

All the Christian theories thus spoken Mr. McKenzie sought to impress upon his teacher and illustrate by his own life. An occasion for patience soon arose in the seeming unfaithfulness of the coolie. He failed to appear with the load, and the teacher feared he had stolen it. Mr. McKenzie was calm and quietly assured him that God was caring for even the least things that concerned them, and he could leave all in His hands without worry. It was not long before the man returned, and the teacher saw reason in the missionary's trust.

The second night of the journey was passed in the doubtful company of a penniless Buddhist priest, who quietly entered the tiny room that had been engaged by the coolie, and received a welcome from the big-hearted missionary. The poor fellow was very humble and far from making pretension to rank or position. He assisted the coolie in his task of putting things in shape for the night, and would have contented himself with a dose of medicine rather than beg for food had not his host insisted on sharing with him his evening meal.

Mr. McKenzie was interested in hearing of the arrangements of the monastery and of how his fraternity were forbidden to enter the city of Seoul

because of past evil deeds in the palace. The present King and Queen were more favorable, yet their condition generally was one of great poverty, of low rank, and as to religious influence, the least and meanest possible. A polite and humble salutation after a peaceful night's rest ended the interview with the man of unaggressive religion.

The next day's walk covered fifty li and brought the travellers to the city of Hwang-ju, with its three thousand gates and great population, not one of which was a Christian. Sabbath day was quietly spent amid much that grieved the heart of the godly stranger, who as yet could not venture upon public speech, but must content himself with personal talk with one or two who came about. He retired at night with thankfulness for the peace that filled his own heart, and the knowledge of God that might yet come to the thousands of sin-enthralled souls about him.

Continuing in a south-westerly course leading to the coast, he passed through sparsely peopled rice-districts, lunching in a wine-house at a magistrate's village on pig's feet, sprouted beans and fermented water of wheat-husks, enduring some indignities from drunken men at the town of Sin-chhon, then on through the gold region, with its rough, quarrelsome miners filling the inns, till he reached the coast city of Chang-Yan. This was the influential walled city that had been recommended to him by Mr. Moffett and Dr. Hall as a centre for work. Here his money-orders were exchanged for others on Sorai,

and a lodging was found in a place much frequented by Japanese. A meal of "buckwheat-stirrings" was the dainty fare at this hotel. After a good sleep in a cold room and a more palatable breakfast of an astonishing number of eggs, the solitary foreigner made ready for his last sixty li to Sorai village.

Mr. Saw was the first man to greet and welcome him there. A man, Chay, who had also been a helper to several missionaries, added his friendly salutation and a speedy invitation to remain in their province of Hwang-Hai-Do. Mr. Saw's heart at once went out to the foreign guest as a man sent from God, in whom he could trust, and through whose teaching there was hope of his province receiving the Gospel. He at once urged the advantages of Chang-Yan, the nearest city, as a preaching centre, even rather than Hai-ju farther to the south, and pressed the sad need of his community upon a heart not hard to move. He was able also to offer the hospitality of a very good house—the roof thatched, the inside well finished, and the windows of glass. After a tramp of seven weary days in January cold, the little Christian home was a real house of refuge, and true fellowship with its gracious occupant a great rest of heart.

Mr. McKenzie talked long with his host on that first evening, and continued to consider in his private prayers the idea then proposed, of a permanent home in the locality. He pleaded with God for wisdom and guidance, and for love and patience and mental vigor also, that should fit him to serve these people

well. He longed, too, for that perfect obedience to God which is "better than sacrifice."

Sorai was entered in no hasty spirit. The desire to know God's will was uppermost in the missionary's mind, and as he waited and watched in prayer ere he came to decision, God made clear His desires. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light," was Jesus' promise of long ago. Why should its fulfilment be denied to him who met its conditions, whose one purpose was to do the will of God? Not only indications of those present days, but the wonderful successes of after months and years, attested to the certainty that God had chosen his inheritance for him. "Unto a land that I will show thee" was Abraham, the man of faith, led; and so also to him who walked "in the steps of that faith of our father Abraham" did the unseen Guide whom he trusted make plain every step of the path.

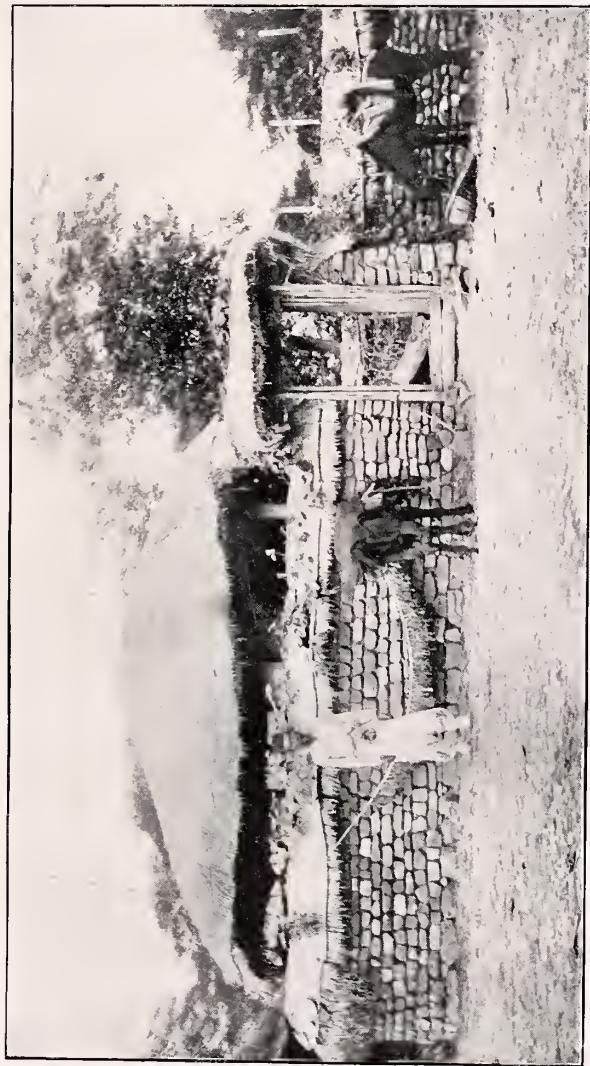
A sweet consciousness of being at home settled upon him in his first walk by the sea-shore, and Sorai became strangely dear to him at the very beginning of his sojourn among its kindly people.

His arrival was on Friday, February 3rd, 1894. The following Sabbath witnessed the gathering of fifteen persons under Mr. Saw's roof for Christian worship. It was a precious and memorable day. Almost as when, in the house of Cornelius, the eager listeners assembled to hear from Peter the things commanded him of God, so these darkened minds longed for the truth from the missionary's lips. Mr. Saw besought him to speak to them through his

teacher, and though hampered by the delay of being interpreted, he talked long and earnestly of the things of the kingdom. Beginning with the parable of "The Good and Bad Fishes" in 13th chapter of Matthew, he went on with the solemn application of judgment and separation in the last day, explaining how suddenly this may come and the need of being ready; of the fearful results to those unprepared, but the bliss awaiting those whose home in heaven is being made ready. Thus he emphasized the great facts of Christian doctrine and tenderly pressed upon these seeking souls God's great love for them, the echo of which was sounding through his own earnest words. He longed for the power to preach like Mr. Saw, but his hearers had understood and were anxious to know more.

All day long Mr. Saw sat at his feet drinking in the truth, and enjoying not least the story of Mr. McKenzie's own venture of faith that had brought him to Korea's shores. The boys who congregated during the service received each a gift of cards to mark the day as Sabbath. Mr. Saw and his family showed their respect for it by careful dress as for a great occasion.

The modest page of diary that gives record of this day in no way denotes its great significance. A red-letter day it assuredly was, not only for the village of Sorai and its neighborhood, but for the hundreds of miles on the east, where laborers were to follow in Mr. McKenzie's steps, and for the whole Canadian Church, to be affected and inspired in its foreign



HOUSE WHERE MR. MCKENZIE LIVED AND DIED.

mission enterprise by the focussing of this one man's energies upon the spot which God had indicated as his sphere in a heathen land.

After a few days the inclination to settle in Sorai became a fixed resolve. He could remain at least until the farming season would begin, when Mrs. Saw must work in the fields and could no longer accommodate a foreigner in her house. The missionary then set himself with his customary untiring zeal to the long hours of study necessary to make himself understood by the people. Every day was begun with much private prayer and extensive Bible reading—the secret of the self-forgetfulness in which these days were lived. He was fearful of losing any of his longing after God and prayed that he might be kept hungering and thirsting until filled with the Holy Spirit, the perfect gift of God.

Only the picture of the little mud-hut brings to one's mind the inevitable discomfort of the stranger who had there taken up his abode in dreary February, for there is no mention made by him of aught but pleasant things. One might fancy him in a comfortable library in Canada as he speaks of the happy hours with his books, or at a good café in the occasional references to such delicacies as deserved mention. The cost of meals, minus the luxury of chicken, was about half. Mr. McKenzie, therefore, promptly decided to have no “hen” on his table, and depend solely upon beef for his meat diet. In this he may not have been wise, as his fellow-missionaries reproved him for too great abstemiousness.

During the first few days in Sorai the illness of his teacher interfered with the lessons, and the only means of progress was by conversation or study without help. Words were picked up from the children or anyone with whom he could get audience, and the unceasing effort to learn was fully rewarded. People were crowding to see him, and the desire to talk became almost painful. He regretted that his teacher could speak English, since but for this he would be obliged to make himself understood in Korean. When we remember that this eagerness was after less than two months' sojourn in a foreign land, we gain some idea of the determination of the man, and of the pent-up love in his heart for the ignorant, unlovely people about him.

Three days after arriving in Sorai, Mr. McKenzie wrote a letter to Mr. Bobbit, of Labrador, describing his new surroundings most graphically. It reads as follows :

“SORAI, KOREA, February 6th, 1894.

“DEAR BROTHER BOBBITT,—

“A broad ocean and continent now divide us, but ‘though sundered far, by faith we meet around one common mercy-seat.’ To-day is the Korean New Year, so I have given half a holiday to my teacher and I take to letter-writing for a little.

“Fourteen chapters of Genesis to-day before my breakfast and two or three hours of study at the language have been my morning work, besides prayers with the natives. I arrived in the capital

city, Seoul, about the middle of December, and at once began trying to make arrangements to get out of it as soon as I could. There are quite a number of foreigners in the capital, of all nations. Many are consuls, besides quite a number of missionaries, who are stationed there, and some who are about to leave for some distant station in the spring. Don't understand me as being afraid of foreigners, *i.e.*, English, German, French, American, et cetera, but so much time would be taken up calling and receiving calls that I could not give my undivided attention to the language. The other men stayed in Seoul for five months before they ventured out. I got my passport or permit from the government just as soon as I got here, and in less than a month was away over one hundred miles. I secured a teacher who knew just a few words of English, and by the few words I picked up we can get along nicely.

"I am here (in Korea) now about one and a half months and have walked over three hundred miles; but I am anchored here now, one hundred and fifty miles from the capital, in the heart of the country, for, I hope, at least two months.

"And now shall I tell you how I am situated? I am sitting on a straw mat, nicely woven, no chair; mud floor, mud walls, and straw roof to my house. I am fortunate just now in having a few panes of glass in my windows, but most of the time I have been with nothing but white paper, and light had to come in through it.

"My food, what about it? In Labrador potatoes

and milk were something to do without. Here I have no potatoes, milk, or butter. I have been already over two weeks without eating any bread. At every meal is rice. Rice here is like fish in Labrador. One does get tired of it twenty-one times a week with no change. They put in some other things with it, but most of them I can't touch. Fortunately, the people have cattle, but chiefly for carrying loads, so that I get occasionally a little beef. When travelling, one of our rules was not to ask what kind of meat we had, as one missionary told me he asked and found he had been eating dog-meat, a rare dish with them, eaten only on feast days as the choicest relish. That means appetite was not very keen for some time after, it is needless to say. I dread to ask what I am eating. So I ask no question, not for conscience' sake, but for stomach's sake.

"My host has come in with a pair of Korean socks that he has kindly made for me. They are double cotton and cotton wool between. They are very comfortable for wear in the house. The people all dress in white cotton, men and women. It is quite warm and made thick with cotton wool padded between. Every Korean who breathes smokes—men, women, and children. A long bamboo stem, with a brass bowl and mouthpiece, make the outfit. A pot of embers on the middle of the floor serves two purposes—to warm the room and light the pipes. One who does not like tobacco smoke should never come out here. They smoke nearly all the time. Tobacco grows nearly like cabbage, and is cheap.

“Leaves and grass, with occasional shrubs, make the wood. The way of heating the rooms is very economical. No stove here—the fire is under me. The heat passes underneath my room, so that the rooms are virtually ovens. We have had some very cold weather here this winter; but, of course, nothing like Labrador—nearly as cold as Nova Scotia. The ground is white with snow for about two and a half months. In the first part of March the spring opens, and the weather is quite warm by May.

“This is the paradise of hunters. Huge tigers roam over the mountains. The other day, coming here from the nearest city, twenty miles off, a little snow the night before revealed to us that a large tiger was on the road just before us. We did not see him, however. Ducks, wild geese, cranes, and large waterfowls of different kinds are very numerous, also pheasants—a beautiful bird, much larger, but like our partridge—are very numerous. The people know very little about firearms yet, so these animals are very tame.

“Saturday I took a walk down to the shore, where the waters of the Yellow Sea, that separates me from China, were rolling at my feet. There was a long strand, of maybe over two miles, of beautiful white sand and nice shells of different kinds. I have always loved the sea. My old home on the Atlantic is near the water. In Labrador I liked it too, and before I knew it, as I stood upon that shore, my eyes filled with tears. Memories of my past and old associations came sweeping in upon me. Oh, how

I did love that broad expanse of ocean, even though a storm was beginning to sweep over it! I thought I was at home—I never felt so before—everything seemed natural. I thought the sea at least understood me. I could hardly realize I was in a dark pagan land, with all else so beautiful and natural; but as I turned to the slopes on the mountain side and saw the little mud and straw houses, strange dress, and my nice little guide, a boy of fourteen, pleasant and good—but could not talk with him, only a few incorrect words and the rest by signs—I knew it was only a momentary dream. Don't imagine by this I am lonesome. No; I am happy—never was much happier. Some asked me if I was lonesome in Labrador. I said, 'Never'; but, ah! this is much more trying. Just think, here the women are secluded. I see none but those who have not much character. My hostess I by chance got a glimpse of the other day passing by the door. Her husband is a good, faithful Christian farmer. He is a true Christian—much of the spirit of the Master. It did me so much good on Sunday to hear him speak to the neighbors who gathered in his room to hear the Gospel. I spoke on his subject—the judgment day—through my teacher. There was good attention, and I believe God's Spirit was among us, so attentive were they.

“Oh, what a field! I know no better. I have seen some of the triumphs of the Gospel here already. Eight were received into the Church by one man in one day. They are men who have been persecuted,

regarded as mad, hated by former friends, yet standing firm, and cheerfully bearing all for Jesus' sake."

Mr. Saw seemed to divine his new friend's thoughts, and soon discovered that Sorai had a strong hold on his affections. Mr. McKenzie dropped some word about purchasing property, and Mr. Saw was at once full of plans. He could sell him a house not now in use, or fit it up for himself and let Mr. McKenzie have his present residence. The latter plan would save the annual tax of five dollars imposed by government for property occupied by foreigners.

A good Korean house, with tiled roof, would cost thirty dollars. This is the house of the better class people, though mud floors and walls are the unvarying rule for all ranks. Each home has its two rooms, one for the women, the other for the men of the family. The men's room is unfurnished, save for the mat on the floor, the wooden pillows for sleeping, and the colored hat-cases hanging from the rafters. In the women's apartments are usually kept enormous jars for food and water. It is some indication of comfortable circumstances when the doors and windows are latticed or paper-covered. A fence, six feet high, of bamboo or reeds, screens the house, and fruit-trees usually surround this. A pig-sty of better build than the house completes the premises.

This, perhaps, was not Mr. McKenzie's ideal of a homestead, but he does not speak slightly of its accommodations. The final settlement with Mr.

Saw was deferred, however, until he could know better what was best to be done. In the meantime they were a congenial household, Mr. Saw admiring to an extreme degree the fine character of the Christian man who had come under his roof, and Mr. McKenzie, in turn, appreciating fully the strength and worth of his host's true nature.

The teacher was rather of a haughty type, caring little for conversation, except with aristocrats, and requiring some urging to do all he might for his pupil in the line of colloquial language. Mr. McKenzie continually sought to impress him with spiritual teaching and make him realize his increased responsibility to God in having heard the Gospel message. Mr. Saw's boy also filled the rôle of instructor for him, and was most successful in his efforts. Mr. McKenzie remarks, in speaking of their lessons, as they walked or played together: "Little Ahi is the best teacher I find. I can ask him such foolish questions. I have not words enough for good sense." The child was but ten years old, and exceedingly bright. He read Chinese character with ease, and was able to explain New Testament teaching gained thus.

Mr. McKenzie utilized most of his acquaintances for purposes of learning, and was quite willing they should laugh at his efforts at Korean speech if only he made progress. He introduced himself to everybody who came to the house in true Korean fashion, and acquired some new words in every conversation. It was not long before he was able to astonish them

with sentences given in exact Korean. He was delighted with each new success and noted all his triumphs with gratitude.

On his second Sabbath in Sorai Mr. Saw insisted again that he should preach, and again, through his teacher, he gave a strong Gospel message. He read the Ten Commandments and explained that they were binding as those of earthly kings, and that punishment would surely follow for those who disobeyed. Then the parables of "The Rich Man and Lazarus" and "The Tares and the Wheat" were expounded, with the prophecy, in Revelation xx., of the day of judgment; and after all these stern warnings the beautiful words of John iii. 16 were applied for wounded hearts and such as sought to know where to find pardon for sin. As he pressed the question of their desire to serve Jesus, some assented, while others were timid.

Little did the teacher realize how wonderfully he represented his Master to these hearers as he spoke. The stern, uncompromising words of truth were on his lips as he used the Sword of the Spirit; but in his heart, and beaming in tenderness from his clear eyes, was the love of God for the lost sinner. The charming winsomeness and grace of his manner, God's good gift to him, were a magnetic power of which he was unconscious.

Later in the day he talked from the ninth chapter of Luke, of the three men who desired to follow Jesus, and also of the parable of "The Unjust Steward." The boys who crowded in were given

the Sunday cards, upon which had been printed words of Scripture, and for another week were told these would be given as a reward for clean hands and faces.

The close of this day of service found the worker out on the plain, alone with God, seeking in prayer fresh consciousness of his utter consecration, that he might be led into God's will alone, whatever the consequences. Hours of close Bible study were telling upon his inner life. He loved God's Word, but longed to love it more. His thirst for its truths grew as he drank from the "wells of salvation," and as early in the morning as he could see he was at work for his hour and a quarter of careful reading. By this diligence he read thoroughly the Old Testament and part of the New in two months, filling his storehouse with treasures new and old for the constant demand made upon it by his daily visitors.

Men came to see him from all sorts of motives. Occasionally one would confess to a hope that there might be money in accepting Christianity. Numbers were merely curious to hear a new thing. Mrs. Bishop writes graphically of the visiting habits of the Korean men. She says that all who are in easy circumstances depend upon this as a means for killing time. They have an insatiable thirst for news, and go about repeating, exaggerating, or inventing stories. Conversations often take a literary turn, and indicate, of course, a high degree of culture on the part of the participants.

All Koreans keep an open house for visitors, and

the men's room is free to any who desire to enter. Wherever they meet they ask an endless number of questions as to each other's affairs, and inquire for the latest news. This will likely be embellished, and the narrator has not fulfilled all his social duty till he has made a clean breast of everything he knows. The wildest rumors are in this way circulated, and but little faith can be placed in current report. This phase of masculine Korean life explains many references made by Mr. McKenzie to the unsatisfactory nature of apparently important news and his caution in receiving information.

His quick discernment of character saved him from many sad mistakes as he studied and lived among these peculiar Orientals. He had a most direct way of dealing with questions presented to him that must have been disconcerting to the evasive nature of the Korean. His speech was pointed and bold concerning the sin and evil customs daily to be seen, and from the very beginning he taught the whole truth of God's Word in its bearing upon everyday life.

Sabbath desecration was particularly abhorrent to him anywhere, and not least in this heathen land. The strong sentiment on this point to be found to-day in Sorai is certainly due to his early efforts to inculcate obedience there to the Fourth Commandment. In three weeks from the time of his arrival in Sorai he was going out to visit neighboring villages on the Sabbath, that they, too, might be reached by its hallowing influences. He had by this time

progressed so well in his studies that he notes "how few English words are needed now." His ideal plan of study, isolation from English tongues, was proving successful, but the cost was not light. Even letters were beyond his reach, except as he could make arrangements with merchants passing down to Seoul to bring them. Those that he wished to mail were forwarded by these chance travellers to his friend, Mr. Jones, in Chemulpo, who transacted business for him.

The rare mention of matters that concerned his own comfort, as contrasted with the copious diary notes on every subject relating to Korean life, leaves no doubt as to what engrossed his mind. Even the beloved home friends took a secondary place, and it is not until he writes of a startling dream, where he saw the Marble Mountain on the shores of Bras d'Or Lake a lively volcano, and thought the judgment day had come, and found some of his dear ones unprepared, that he refers specially to those who must have been his best beloved. His ability to put God first brought a joy of contentment in the midst of the inevitable ignorance, superstition, filth and vice attendant upon his heathen surroundings.

The prospect held out by Mr. Saw of a house with fruit-trees and a garden where potatoes, corn, cabbages and turnips would grow, was welcomed with true satisfaction. The days passed quickly, because nothing was too small to be of interest, and there was no monotony in meeting with the varied characters who gradually became his acquaintances.

Every faculty was called into play to interest all classes and minds in his message. Boys were won by his clever pictures drawn for their amusement. The men were eager for the coveted conversations on a new theme, and even the shy, despised women stole an audience behind the screen that divided their apartment from that of the men. One can easily fancy that the constant tax upon his mental powers would prove too great a strain, even for unusual strength, and it is not surprising to read of sleepless nights following the days of hard study and unceasing conversations. The best cure was found in walks in the fine, bracing sea-air, and the beloved shore was in itself a tonic.

The wooden pillow of the Korean hut and hard floor, which made the hips sore, were probably no more conducive to sleep than the exertion of brain; but these are noted in the most incidental way. To be "counted worthy to suffer" for Christ's sake was almost an ambition with this true disciple, then wherefore complain? If it be true that a man is rich according to the number of things he can do without, as a recent writer says, then this man had great wealth. Certainly he proved the truth of the more assured statement that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." He says, "Thank God, I am contented and happy at my work!" And this meant a welcome for any visitors who could, by the inspection of his foreign effects, be induced to buy Christian books; for the lads who were eager for daily exercise in

athletic sports with their giant instructor; for the sick and the troubled, and even the idly curious, whose coming was, at least, an opportunity to practise new Korean phrases. Of the latter class he took shrewd advantage.

On one occasion he promised the story of a moose-hunt, and a large number came to hear; but the missionary was "sowing beside all waters," and late in the evening though it was, ere they heard the story of the sportsman, they must listen to the message and prayer of the evangelist. Full of resources as he was, there was rarely a visitor for whom he had not some special attraction.

Before many days were spent in the village its people had begun to learn of his medical knowledge, and were seeking relief for many ills. Quinine was already known to them, and purchased in quantities from him, and later on his medical work became almost burdensome.

Belief in the powers of the strange Pan-su, or male, and Mu-tang, or general, sorcerers, whose incantations, wands and divining-chimes are resorted to for the removal of every sort of evil, was everywhere in evidence, and the noisy parade of their processions, with tall bamboo poles bearing aloft the gorgeous paper nothings that advertised their calling, their drums, dancing and gesticulations, with all the mockeries of demon-worship, were a large feature of the village life.

Mrs. Bishop's fine chapters on the subject of demon-worship in Korea give a wonderful impres-

sion of its power and extent. The spirits are numbered by *thousands of billions*, and people the air, the earth and the sea, filling every imaginable space and lurking in every nook and corner, indoors and out, till there is no escape from their presence and their fateful spell. The man or woman who believes in them is kept in perpetual dread, and must, for well-being, depend upon a continual propitiation, that means bondage throughout life. The cost of such spiritual help is enormous, and the sum expended annually in Korea upon exorcists is estimated at two million five hundred thousand dollars annually.

Sickness in Korea is always attributed wholly to the power of demons, and Mrs. Bishop declares European medicine and surgery to be the most successful opponents of this terribly degrading and barbarous superstition. She believes the influence of medical missions to be tending steadily toward emancipation. Mr. McKenzie's studies in medicine as a preparation for missionary labors, he gratefully recognizes as part of God's leading during college days.

The history of his daily life during the first weeks in Sorai is carefully given in the diary notes, but in such a fragmentary way as to be somewhat of a study without help from other sources, such as personal letters. His notes seem to suggest topics for such letters, rather than to pretend to fully treat of any subject, but they still reveal much of his character. How, in the long tension of weeks, waiting for home letters, he was still absorbed in the people about him—their sins, their sorrows, their ignor-

ance, their need—reveals something of the power of such environment upon his sensitive nature. He speaks of the villagers and other visitors by name, with allusion to their various difficulties and distresses; he makes note of their primitive efforts at manufacture, so pitifully poor; he mentions every tiny village or fishing hamlet visited in his daily walks; refers to the shy women, who warily sought a glimpse of the wonderful stranger as he came near their homes; tells in stray clauses of the throng of boys who ever flocked about him, and in every way discloses in his jottings that his whole life was given up to the interests of these whom “God so loved.” His own longings and natural emotions were repressed in respect of their greater need. He prayed that the precious time spent among them might be “filling out God’s plan”; that he might lose none of it in vain thoughts of self or comfort; that he might live by faith and without anxious thought, and that he might know how to pray to be filled with God’s Spirit.

Six weeks after he had come to Sorai village, on a Sunday morning, when the little congregation lifted their voices in praise to God, he says: “Eyes filled with tears singing these hymns—how many meet at home.” And yet God satisfied his heart and comforted him with His presence, so that he wrote in these days of utter isolation, “Jesus keeps me company.”

He entered so heartily into the joys of spiritual things that he was truly happy in the work, which

some might not envy him. A conversation that he records with one inquirer after truth indicates somewhat of this. The notes run thus:

“Had a good talk with one little man after the others had all left. Asked if I were lonely. Told him of love for home and friends, but to tell these people of Jesus I came here. So many poor, miserable, anxious, troubled for food, wishing to die; like blind people over a precipice, don't see it—going about in a circle; soon die, and then worse than ever. This the wages of the devil. Said he understood all I said, but ignorant of books. I told him Jesus would open his eyes. I the same way once. Lord, give me the faith for his salvation.”

Another page of diary, more full and connected than most, gives a picture of ordinary experiences:

This is March 5th, 1894. “Ten chapters before breakfast. Up before sunrise, reading; hard bed and pillow. Visited by old man of rank—not high—and rich, quite dignified. Shot two wild pigeons near my door while studying. Visited a neighboring village where they were sacrificing out of reverence to somebody's father, who died a year ago to-day. Many were being guested and all drinking. This is supposed to be given, but some must pay. Talked to me and were very friendly; drunken men familiar. Sold some calendars. Sat down chatting; offered food, but refused. Sick man, Chay, is some better. Find I am making some acquaintances.”

An aristocrat from Seoul, Kim by name, once

very rich, owning a great house with horses and slaves, was among his visitors in the village. The man had met with Christian missionaries—Dr. Underwood and others—and had read and possessed some of the Gospels in Chinese. Finding that he knew and admitted the superiority of America over his own country, Mr. McKenzie took advantage of this opportunity to show the reason of true greatness. Other rich men came in occasionally, who through acquaintance with foreigners at the ports had gained some idea of their own ignorance and of the benefits of Christianity. But one might multiply interesting cases and the sequel to this first sojourn in the village be too long delayed.

One is tempted to linger over the little touches, here and there, that reveal the rare beauty of the inner life, so spiritual, so Christ-like, showing as only a few reveal it that partaking of the Divine Nature which longs for the salvation of a lost world; that loves to see the best in poor humanity; that can believe all things, hope all things, endure all things.

On the 21st of March, he made a trip to the adjacent city of Hai-ju to visit the magistrate and obtain a passport. He was seven hours walking the distance, and took his teacher along to interpret. The interview with the city magnate took place the next morning, after a long delay, supposed to impress the stranger with the press of business in the magistracy.

In gorgeous robes of red silk, sitting in the midst of many attendants, the magistrate received him.

The teacher sat without the door to interpret, and a brisk conversation was carried on, the missionary answering many questions as to his swift journey from the other hemisphere, and hearing, in return, of other foreigners whom the dignitary had met and of his acquaintance with foreign things. At his grander house in Seoul he had many articles brought from abroad, of which he boasted, and wished that the missionary should visit him in Seoul and see for himself.

Mr. McKenzie spoke freely of the poor accommodation of the city inn, the bad food, and the vermin, but his story was received quite calmly. Perhaps to atone, however, refreshments were brought to him of chestnuts, pears, eggs, meat, and wine, and a gift of some eight pounds of meat and fifty eggs was sent after him to the poorly-kept hotel. No woman appeared, but some dancing-girls, who looked curiously at the stranger, and the interview ended with a friendly hand-shaking.

The passport was rather grudgingly bestowed, lest the magistrate should thereby seem to favor Christianity. As Mr. McKenzie left the inn next morning his hostess persistently refused to take payment, though probably not aware of the extent of her guest's discomfort.

It was not until the middle of April, more than ten weeks after his arrival in Sorai, that he received letters from home. The last three weeks were very busy, filled with visits from the sick, who came in increasing numbers for medicine, the many who

sought instruction, and his own longer hours of hard study. By the beginning of April he was able to study out of doors, and found it easier there to concentrate his thought.

Mr. Saw leaned more and more upon him for Sabbath and week-day services, and one day, because of illness, left him alone to do all. He speaks of the curious sensation on that day of praying through an interpreter.

The weary days of waiting for mail were over at last, and the feelings that had not found expression in complaint were poured forth now in thanksgiving. Very pathetic are the brief sentences penned on the Sunday night that brought the precious mail-boat: "My longing eyes looked often to the distant point of blue. Read letters; very glad." Then, on Monday: "Little sleep last night—so glad, could not sleep. Read all day; did not lessen my time on the Bible."

A week later, April 23rd, he resolved to return to Seoul to send mail, and started thither on foot. His departure was a sorrow to the villagers, and an opportunity to Mr. McKenzie to make sure of their desire to have him reside permanently among them. As they pressed parting gifts upon him, and accompanied him out of the village, even the women urging him to come back soon, he left them with a strong conviction that he had found a God-appointed field for future labor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAR CLOUD.

The journey to Seoul occupied a week, and was made on foot. It included a variety of experiences, not the least pleasant of which was the ease with which the missionary found himself able to converse with fellow-travellers. Wading through swollen rivers, sleeping in crowded inns that swarmed with vermin, subjected to the endless sight-seeing of the crowd, even during private devotions, and conversing gladly with every wayfarer, he went on south, enjoying the trip.

Saturday, April 29th, found him still one hundred li from Seoul, and he therefore decided to stop his march for a Sabbath rest. The Koreans with him were surprised at this, as they knew his money was nearly all spent; but he was not to be moved, and devoted the quiet day to Bible study on a hill overlooking the river.

Monday brought him to the gates of Seoul, where he had a happy meeting with the missionaries. Many letters were awaiting him, which kept him busy all the week with correspondence and left but little time to prepare for the English service, at which he must preach on the following Sunday.

Almost the first news received at the capital after Mr. McKenzie's arrival was that of some disturbance in the south. Dr. Allen and the American Consul, upon hearing it, sent word to call American missionaries home for protection. This was probably the first rumble of the thunders soon to follow.

On Monday, May 6th, the city was gay with a royal procession, which Mr. McKenzie had the good fortune to witness. The occasion was the removal from one palace to another for the safety of the Crown Prince, upon whose head a snake had fallen, and, therefore, according to the sorcerers, great dangers were imminent. Tigers had also been prowling about the palace, adding to the fears of all. The Koreans believe the tiger to be the special agent of the "mountain demon," and attribute all his depredations to the wrath of the spirit who dwells in the hills when any affront has been given him. All night long shots were fired to drive the devils from the palace to which the royal family was to repair. Mr. McKenzie got a glimpse of the palace, and of the wonderful Hall of Audience, one hundred feet long, seventy-five wide, and sixty-five high, with its beautiful blue tilings.

The procession was not very imposing. The small, poor horses of the soldiers, their dirty uniforms and uneven march, with the general air of depression that marked all, impressed Mr. McKenzie sadly. He remarks: "There is nothing cheerful in the expression of any, nor any air of independence. None looked like business or battle. No gal-

lant step of troops to drum, no loyalty or feeling of pride." The display was altogether of color and number. In the front of the procession were many sacred ancestral tablets carried by officers, then came the royal chair of the King, covered by a gorgeous canopy carried by fifty men. The chair of the Crown Prince followed, and then a number of dancing-girls on horseback, their steeds much finer than those of the military. In the rear of the procession were the royal women. The widow of the former king carried on her head a brass vessel like that used for incense, while the Queen was in a closed chair, surrounded by attendants with fans.

A crowd and rabble followed, and an amazing number of coolies surged about the palace. The efforts of the guard to clear the way were very amusing to Mr. McKenzie, though he contrasted the orderliness and sobriety of the mob favorably with that of a similar crowd in America.

Three days later, on May 10th, serious news from Dr. Hall, of Pyong Yang, reached the missionaries at Seoul, and after consultation and prayer it was decided that Mr. McKenzie go up with Mr. Moffett to investigate. They started early the next morning in the rain, in chairs, and reached Pyong Yang in four days. Chair coolies were extortionate, and the trip cost a hundred dollars. This would have been a sore grief to Mr. McKenzie in his desire to be economical but for the fact that the lives of his friends might be in danger. The trouble which they found on their arrival is described so disconnectedly

in the diary that for fuller account we quote from Mrs. Hall's book:

“About one o'clock Thursday morning we were awakened by two of the native Christians, who informed us that our faithful helper, Chang Si-key, and the former owner of the house we were stopping in, had been cast into prison. We could do nothing then but commit them to God. Early in the morning I went to the governor's, but he was sleeping, and I could not see him. I then went to the prison and found that, in addition to our men, the helper of Mr. Moffett, of the Presbyterian Mission, and also the former owner of the house that the helper lived in, were both in prison; and that same night policemen had gone to where Mr. Moffett stopped when in Pyong Yang and cruelly beat all the native Christians that were there. Chang Si-key had his feet wedged in stocks and was suffering intense pain. I then went to the house to see if Mrs. Hall was all right, when Mr. O., one of the Christians who had accompanied me to the governor's, was seized and taken off to prison. Mr. Yi another of our native Christians, then accompanied me on my rounds to the prison-house and telegraph office. He would say to me, “I will be taken to prison next, and then you'll have to go alone.” We were the only foreigners in a city of one hundred thousand heathen, and you can imagine the situation when I had to leave Mrs. Hall and little Sherwood alone and unprotected, as much of the time I was away at the prison or telegraph office.

"I telegraphed the state of affairs to Dr. Scranton, in Seoul, and he and Mr. Moffett carried the matter to the British and American Legations, and soon the welcome message came over the wire: 'Legations will act at once.' No time was lost in Seoul. The missionaries and legations acted with that characteristic zeal for which Britishers and Americans are noted. Soon there came a telegram from Mr. Gardner, British Consul-General, and Mr. Sill, American Minister-Resident, stating that they had insisted that the Foreign Office order the release of the men in prison at once, and our protection according to treaty. A telegram also came from Mr. Moffett: 'Joshua, first chapter, ninth verse.'

"This was Thursday evening; that night our house was stoned and the wall torn down. We did not know the moment a mob might be upon us. Early Friday morning a servant of the governor came and said the telegram from the King had been received, but that it said we were bad people and to kill all the Christians. I went to the prison and this report was confirmed there. Our men had been removed to the death cell, and the torturing continued. They expected to die, but would not give up Christ. The water-carriers were forbidden to bring us water. There are no wells in Pyong Yang, and the water is brought from the river, a half-mile distant.

"The governor is a relative of the Queen, a powerful family here in Korea, and it began to look as though he were not going to pay any attention

to the telegram from the Foreign Office. It seemed to us that the time had come for religious toleration in Korea, and God would require the lives of some of His children to secure it. We were ready to die for His cause. Grace had been given sufficient for every trial thus far, and we knew abundance would be given if it were required. My heart ached as I witnessed our faithful brothers in Christ suffering extreme torture, such as had not been experienced here by Christians for twenty-eight years, when thousands of Roman Catholics, including several priests, laid down their lives for their faith.

“Two telegrams had been sent from the Foreign Office since Thursday night, but five o'clock Friday came and still no relief. At six o'clock, after thirty-six hours of torture in prison, threatened many times with death, all were sent for by the magistrate, beaten and discharged, but stoned all the way home. Chang Si-key was so badly injured it was with difficulty he reached home. I felt like sitting at his feet. Such a faithful martyr for Jesus I had never before seen.

“Messrs. McKenzie and Moffett started Friday from Seoul as a relief party; travelling night and day, they reached us the following Tuesday. A week later Dr. Scranton arrived. He and Mr. McKenzie returned the next week.”

It had been suggested that Mrs. Hall should return under Dr. Scranton's care to Seoul, but just as the steamer was leaving she was taken ill and was unable to travel. The British Consul had advised

that Dr. Hall move to another house, but not out of the city, and that the missionaries, though showing no reluctance to leave Pyong Yang if the Koreans wished it, should not be too rapidly thinned out, as if afraid. Prayer offered in Seoul at the time of receiving Dr. Hall's message had been answered at the very hour in the release of the prisoners.

Mr Moffett wrote a full account of the disturbance to the American Minister at Seoul, and with Mr. McKenzie's assistance was able to do much toward settling the difficulty. After a weary wait of days for the steamship to be fully ready to start. Dr. Scranton and Mr. McKenzie got off on the 1st of June and arrived in Chemulpo on Sunday, the 3rd. Here there were several warships in the harbor—French, Chinese and Japanese—and a rumor of war was in the air.

On Monday, Mr. McKenzie went up to Seoul on horseback. Here he was rejoiced with a generous home mail, full of good news. God had been answering prayer for some that were dear, and even far-off Labrador sent its messages. He also received a letter offering him support, or the likelihood of it, from a missionary in independent work in Korea, who was forming a "Korean Itineracy Mission." This he declined, as he had chosen to trust God alone, and was finding the sweetness of such living more and more blessed as the days went on.

With an expenditure of fourteen hundred dollars and a balance of eighteen hundred in the bank as his first year was closing, he felt he had no need to

lean upon "an arm of flesh," and rather desired to glory in the gracious heavenly Father who had already given so much.

At Seoul he had an interview with the British Consul, and presented Mr. Moffett's letter, recounting details of the Pyong Yang trouble. Dr. and Mrs. Hall soon arrived safely at Seoul and reported everything quiet again, but the consul's investigation went on, and more than once Mr. McKenzie was interviewed. The consul was inclined to credit the missionaries with bad motives and with showing little of the spirit of their Master in gaining money for redress from poor Koreans, and venting spite in demanding punishment rather than obeying Christ's command to forgive their enemies. Mr. McKenzie's attitude was dignified and fearless as he upheld his fellow-Christians and defended their action toward the lawless heathen. When the consul became angry and threatened to withdraw his passport, he replied that he hoped to have the privileges of other nations, believed he was worthy of such, and never wished to disown being a British subject; but if the consul would take such extreme measures he would still go in face of all law; his command was from above. Further, he stated quietly that he would allow no man, no matter who he was, tell him that he had acted in an unchristian or dishonest way. He left the consul still angry and excited, but in a few days received an apology from him for any unkind words he had said, and also a commendation for defending his brother mission-

aries. Mr. McKenzie accepted this in a truly Christian spirit and admired in return the straightforward manliness of the consul in all his moods.

Toward the middle of June news of a Tong Hak rebellion in the south became serious, and as a result China and Japan prepared to help their neighbor through what appeared to be a crisis in the history of this strange, ungovernable movement.

On June 14th it was reported that great numbers of Japanese were coming up to Seoul. In a few days they had arrived, and were building fortifications. Their arrival both excited and terrified the Koreans, food became dear at Seoul and Chemulpo, and though reports were circulated that Chinese and Japanese understood each other and would not remain long in the country, there was still a settled feeling everywhere that war would grow out of their simultaneous arrival.

Mr. McKenzie, with his teacher—a new one employed in Seoul at seven dollars a month—was striving to learn the utmost, also from various branches of mission work in the city; but these days of excitement necessarily brought many interruptions. He went late in June to Chemulpo, where ten warships were in the harbor and many more arriving, chiefly Japanese. Everywhere the Japanese were in evidence—in new forts at the best points along the river from Seoul, marching and drilling on the banks, in cavalry encampments beside the roads and on the hills, and landing ammunition and tents from their junks at many places.

A telegram from one of the missionaries recalled Mr. McKenzie to Seoul, where he remained till July 11th. A providential circumstance for himself and other foreigners was the presence in Seoul at this time of the rich magistrate of Chang-Yun, who had been promoted to the position of army captain, and who was extremely friendly to Mr. McKenzie. He showed himself not only favorable to the missionary, but evidently anxious for his good opinion, as he consulted him as to his domestic relations, which were far from moral, though his excuse for keeping three women beside his wife was that there were "more women than men in Seoul." He was reputed to be the fifth richest man in Korea, and so wielded great influence at the capital. Mr. McKenzie visited at his house and received many other favors.

The missionaries were as yet in no fear, although the reports in English and American papers were causing great alarm among friends at home and bringing frequent cable messages as to their safety. Perhaps the most ominous sign was in the Koreans placarding the houses of persons who should be killed on the 5th of July; but the mission workers quietly went on their way, conducting services regularly and leaving the consuls of their various governments to settle national disputes. Americans and Japanese favored each other's policy, whilst English and Germans sided with China.

On returning to Chemulpo, Mr. McKenzie made his home with Rev. G. H. Jones. The 15th of

July was his birthday, and brought anew to his heart a great desire for consecration to the truest and best in life and a readiness for the changes that another year might hold in store. The day had been spent in services upon the warships, and was closed with a long season of private communion with God. How little he knew, as he sought such preparation, that the greatest of all changes was to come to him before the year should close ; but, like a wise servant, he could but busy himself with his Master's work, and this he did faithfully to the end. Money was being sent to him in sums of two and three hundred dollars from his native province, and the sense of his stewardship weighed heavily upon him. He refused to be uplifted by any praise, even the most sincere, which often accompanied these gifts. A publication from his old college in Halifax spoke profusely of his work in Labrador and his noble spirit throughout the hardships there, but he received it with the comment : " Utterly undeserved, because of so many selfish motives."

His chief opportunity for preaching the Gospel now was to English and American seamen upon the warships, whither he continually went with Mr. Jones and other missionaries. This was agreeable work, and the vigorous, practical Christianity he was ever wont to urge upon them appealed to the hearts of all who heard him and brought many to a place of repentance. Tears came to the eyes of the sailors when this giant preacher, in the power of his great tenderness, spoke to their conscience. He

knew how to adapt himself to his audience and from his well-stored treasure-house could bring the illustration that best pointed the truth of his doctrine.

His teacher was dismissed as the excitement grew and study became impossible. The diary during these days is filled with various rumors of the plans and movements of Chinese and Japanese armies, of the prospects of foreign nations interfering, and different policies likely to be adopted.

The fact that Korea sadly needed outside help was admitted on all sides, though opinions were many as to the motives of the nations who were ostensibly coming to her aid. Japan was evidently in favor with the royal house at Seoul, quite conscious of her advantage, and seemingly able to follow it up. Every few hours brought word of new developments, of reinforcements of Chinese and Japanese troops, of battles on land and on sea, of warships sunk, of officials exiled, and many momentous changes about to be inaugurated. North and south men were being poured into the country. A small boat in the English naval service ran between Seoul and Chemulpo for the convenience of foreigners. Besides this, a British gunboat was in readiness to take all foreign ladies to China.

July 23rd was the day of crisis for Seoul, when the palace and city were seized by the Japanese and their rule virtually began. The following brief extracts from an account written by Rev. H. G. Appenzeller to the Korean Repository for July, 1896, give an idea of the state of the city on that eventful day:

“The day dawned as many since the arrival of the Japanese troops had dawned. The farmer, with rice, beans, barley, and fruit, was on his way to the early market. The slaves, servants and humble poor, with basket in hand or laid across the shoulder, were about to go out to make the purchases for the day. Unusual activity among the soldiers was observed. They were not only marching in and out the south gate, as they had done for the past month or more, but were seen going toward the royal palace. For several days before this, alarming reports of Japan’s ultimatum, and that decisive measures were about to be taken, were extensively circulated. What the ultimatum was, or what steps of a decisive character Japan was about to take, the common people could only guess, and that very vaguely. When the Japanese soldiers were seen marching toward the palace the Koreans surmised what was going to happen, and the war-cry, a long-drawn whoop was raised in various parts of the city.

“The firing between the Japanese and Korean soldiers became quite general, and the city was thrown into great excitement. All business and traffic ceased, and everybody, from the highest general in the Korean army to the farmer just in from the country with a new load of green muskmelons, dropped everything and sought the nearest place of real or supposed safety. The few remaining Chinese made for the English Consulate ; generals, brigadiers, and majors sought the friendly protec-

tion of the Stars and Stripes; Scribes in foreign employ and Pharisees' in no employ or service whatever, entered the first open gate they came to that gave them entrance.

"The flight from the palace was as precipitate as it was disgraceful. Yangbans of such exalted rank, once so inflated with their self-importance that they could hardly persuade themselves to treat their equals with civility, or to mingle with them, now seized the rack-jiggy of the first coolie that happened to be in their way, and as bearers of the filth and off-scouring of Korea, they sought egress from the palace, and fled to the country or skulked in some dark hole of the city. The wail, the howl, the crocodile tears of these mighty ones, was as repulsive to the foreigners as they were disgraceful to the Koreans themselves.

"We breakfasted; then, acting under the advice of the United States Minister, raised the American flag on our premises to silently notify the Japanese soldiers and the Korean mob, should it get loose, that American interests were here that would receive the protection of their Government. This done, several of us sat down to counsel together. When we had compared views we found we knew as much of what was going to be done as we did before the conference—nothing. Such a state of mental uncertainty may be ideal for the Buddhist, whose ambition is to be equally balanced between life and death, neither dead nor yet living, neither active nor inactive; but it was not for us. No one could tell

how the Japanese were going to conduct this war, whether according to civilized methods or according to true Asiatic methods.

“At Sang-Dong we raised the Stars and Stripes over our hospital property, which probably inspired the Koreans with a feeling of as much security as it did us.

“At Chong-No, from the central drain to the intersection of the south gate and east gate streets, a large force of Japanese infantry and cavalry was stationed. Koreans were rigidly excluded here. We offered to enter, were challenged, but immediately Jupiter, whoever he was, nodded. We entered and as we expected, passed through unmolested.

“We did not go up to the palace, being fully persuaded, no matter on what evidence, from a distance of several hundred rods, that the Japanese had not only seized the person of His Majesty the King, but the whole city as well. We did not know but what our presence might be an embarrassment to either or to both parties, and therefore left the honor of being the first foreigner to enter the palace after its capture to the King’s adviser, C. R. Greathouse.

“By the time we reached the new west gate it commenced to rain in torrents. The stream of fugitives increased—a bundle of clothing on the mother’s head, a child on her back, one at her side, and the father following with a heavy load on his back. The young, the old, the weak, the strong, the high, the low, helped to swell the steady stream

that for days afterward poured out through the seven gates of the city."

The Tong Haks, who were later in the year to figure largely in the political drama of Korean affairs, were, according to Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, the real first cause of the war.

Having several times defeated the royal troops, the troubled King sought help from their growing power by an appeal to China. At once China gave notice to Japan of her purpose to send soldiers to Korea on June 7th, 1894. By the treaty of Tien-Tsin, China and Japan had equal right to give help to Korea under such circumstances. Japan therefore replied to China on the same day that she also proposed to assist Korea. Chinese troops to the number of three thousand landed at A-sam under their general, Yi, and the Japanese poured into Chemulpo and Seoul.

Japan was incensed by China speaking three times in her despatch of Korea as "our tributary state," and refused to recognize the right to use such an expression. Japan then made three proposals for the joint administration of affairs in Korea to be carried on by herself and China. They were (1) examination of the financial administration; (2) selection of the central and local officers; (3) the establishment of a disciplined army for national defence and the preservation of the peace of the land.

China refused to listen to any suggestions until Japanese troops should be withdrawn from Korea.

Japan warned China that the despatch of more Chinese troops would mean serious trouble, and also, on July 20th, demanded that the King of Korea should order the Chinese to withdraw their forces. This demand was accompanied by a threat which was carried into effect when, on July 23rd, Japanese troops seized the palace and took the King prisoner.

The King's desire had been for peace, and at his request the ambassadors of China and Japan had been negotiating to this end, suggesting that both countries at once withdraw their troops.

Upon the capture of the King, his father, the Tai-Won-Kun, assumed nominally the rule of the kingdom, but was evidently under Japanese orders. Following this came the sinking of a transport carrying twelve hundred Chinese troops and flying the British flag. This was done by a Japanese cruiser on July 25th.

On July 29th the Japanese won a victory over the Chinese army at A-sam and dispersed them. Before the month closed Korea had renounced Chinese authority, and on August 1st war was declared.

Then, with the King's father at the head of the government, and made to act just as the Japanese decreed, many reforms were pushed upon Seoul. Some of these were merely arbitrary, others wisely beneficial, though all purported to be progressive. As boatloads of wounded Koreans reached Chemulpo, the stories of horrors yet to come were widely circulated and believed.

Depredation followed victory and the lives of missionaries seemed no more safe than any other, while the whole land was thus invaded by armies of unreliable Orientals.

Away to the north the Japanese were pressing to meet the hosts of Chinese coming across the frontier. Pyong Yang and Song-Do were threatened, and later events fully justified the fears then felt. The constant movements of troops and of warships coming and going, the distant thunderous roar of fighting, and the daily budget of fresh rumors, made the war a vivid reality to the soldiers of the Cross living at Chemulpo. Yet they found active service in the opportunity of ministering to the seamen on the men-of-war.

Mr. McKenzie's heart rejoiced over the victories won for his Master in the services held on ship-board, where men were brought from the follies of dissipation to seek after eternal life. Death and life were tremendous realities during those weeks, and the Spirit of God gave power to the truth spoken by faithful witnesses. Men were ready and eager to listen to the Gospel, and officers, and admiral as well, were courteous to the preachers.

On one occasion Mr. McKenzie officiated at the funeral of a petty officer on an American ship, a man not given to serious thought and apparently unprepared for death. Such things made a deep impression upon him.

As is ever the case in times of stress, the spiritual life of believers deepened through these dark days and made the native services more intense in spirit.

At seven in the morning a hundred or more Koreans would gather for Sabbath worship, sometimes in the rain, with Japanese, Chinese, and white Roman Catholics also in the congregation.

Mr. McKenzie read, studied, and prayed much, with a constant desire to know more of the power of the Gospel he preached, and more fully to forget self and be absorbed in the interests of the people whose salvation he sought. Days of opportunity were indeed precious when so full of change and uncertainty. Some of the missionaries deemed it prudent to remove with their wives to Japan until the war should cease.

Mr. Moffett came down from Pyong Yang on September 1st with a story of his deliverance there in answer to prayer. God had wonderfully protected him. A day or two later Mr. McKenzie secured a pass to go to Seoul on a Japanese steamship. Mr. Saw had sent a message inquiring whether he should procure a boat to bring Mr. McKenzie to Sorai, but he thought this unwise and declined.

He arrived at Seoul on September 7th and remained a week visiting the workers. Some time was spent with Dr. Hall getting medicines ready for future use and among his patients, assisting in surgical work and religious services. Dr. Scranton furnished him with a list of drugs and also put up a quantity for him so as to need little weighing. Mr. Appenzeller, Dr. Avison, and Mr. Moore were others whose friendship and assistance he prized. A most amicable interview with the British Consul also was counted among the pleasures of the week in the city.

A slight sunstroke made it somewhat difficult for him to attend to necessary business, and there was much to do. Beside all plans for his settlement in the country, he was busy preparing a paper to be read before a literary society in Seoul.

Returning to Chemulpo by the little British boat *Sophie* he hesitated where to go till the war should be over, whether to Sorai or a place called Chopo, about forty miles from Seoul, where he could have mail communication. He finally decided upon Sorai, and was not long making ready for the journey. He arranged for the deposit of his money in a bank at Chemulpo, and went to Seoul to meet with the Literary Union, wrote many letters home detailing the state of Korean affairs, and on September 27th went on board a Japanese transport going north.

The recent cost of living in the ports, appalled him—no less than double that of other visits. Of nine hundred dollars which he had brought to Seoul in May, only two hundred and seventy remained, and as he reckoned the extravagance he made a firm resolve to keep away from Seoul and Chemulpo for the future lest sacred money be wasted. Congenial society and physical comfort weighed but lightly with him against the responsibility of faithful stewardship and the joy of self-denial for Christ's sake. Therefore, without reluctance or sorrow, he turned his back upon the companionships and privileges of life in the cities to return to the "regions beyond," where self could not be indulged, and the recompense of sacrifice lured him on to higher service.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHURCH AT SORAI.

“ He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it. ”

TEDIOUS delay and disappointment are ever the lot of the traveller in Korea, and our energetic missionary was no exception to the unhappy rule. The boat in which he left Seoul took him only to Chemulpo, where for a whole week he waited for another in which to make his journey to Sorai. Mr. Saw was also in Chemulpo at this time, but decided to return home by another way—probably overland—and left Mr. McKenzie still waiting. He was much troubled over the confusion of mind caused by so much uncertainty, though the sunstroke, so keenly felt while in Seoul, may have been the chief reason of his distress.

When found, the Japanese boat was not all that could be desired, as it would only go part of the distance and leave him some seventy li from Hai-ju, at the little village of Ku-Wol, on the coast, instead of the city of Chang-Yun, as he had hoped. The fare was twenty dollars. Yet it was less expensive than to remain longer at Chemulpo, where prices continued to rise, and there was not even the compensation of work to be done.

In writing a farewell word to Mr. Gifford, he assures him that once having reached Chang-Yun he will not soon be tempted to undertake again the trouble of a journey. The 5th of October saw him embarked on the transport, which two days later, on Sunday, landed him at Ku-Wol. Another boat going up the coast was obtained here for eight dollars, but the Sabbath was spent in the village in ministering to the sick and disposing of Christian books in the neighborhood.

The village people were busy with spirit-worship, in their little thatched-roof temple on the hill-top, preparing cow's head and tripe ostensibly for the spirits, but in reality for themselves to consume. Pieces of cloth and old hats, the fetiches of their worship, were hanging about, and nothing of beauty was in the surroundings but the large trees left for grandeur and decoration. The people were all friendly, and willingly bought Christian books.

From this village he went on, in the little hired boat, at his leisure, touching at the small hamlets along the coast to announce himself a teacher of the "Jesus doctrine." He fancied this put them on their guard against buying books, though they willingly read what was offered. In the quiet of this slow journey he speaks much of the rest of prayer and meditation in such words as these: "I sought alone for new consecration, but how little earnestness in prayer, how little of Brainerd's wrestling in prayer for God's help. Feel now duties are increasing and I must go to work. Have no excuse for

not working, as I now know some of the language." On board the boat he talked with the sailors of spiritual things and verily, "beside all waters," sowed the precious seeds of truth.

They sighted Sorai on October 10th, and landed before sundown. The unaffected welcome of the people touched him deeply. Mr. Saw and his son met him at the shore with a cart to take his luggage. Many other old friends crowded about him, even to his hostess, Mrs. Saw, who in all the months of his sojourn had never ventured to address him, but now added her word to the general greeting.

Until Sunday visitors came steadily, then the number dropped to those only who had been employed by foreigners, among them some women. Mr. McKenzie feared this might become the rule for Sunday services, but it was not so. Mr. Saw preached in the morning earnestly and long. At night the service was varied with much singing and prayer. Singing was a wonderment, and consequently an attraction, and the wise missionary made the most of its influence. He attributed the fact that the Gospel was held in high esteem in the village to the worthy lives of the Saws. As the boy would read from the gospels at his invitation for the benefit of visitors, belief as well as interest was evidenced.

The missionary now settled himself to the work of evangelizing, which was the one desire of his heart. He secured the services of a teacher well fitted for his task, but of doubtful character, for

whom he hoped to do much by daily contact, and in the double rôle of scholar and teacher, prepared himself for hard work. Village life, too, had its tinge of excitement, and people who suffered the wrongs of oppression naturally flocked about the foreigner, whose superiority in all things they readily acknowledged. He wrote letters to the Japanese Consul interceding for them, and soon took the place of protector to the unfortunate. Redress was needed, and reform and new thoughts of life for all classes. Tales were brought to the ears of the missionary of sins and sad deeds on every side, which were but the ordinary occurrences of life in Korea. Instances of a boy driven out of his home for showing an interest in Christianity; a blind woman turned upon the street by her mother-in-law, and a delicate boy of fourteen already married, were among the things that distressed him. One of the first to show interest in Christian doctrine at this time was an outcast dancing-girl, the property of a man in Seoul. She was waiting for a chance to go south, and while in Sorai heard of Jesus and His messenger, the missionary. He sent her some books and cards, and soon after she attended service, eager to know more of the good news.

By degrees restraint was thrown off and the people began to attend at the Sabbath gatherings to hear for themselves the new doctrine. One Sunday, the missionary's diary records: "Four or five strangers present, one disputing some. Long talk with a rich man from Seoul on the Gospel, which he

enjoyed. He read 'Guide to Heaven' until late at night." Another day, "Three men from three different villages came to the services—a good time at every meeting." Then, on November 5th, "A good day; nine women and sixteen men present. Had continued talk after preaching in the evening; meeting very effective and a good spirit shown. Judgment day was emphasized and separation of saints from sinners." And, lastly, in this note, as revealing probably the secret of the awakened interest and inquiry, "Retired to pray for sanctification, victory over sin and crucifixion to the world, beside some graves, where were marks of sacrifice a few days before. The Lord will be remembered here yet."

A meeting for prayer on Wednesday evening had already become a settled fact in the community, and by these public gatherings, in addition to daily preaching to visitors, the missionary was fast instilling Christian thought where superstition had long reigned. That he should have undertaken, at this early date, to ask for a collection for a Book and Tract Society, shows what rapid growth he expected in those who believed in Christianity; and the fact that one man, Chay, a former preacher, should respond with a gift of fifty yang (two dollars and a half), is evidence that the true Christian spirit was in some hearts. On the last Sunday in November the collection was taken and amounted in all to one hundred and fifteen yang (nearly six dollars). A widow gave three yang. Mr. McKenzie added ten

dollars himself to the offering, and says, "Pleasing to see the hearty response all round. May it be the firstfruits of even better things yet."

The prayer has been abundantly answered in the name this village church has acquired for liberality through later years. The seed of this grace so faithfully sown has sprung into a harvest that makes Sorai famous throughout all the land.

In less than a month after his return to the village Mr. McKenzie began to plan for the building of a church. Faith prompted the expectation of great things, and was not disappointed. Counting things that were not "as though they were," he could see in the future not only the one little company of Christians in Sorai, but numbers in all the surrounding country that would meet together for the worship of the true God. For this he definitely planned. He wrote in his journal on the 6th of November: "Actually went to spy out site for church; better to be where near three villages, than one in each. Must build for the future to avoid many meetings and the wasting of strength."

With the thought in mind that the Lord had much people in the region of Chang-Yun, he visited diligently all the villages near, and quickly made friends. Korean curiosity served a good purpose as he distributed his books on a new doctrine, since the people, like the Athenians of old, ever ready "to hear or tell some new thing," were easily aroused to interest, and were not slow to buy for themselves. He preferred to make no fixed rules regarding the

distribution of books, but allowed his impression of individuals to help him decide when it was wise to sell and when to give. That he judged well was evident from the wide success in awakening interest. He says at one time, "Ye and one or two friends who are intelligent meet and read the books and tracts. There is also an inclination to believe the truth. They seem to see its superiority. This comes through giving them a taste of the Gospel, then they wish to buy. Ye went through the performance of worship to a tablet while I was there. Said he did not believe in it, but others would abuse him should he cease."

On another November day he writes: "Visited a village in p.m. Gave three books to friends into whose 'surangs' I went; find the books are read. One says when snow falls they can attend to this. Oh, for breath from heaven to reveal the truth of this Christianity, now read as an idle tale! Had also a long talk with An, who has in the past oppressed the people. He is slow to believe the Word; said he knew about Jesus and believed. Believes in resurrection, heaven, and hell, but read of servant who did little work receiving full pay as others. I explained to him the true inference that each went to the work as soon as he heard; he did not, so was different."

His strong convictions upon Sabbath observance Mr. McKenzie urged with the Koreans, confident that the results would be blessed. It distressed him when their promises to attend service were broken

and he was forced to believe that their word amounted to nothing. "When the snow comes," or "when the work is all done in a few days," were the constant pretexts for delay, although he could see that many were beginning to understand the claims of the Lord's Day.

Though inflexible in matters of principle such as this, he was in minor matters willing to "become all things to all men" that he might by all means save some. Hoping to get nearer to the people, he donned Korean clothes, with the exception of the hat, and continued so to attire himself, as he found it a means of winning favor. The children at once seemed to lose all fear of him, and this was a real joy. Then the reserve of the women was broken and he became their confidante. Especially in his visits to other villages he discovered the advantage of wearing the new costume.

His determination to use only Korean food may also have been part of his plan to get in close touch with the people. From the time he returned to Sorai, in October, he ate no foreign food, and insisted that he enjoyed the native fare. He tried the flesh of a stork he had shot one day and pronounced it very good, but strong. His host and teacher, however, lost appetite for a time after sharing it with him.

He soon became the hero of the village, that boasted far and wide of its great teacher, so skilled in all things. In a few trials of strength he had proved himself a giant in reality as well as in ap-

pearance, and his fame as a hunter grew uncomfortably great as he found he was expected to despatch all the tigers that prowled about the community. He speaks of perching in a tree, one November afternoon, for two hours waiting for the return of a tiger that had stolen a pig and eaten half of it. His watch proved to be in vain, and as he at length descended, his gun went off and tore his clothes, leaving him in anything but heroic condition.

In the long conversations on spiritual topics in his "surang" with the visitors, who came daily to him, he had a tactful way of introducing his subject with stories of such men as Moody, Knox, Whitfield, or Luther, that always gained an eager audience, even among those who would have been reluctant to show interest in his doctrine. Soon all would be listening to the Gospel message, hardly knowing how they had been drawn into the theme. This was to the preacher a most natural way of dealing with wary listeners, and helped him to the point where his burning desire to tell of Jesus to his fellow-men could find expression.

His religion was so real a factor in his life that it appealed strongly to the poor distressed heathen, terrified by the wars waging around them, and powerless to defend themselves from enemies whether within or without; for the Tong Haks were by this time an important element even in village life, and added daily to the causes for alarm in country districts. Another chapter will treat more fully of their deeds, but their hurtful influence can-

not be reckoned out in endeavoring to estimate the progress and growth of the little church at Sorai.

On November 25th, Mr. McKenzie's teacher advised him to start at once for Seoul, as there was danger threatening. His only comment upon this is, "When I heard of danger I lifted up my heart in praise to God that He was able to save and give peace eternal."

Having fearlessly denounced the wicked deeds of the lawless Tong Haks, the missionary was indeed in peril, yet was unmoved. He could not compromise with sin, though it meant risking his life. He says: "The Tong Haks say our 'Jesus doctrine' will all come to naught and none will believe it. Americans made the Book and not God. They hate us, because we say they are wicked and will go to hell. Told them that we only warn them. It is reported that Saw and I are going off to Seoul, but we have no intention so to do."

The troubles caused by the depredation of these men brought many a tried soul to the missionary, who befriended all, and had "a heart at leisure from itself" to soothe and sympathize. Even the ignorant among the people soon learned, what they readily acknowledged, that sin was the cause of all Korea's troubles, though not realizing their own individual share in it. Mr. McKenzie tried to show them the folly of their fellow-countrymen in so readily accepting Tong Hak doctrine, while so slow to believe the truths of Christianity, and reminded them that the rapid growth of Tong Hakism, which now numbered

at least a million converts, contrasted with the few hundreds accepting Christian belief, was like that of the weed and the oak.

His teaching emphasized the "meekness and gentleness of Christ," enduring abuse and hatred without retaliation. By his own example of gentle dealing with the Tong Haks who came to him, he still further impressed the beauty of his Master's way. All the rebels who sought him were welcomed and wisely counselled; so that some even returned to thank him for restraining them from excesses. The sufferers from Tong Hakism also sought his sympathy, and though suspicious of his doctrine, were shyly inquiring of Mr. Saw the secret of the Christian's peace. Persecution was doing its work of strengthening true believers, and their light was penetrating into dark places. Many new hearers attended on Sabbath, especially men who were being pressed to become Tong Haks. The missionary noted these tokens for good with joy, and says, "Possibly 'Jesus doctrine' may become popular soon. There are already indications of this. Many are trying to hide under the foreigner's wing when the Japs come. One islander, to make sure, has come to live in Sorai, so as to be on hand in time of difficulty. Find I am popular for supposed protection. Two men came last night at 12.30 to seek my aid. Anxious that I should show up when the Japs come."

Through November threats and warnings from the Tong Haks sounded ominous, but in December

all restraint was cast aside, and they boldly ventured into their murderous, vindictive work. The Christians clung the more closely to the preacher as their earthly protector, while even the marauders felt the power of his calm superiority. From very fear of their revenge if denied, some yielded to Tong Hak influence and joined their ranks. One was a man preparing to go up to Seoul to study Christianity. Others joined them for the sake of gaining money. Those who tried to excuse their act to Mr. McKenzie were met with stern rebuke, and he left the Christians no course but to boldly declare themselves soldiers of Jesus Christ.

It seemed a fitting time, and one that gave great significance to the act, that the missionary should raise above his dwelling the beautiful flag which was to stand for Christianity. It was his own idea, thus to distinguish his little church and the holy Sabbath from the unholy shrines and celebrations of the heathen, and a thought so truly inspired of the Spirit that throughout the land of Korea a white flag with St. George's Cross has become as universal as the church bell of Christian lands.

Wednesday, December 12th, 1894, was the day on which the Sorai church first displayed its banner. Mr. McKenzie speaks of it in these few words: "Raised the pole with much labor to suspend the flag of Jesus with St. George's Cross. We cut the pole some distance off. There were willing workers to have that emblem above them. Tong Haks and all worked, dug the hole and held the ropes, and soon

the flag ascended, while we sang 'All hail the power of Jesus' name!' All were glad to stand around while singing. When will the time come when this flag shall wave over every village in Korea?"

The next day he writes: "The flag is seen from afar, and there is much curiosity as to its meaning. It serves as an object-lesson of the meaning of the Cross—purity and suffering for others. All nations know it, though the ignorant may not."

A few days later: "Two hundred Tong Haks passed; several called to have a look at the foreigner as they saw the 'Jesus flag' flying." Soon it was Tong Hak leaders and teachers who visited him, and he returned their visits without fear, going to villages entirely Tong Hak and receiving a true welcome. In the eyes of the terror-stricken people this was marvellous courage, beyond their power to explain.

A man who was bringing his mail from Seoul was too frightened to make his appearance in the village, and hid for several days before daring to show himself. Then it was with a tale of woe—how he had been several times stripped and his clothes searched, suspected of being an interpreter to the Japanese. Mr. McKenzie found it equally difficult to despatch mail. He was learning fresh lessons of patience and trust in God for all the details of his life. Thus he gained new illustrations of truth to impart to others, and was a good steward of God's grace to his little flock. They attended services well and gladly listened to his teaching, though fearful for his

safety as the stories of Tong Hak raids grew worse and worse.

Christmas Day passed without celebration, and was a time of depression, rather than of joy, both for the frightened believers, so lately brought to know anything of its meaning, and for the overwrought missionary, who bore all their burden of anxiety and distress. Still he rejoiced in the interest shown in his message, especially when Tong Haks were his hearers, and he closes the year with a note of praise to God for many blessings—his friendships and comfort of life with the Koreans, contentment to remain among them, ability to live cheaply, ease of mind and profit of soul, and ever-growing desire that God's will be done.

His first words, penned in the New Year, 1895, are, "Shall I see its end?" Perhaps the strain of life was growing heavy, or the faithful servant would ever remind himself that "we spend our years as a tale that is told," and thus keep himself ever active in service, ever working while it is day, "for the night cometh when no man can work."

The first Sunday in the New Year saw a large attendance of men and women at the two services. The Saws, father and son, were developing well as preachers, and growing skilled in the use of God's Word. Others also were beginning to give testimony of their Christian experience, and to offer prayer in the public gatherings for worship. The next week fifty attended at each service, among them a number of women, who came for the first

time. A fair proportion of the congregation were Tong Haks, apparently eager to hear and ready to assent to much that was said. Yet the wise winner of souls was not deceived by mere words, and like his Master, sought to show all that was involved in a choice of the true God, that it would cost much and meant true repentance—being born again and not merely following the belief of others, if they would see the kingdom of God. Like the faithful Joshua, who seemed to repel his people with the warning, “Ye cannot serve the Lord: for He is an holy God; He is a jealous God,” so this brave messenger strove to win for the kingdom a true-hearted people, born of the incorruptible seed, ready for unwavering allegiance to their heavenly King.

As he made personal visits among them, he was assured that they believed many would soon become Christians. Mr. McKenzie, in return, strongly asserted that belief in Jesus was the only medicine for all this trouble. Stories of the martyrs, Stephen and Polycarp, of missionaries like Paton, in deaths oft, roused in their hearts a desire to brave all for Christ's sake, while in these blessed gatherings, where the Spirit of Christ moved upon all, they spoke of how all care was banished and Christ's own joy filled their hearts.

Before January closed the band of believers was consulting about the building of a church. Fifty was the number in attendance at weekly prayer-meeting, and the crowds on Sabbath necessitated some provision for their comfort. At first the

thought was to buy a house, but with over sixty women already crowding into their apartment in Mr. Saw's house, besides the great number of men, this was considered short-sighted policy, and a new building was the final decision.

Early in February a subscription was started. Four gave immediately, Mr. McKenzie promising a stove when all was complete. Then two or three Tong Haks gave three hundred yang, the wife of one of them fifty yang, and their chief five hundred yang—over six hundred yang (or thirty dollars) contributed in one day. The site was chosen by Mr. McKenzie beside a beautiful grove of trees, where spirits had but recently received oblation from these who were now anxious to erect a dwelling for the God of Jacob.

The same blessed story continued through the winter days—of crowded meetings, where four or five Tong Hak chiefs were often present; of deep and sincere inquiry after truth, and of rapid progress among the believers. Great grace was upon them all. The diary says: "All are getting humble now, and want to understand exactly. Oh, to praise Him and be fitted to be used by Him at this critical time according to His will! Wondrous things are coming."

Then in regard to a day-school, which he was anxious to establish for the boys of the village, he says: "I agreed with Saw to-day to pay the boys' teacher wholly for one year—ten bags of rice and one suit of clothes for the year—while they are





GROUP OF DAY-SCHOOL CHILDREN.

building the church. We will consult farther. Thus Christian work is independently Korean; thus Christianity will be made strong and Korean."

Ten days after this record, on February 26th, the school was opened in a small room. The first exercises were devotional—reading and explanation of God's Word and prayer. Only two branches of study are mentioned in the first day's work, geography and En-mun. The En-mun is the Korean script, which Mr. McKenzie strongly believed should be used by the people, rather than the Chinese, to which their vanity clung. Although only women and children and the common people were supposed to be taught En-mun, he advocated its use for all, and in introducing Bible text in this form was in line with the Korean Government, which only a month previous had used it partially in issuing the King's "Oath of Independence and Reform," and later employed it regularly for official documents. Mrs. Bishop, who speaks strongly on this point, was of the opinion that the use of En-mun would tend not only to strengthen Korean national feeling, but to bring the masses of the people in touch with Western science and thought. The alphabet is not difficult, and has the distinction of being the only one in Eastern language.

The day-school at Sorai was afterward endowed by its founder's bounty, and is one of the standing marks of his progressive and liberal spirit, ever seeking the permanent and truest welfare of those whom he strove to benefit. As a distinctly Christian

school, its opening was rightly to be considered as a part, and a most effective part, of Mr. McKenzie's missionary efforts worthy of record.

Progress among the Christians of riper years was very marked. They were not long "babes in Christ." Standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, they threw off the restraint of custom and country, and obeyed the impulse of the Spirit. A wonderful change came over the women, hitherto bound by the unexplainable reserve that made speech in the presence of men an impossible thing. They began in the little Sorai church to offer public prayer. First, the voice of a widow was heard quietly, but clearly, a thing never known before in Korea outside of Seoul. In writing of it, Mr. McKenzie says: "The widow's prayer was excellent and humble in voice. The Spirit of God has moved on her heart without doubt." Their leader urged upon them the necessity of at once telling out the good news, showing, as an example, how Paul had preached directly after conversion; that one cured by a good medicine should tell other sufferers; that it was a sin not to help, but a good sign of a believer to be ready to give testimony. Under such inspiring teaching growth was naturally rapid.

On March 1st four of the Christian women visited one or two of the neighboring villages to tell their woman acquaintances of Jesus and His salvation. Also on Sunday, March 3rd, four men and a little lad went to the village of Obane and held

Christian service in the house of a Tong Hak of prominence, Ye Sangin. The man had agreed to let his "surang" be used for this purpose, and assured Mr. McKenzie that many would come and no insult be offered to the Christians. As the meeting was announced in the village, all seemed interested and willing to attend. Accordingly, about forty assembled on Sabbath day and listened reverently to the new teaching, while Mr. Saw preached. At the same time a little gathering of natives in a neighboring house were engaged in prayer. Thus the name of Jesus spread throughout the adjacent country, and the little church was strengthened in the exercise of its spiritual powers, and increased by the giving of its treasures to others.

Though gifts from home came liberally to him, Mr. McKenzie adhered firmly to his principle of allowing the Koreans to provide their own place of worship. Before February had passed three carpenters had been engaged for the work at a charge of eight hundred yang. Three other Tong Hak chiefs had contributed by this time, and there was every prospect of the work being rapidly pushed. The news of the new building spread to surrounding villages and caused great wonderment. Indeed, all the doings of the foreigner were looked upon as little short of miraculous. Not only as preacher, but as doctor he had acquired great fame.

Besides his work in the village in relieving the sick, many came from a distance, and he made frequent tours into the country on the same errand of

mercy. All sorts of cases were brought to him—palsy, pleurisy, skin diseases, rheumatism, and many others, with most of which he had some success. Tooth-pulling was a very frequent operation, and brought even the timid women for such speedy relief as this from pain.

In the missionary's personal experiences there had come a desire to trust in God alone for physical health, regardless of medicines. Strangely enough, in the month of February, when his supply of a certain drug was exhausted, he was himself seized with an attack for which this alone was the cure. A new emergency had arisen, but his faith did not waver, and he thus describes his experience: "Resolved to trust God and not medicine. Oh, Lord, for faith! No use to talk of this without believing and acting. Lord, give faith! Experience strange, invigorating feeling—can it be the touch of Jesus?" And with this the distress ceased, as he afterwards wrote in a letter home: "Truly 'to him that hath shall more be given and he shall have abundance.'"

In no small measure did this true servant of Jesus realize His power, and ever learning more of abounding grace in his own life, he led the little company of believers about him into a like faith in God and a true ministry of the Word, until the light from Sorai was a beam seen from afar.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TONG HAKS.

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day."

The word "Tong Hak," that conveys but little meaning to Western ears, is the Korean for "rebel," or "armed reformer," though its stricter definition is "Oriental" or "national."

Mrs. Bishop, who travelled in Korea during 1894 and 1895, when the raiders of this name were making themselves famous, speaks of their rebellion as "an annual spring event," of greater or less importance, according to the reasons driving them to action. From her careful observation their motive seemed to be that of reform, and their uprising occasioned by the oppression and despotism of petty magistrates and officials.

They professed whole-hearted allegiance to the King and made a proclamation to that effect, while they declared that his officials blinded him to the true interests of his people by their deceptions. When a magistrate's extortion became unbearable, they gathered recruits and by force expelled him, upon which the King quietly sent a new official to fill the

vacancy, with rarely an attempt to punish the rebels. By-and-bye the new mandarin may share the fate of his predecessor; but this is in course of time, and an interval of quiet is enjoyed.

In 1894 the Tong Hak grievances were great enough to stir up a large constituency, and to involve Seoul and other cities, though beginning in the south. They were bold in stating the indifference of their rulers to the interests of the people, and accused them of desiring only to enrich themselves at the expense of those whom they governed.

The yearly examinations were also attacked, as being scenes of bribery and illegality; and since these were the doors through which all officials passed into power, the country was in danger of ruin. They urged reform. They betrayed no evil intent toward foreigners, and upon the surface seemed like the fitting instrument to accomplish Korea's emancipation from selfish tyranny. Foreigners sympathized to some extent with them, feeling that the time was ripe for protest on a larger scale against the intolerable rule of dishonesty.

Had they confined themselves to the extermination of what was wrong, they would doubtless have become a power. The progressive methods of their leader and his evident knowledge of modern warfare were strangely at variance, however, with the ancient superstitions held by his followers regarding him. His identity was never clearly known, but his ubiquity and supernatural powers were still strongly believed. His followers at first were but

poorly armed; but as on more than one occasion they defeated the royal troops during this formidable menace to government in 1894, they became possessed of rifles and, it was also said, Gatling guns. Several hundred soldiers sent against them by the King at the inception of the trouble, joined the rebel forces and fought against the royal army, three hundred of whom were said to be killed and the general who had led the deserters missing.

Inflated by later victories, they attempted to march upon Seoul and the rumor of their approach caused great alarm. It was at this time that the King appealed to China for help, and the results brought about the war to which we have previously referred. By degrees Tong Hak influence was felt all over the peninsula, reaching our little village of Sorai in Hwang-Hai-Do about the time of Mr. McKenzie's return thither in the autumn.

In a letter to Rev. D. L. Gifford, of Seoul, written early in November, he speaks as follows of the rebels of the north:

“I understand the Tong Haks are causing anxiety in the south, and the Japs and Koreans have marched against them. We find that this summer they have spread up here in great numbers. They may not have developed the viciousness that is in the south, but that remains to be seen. It spreads here among the ignorant and vicious, particularly the poor. The object seems to be to make an easy living. They have everyone of them done very little farming, which means robbing in winter and

plunder. I take it to mean simply a desperate attempt to live.

“The new magistrate and his agents were most oppressive, and received timely warning to stop these oppressions. These fellows are all marked by the officials, and the governor, it is said, sent orders to have them all arrested. Hence, their rising now.

“I have met on two occasions about a dozen on the way to Hajen to seize its governor. Ten days’ rice, two pairs of sandals, with the usual clothes, is all the armor. You can understand how formidable a foe they are. All sorts of inducements are held out to the candidate for the study of its mysteries. They will never get sick; in battle cannot be shot, as shots are changed to water; no fear of war. Twenty-one letters are swiftly repeated, magic papers are swung about, twitchet shakes are performed when the magic paper is eaten, which is a sure guarantee against death and all kinds of trouble. The poor all club together, and if any rich man is near, he is made to unite with them or hand over money, for they have none and nothing to eat—something like Communist or, maybe, Nihilist; a sort of Coxey army with a few variations. These fellows are mustering to-day outside Hajen for the attack. I should not wonder if the Japs will be on the ground very soon. Recently I heard of them uttering a threat to drive me out or kill me. I did not give much heed to it at the time, but now begin to think there is something in it. However, I don’t

propose leaving here for some time. I am trusting they will not go to extremes. For certain there will be robbery soon, for these fellows are nearly destitute already.

“I am enjoying it immensely here now. We have two meetings on Sunday and prayer-meeting on Wednesday night. Four villages were represented last Sunday at our meeting, but this Tong Hak scare is making a difference. Again, I believe these Tong Hak fellows are just the beginning of the breaking of old customs and cast-iron ways. A complete upsetting is necessary, and thus is Korea beginning slowly and ignorantly to assert herself. Lives will no doubt be sacrificed, but it will all end in good. The Lord allows these things to go so far and no further.”

A fortnight later he again writes to Mr. Gifford: “Nov. 21st.—Tong Haks are rampant here. Upper Sorai has twenty; a near village has another twenty. They have threatened my life some time ago, but so far as I can see they have no ill-feeling toward me. Indeed, some of them are my friends, and I visit their ‘surangs.’ So far they have acted nobly in bringing the governor first to terms, and then the other day mustered at Chang Yun and saw to putting four agents in jail—rascals who had, as usual, been eating up the people’s money. Several representatives were supposed to go with them as representing the people, but many did not go. They are mostly poor and ignorant. I feel I must try and redeem the time. I am filled with hope the more I get to under-

stand Koreans and get near them. They have an aching heart the world can never fill. Books I distribute and sell fairly well; can't make any hard-and-fast rules. I am longing to see the Gospel in the people's hands in simple En-mun."

Further correspondence to Mr. Gifford in November regarding a young man, who had been Mr. McKenzie's teacher and turned Tong Hak, gives a realistic touch to the state of affairs under Tong Hak rule. The letter runs thus:

"DEAR BROTHER GIFFORD,—

"I am acquainted with this young man; he belongs to a neighboring village. I do not know much about him, more than that his brothers, who know a little Chinese, are so proud of it they cannot just now bend down to the requirements of the Gospel. They cannot believe that Jesus is the Son of God. All the rest of the teaching they admit is good, except that which they regard as superstition. This young man has shown, I understand, a willingness to listen to the truth. He goes to Seoul, not knowing whether he will receive the money that the others who study get or not. I have found him do very well for me. Oh, if these people can once see the beauty that is in Him, 'the fairest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely'!

"I find in my own heart very little sympathy for these people. I do not seem to be conscious of their misery here, nor does the eternal misery of the lost lay sufficient hold on me. I am praying for these

things, and hope and trust the Lord may bestow them. I hope you will be able to impress upon them that this is a life and death matter and that you are in earnest. That is one of the many things I find lacking in myself.

“Tong Haks have seized the ammunition at Chang-Yun, and are making for Hajen—that looks like war. Some of my acquaintances here have not gone. I told them of what happened south. They seemed glad to think I had warned them.

“P.S.—It seems that the young man A—— will not go. He was scared into the Tong Hak business last night. His brother advised him so that he himself, who is a rascal, might have friends in the Tong Hak ranks—trimming sails for every wind that blows.

“P.S.—We are making history every day. Some at service yesterday are to-day on the war-path. There is no seeming enmity to me as yet. The property of the rich is seized and taken, also guns, powder, and implements of war. Boats are seized so that no rice can be sent.”

Mr. McKenzie's diary during some of these eventful days is sufficiently full to be quoted verbatim, and gives interesting details of the troublous times:

“Dec. 1st.—Last night, within a few li, one man's house completely destroyed who had been an agent of the magistrate—a name in Korea always most unsavory—and they might do worse. These oppressors are the cause of all this trouble. My books are all to be burned, all Christians punished,

killed, and their houses destroyed. Saw, junior, who spoke against the Tong Haks, is particularly threatened. Kim's servant came last night to tell of the threat. Yesterday, one Tong Hak man came for a sword, bow, and arrow, and so on, that Saw was suspected of having. He asked for it quietly. We had good sleep, and sound, no fear. God protects till my work is done. If now, I pray for readiness to go. My only desire is to stay to see the name of Jesus glorified among these poor, ignorant people.

"At nine in the morning advance detachment came to ask of the agent of the village an account of the amount of rice in the village. One, with a gun, was quite brave in appearance. Removed my boxes to a hiding-place. Several came in to have a talk over the situation. An, to whom I gave a New Testament, was accosted, hands tied behind him, 'mangan' (a crownless skull-cap of horse-hair) and hat removed. To-day Saw would have been beaten for abusing the Tong Haks, but for the advice of a Tong Hak from this village that such customs be given up. Also, the master of to-day's gang had acquaintance with Saw, junior, so caused no trouble in Sorai. Suspect the Tong Haks of the village intercede in each other's behalf. The chief said we both worshipped God and were therefore alike. With guns and a few spears, they were stepping along quite independently. Hear that a small Japanese steamship tug and boat are about twenty li off. A few days ago several Tong Haks were killed by Japanese rice-buyers at Chang-Yun. Koreans

began throwing stones and the Japs fired. Some say Japs were killed, but all admit there were more Koreans. Saw advises me to go off to Seoul by boat. Chang has brought news that they purpose taking my life, and seem sorry I was not captured while at the magistracy. Mistook me for a Jap there. Hajen Tong Haks are said to be complete thieves and robbers—kidnapping women. Chang-Yun Tong Haks hate them, as larger city folk always look down on smaller. Chang's rice was all taken to a granary—sixty bags. To-night Yun's household are all made welcome by the few left in the village. All the rest have gone on the tramp.

“Saturday, Dec. 2nd.—Yesterday Saw's wife said only for faith in Jesus, she would be awfully afraid; but by faith the fear was much lessened. She felt unworthy of life. Possibly may have to meet death to-night. Those who vowed they would not have become Tong Haks. One came from the city, representing himself as going to join, but has seemed friendly. He said my words are coming true, the rich and the poor exchange. Chang's sword was taken to-night, and Tong Haks of this village assembled to tell Saw that Hajen Tong Haks were coming to kill him, burn down his house, etc. Saw sent to a friend, whose son is a Tong Hak, to intercede for him. No word about me; but escape seems impossible now. I partly made up my mind to leave to-day, as the Saws thought it was better for me to go to Seoul; but that was now impossible. If death is for Thy glory and the good of this people,

Thy will be done, and prepare me. To-day at prayers we read of the death of Christ. Can it be possible it is a foreboding of my death—like the Gordons and Pattersons? O Lord, prepare me for the great change if I am unworthy to enter Thy presence ! Prepare me, O Lord ! my hope is in Thee alone. Give me willingness to say, ‘Thy will, O Lord, be done,’ the spirit of full surrender, confiding in Thee, that the best for me, Thy son, shall happen. O Lord, my sin is great; save to the uttermost ! I have been so deceptive. May I be straight from this out.

“Dec. 3rd, Sunday.—Slept fairly soundly. Saw’s wife came in and said if death meant to be freed from this anxiety it would be good. Whatever it is, let it come. Glad to see her strong sympathy for me. Told her I suppose I will be killed, as no boat apparently could or would go now. To get to Seoul by road and by night is impossible. Last night Saw returned with promise of help from different sources. I gave my four boxes to Yun to keep and carried them over in the night. Thankful for the amount of peace I enjoy; O Jesus, Thou hast suffered the pangs of death; guide and support me in the river ! Men of this village are making for an unfortunate Jap boat that met with bad weather and had goods put on shore. These heroes are gathering by scores for these two or three Japs in distress. At 9 a.m. twenty passed to the east, drum and cymbals beating, some carrying spears, others guns—two or three with foreign stock. One

had a long pole with butt at the end. One, probably the master, rode on horseback. Nine a.m.—Praise the Lord for his wonderful deliverance ! He has answered prayer. Saw reports that, having seen a teacher and his books, he was surprised beyond measure to find among them a New Testament, which he had as a basis for teaching. The evangelical doctrine he did not know, but the ‘mind-mending’ (repenting) and God’s will in all things. Has a moral point of view. He also saw a book of directions by the head teacher, who once was a Roman Catholic, but during persecution recanted and followed the Bible more. Says he heard a sound from Heaven ordering him to do so, like Paul. Saw instructed him in the deeper meaning of the New Testament. He was thankful ; but desire for the world’s power was in the way. The Americans and English have done well in coming ; but now that they have all is of no use. However, no violence is to be used to drive us out. The Western customs of government are to be introduced, a new king, and we are to be honored. We are to have no fear, as ‘Jesus doctrine’ and Tong Hak are much the same. We had two meetings to-day, well attended ; felt happy and full of praise for God’s deliverance. Tong Haks have gone off to capture men who fled to the island and the magistracy there. Also we hear there are two hundred Japs about a hundred and twenty li off. They tried to decoy the Tong Haks, but failed, as they would not follow into the trap ; some fear, apparently. There seems to be a slack-

ening of zeal when fighting is to be done. All preaching now henceforth is to cease.

“Monday, Dec. 4th.—Heard sound of cannon, so went up the hill and saw a small gunboat outside, behind a little island. Tong Haks passed, drumming and with flags. Heard of the gunboat firing and went to see, when one man came running after me, beseeching me to go and see the Japs, for they were landing at a near village and had all the men off when the cannon fired. I went to see and found the gunboat moving out, but as I had on Korean clothes they could not notice me. I found the boat had been fired at while several Tong Haks were attempting to board it. A plank was glanced among them. None were killed, but they soon fled. The shot did not become water, as Tong Haks said it would, so they prudently fled. The Jap interpreter was seized by Tong Haks and taken off to the city. His boat sailed off, but the gunboat stayed. All wished me to stay in the village and they could sleep soundly, or they would send for my dark clothes if I would stay. Had supper at Ye Jansen’s, who came to have me intercede for their village. Believe I can gain the affection of the people now more than ever.

“Tuesday, Dec. 5th.—Rice on the road told the tale of women fleeing last night. Early in the morning a man came to tell me three steamships were in the lee of a village near and village people had run off. They were expecting me to bring deliverance by coming. Went to spy the ships, but

saw none. Nearly two inches of snow fell in the morning, but melted before night. Saw, junior, again talked with the Tong Hak teacher, who said I might stay without any anxiety, and if 'Jesus doctrine' and Tong Hak help one another, it would be well—and to give news from Seoul as it comes to me. He showed signs of anxiety, though apparently fearless. All are gone a hundred and twenty li north to meet the Japs, who are supposed to be there. The Tong Haks have seized some Japanese rice.

"Wednesday, Dec. 6th.—Chay and An, senior, from Cho-Dong, came to consult with the Saws to form an opposition to the Tong Haks, since they have no more than one-fifth of the people. Oh, for victory through the blood! 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things.' I advise them to be patient for a little and the power of the Tong Haks will be broken. But, they said, in the meantime how could they bear the domineering of their enemies? Persons now become Tong Haks to get power or revenge. They agreed with me, and would consider it. 'They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' Soon the enemy would find it out and serious work begin. Find several are depending on me, if Japs enter our neighborhood, to meet and persuade them to leave. One teacher of the Tong Haks came yesterday to inquire if I had not better go and meet the Japs, who were expected to land near by. At meeting, several persons were present by chance who waited for the meeting and

a talk after. Saw spoke at length on 'The Plan of Salvation.'

"Thursday, Dec. 7th.—We have heard that at Anak (in the north, near Pyong Yang), fifty Jap soldiers arrived, and five thousand Tong Haks came to capture the arsenals, when attacked by the Japs. The Tong Haks induced the people to come out to 'ku-kyong' ('do sight-seeing'), when the Jap soldiers killed seven and slashed several with swords. Finding they were only innocent people, the Japs seemed very sorry, and told the people hereafter not to run, else they would be taken for Tong Haks.

"Friday, Dec. 8th.—Tong Haks from the island came back firing guns, as they had captured three hundred and seventy guns, with powder, shot, etc. One rode on horseback with banners behind and before—all going tandem along the path. I gave medicine to an extreme friend of the Tong Haks. Hear the Japs have come to Hajen and the Tong Haks have gone to meet them.

"Saturday, Dec. 9th.—Last night Ye Jinsu and all his village had entered the Tong Hak ranks. In one village of thirty houses only five remain not Tong Haks. All the Tong Haks here have left for the north. Several hundred Japs are in Hajen and seem to mean business.

"Sunday, Dec. 10th.—A man from a neighboring village came, who read my books awhile, then heard someone coming and hastily put them away. He is much persecuted in his own village for not becoming Tong Hak. Several of them passed to-day with

clanging sounds, and the teacher riding on horse-back. They held a meeting in the neighborhood for some purpose, and speak now as if this is their difficult time and soon all will be set right.

“Monday, Dec. 11th.—Village Tong Haks came back from waiting for a boat that was to carry their guns, but did not come. Kim, who brought my letters from Chemulpo last spring, was in charge. Several guns were fired in villages round about—all Korean guns; plenty of powder. Japs had the same clothes on as I wear and begged for life. Guns were fired and they finished with spears. I should have gone to save their lives and risk my own. Hear that about 6 p.m. Japs and Tong Haks met and fought; Japs were victorious. Indeed, on the firing of cannon many threw away their guns and ran. Some stood to load guns. The tiger-hunters stood for some time, then fled. Several hundred Korean soldiers are to come to Chang-Yun. Tong Haks seem quite quiet now.”

On December 12th a letter was written by Mr. McKenzie to the Halifax *Presbyterian Witness*, which reads as follows :

“Just one year since I landed in Korea. For me it has been most eventful. I little expected to like the people as I do now. The more I know of them the more confident I am that I am right in coming among them.

“Here in this north-west province, Tong Haks have spread and spread and mustered, first bringing the officials to their senses and making them eat

'humble pie.' The last two months there has been no law, only as the rebels wish. The property of the rich is plundered and their houses are burnt. Their object, they say, is to reform the useless customs and laws of the land, and, if possible, have a new king. Several times our lives were threatened and then the name of Jesus would be wiped out from the land. I had some confidence in those with whom I was acquainted that, even if they did join the rebels, they would help to protect me. Some who attended divine service in the morning were in the evening on the war-path. These at once seemed to shun me and the Christians as if we were enemies. They, however, came one evening to warn us of the approach of a lawless band from another district, who were coming with the sole object of showing their hate of the Christians.

"In summer a French Jesuit priest was killed and I expected the same fate. To hide was impossible, as the Tong Haks were everywhere, and to betray trust is quite natural for an Asiatic; to go by boat was impossible, as they were all seized; to escape by land to Seoul, near two hundred and twenty miles away, was not possible when, night and day, the rebels were travelling hither and thither. I packed up my few belongings in four little boxes, and sent them off in the night to a friendly native's house. They might be of use to someone else who might come here. Several came to visit me in the night. I am glad to say that I was enabled to witness something of the power of Jesus to lighten

up the darkest hour. He tasted death for all men. If my work was finished, the Master would prepare me to go hence; if not finished, there is no power on earth can hurt me.

“One of our Christians, in the night, started out to see a friend who had become a leader among the rebels. Great was his surprise to find a New Testament in his possession. The rebel began quoting some of the words of Jesus. Saw, the Christian, began interpreting to him the deeper and spiritual meaning of all these passages. He explained also the salvation purchased by Jesus the Son of God. He explained that that book, though printed only four years ago as the cover showed the date, was written centuries ago, and inspired of God. Away on until morning they conversed, when the rebel leader and teacher thanked him for his instruction, promised us his protection, and wrote a letter to that effect.

“That band came and passed by, as several others after, on their errand of merciless plunder. Seven Japs and three interpreters were captured near by, and shot and mangled after with spears and swords. Next morning, when Saw returned, we met to praise and thank God for His wonderful deliverance. Our songs of praise were not sung by note and regulation, but I am sure they were heard by the ear Divine, as they came from grateful hearts.

“Since then the tables are turning and the power of the rebels is shaken, for here and there come

reports of the arrival of Japanese soldiers. The rebels put on airs of indifference, but their actions tell a different tale. From different points, far and near, they come to me for advice as to what is best to be done."

Then the diary goes on :

"Dec. 15th.—Find I am seriously suspected and can do little where I am unknown. One whom I visited in a village ten li away seemed cold and uneasy. In another village they were reciting the Tong Hak letters.

"Dec. 21st.—Several Tong Haks came in during the evening, some leaders and the teacher. Many were outside to have a 'ku-kyong.' I told them the people are showing their power. Again, we hear that beyond Hajen men are not allowed to travel, and clothes are searched. Hope my man, Han, will have some wisdom in the matter. His vanity may find him out, as he carries a meerschaum cigar-holder. He may lose my letters of some importance. One man searched my breast to see where shot cannot enter, and expected to find some mark.

"Dec. 22nd.—Received my mail at last. Dr. Hall has passed to his reward after a short illness of typhoid fever. Japs are victorious everywhere and making for Peking. Tong Haks are everywhere. Went to visit Tong Haks. In the chief village all are Tong Haks; had a good reception. Visited one man of some wealth, independent. He smote his breast and said, 'Let this thing soon be

over, whatever the result; suspense is terrible.' One man was threatening suicide, and all are full of fear. I saw he would easily come with me. He knew England was a good place and said he would believe me. I told him to believe God.

"Dec. 24th.—Hear the Tong Haks are beginning to fight among themselves. Japs are seizing those about Hajen, cutting off top-knots and making them put on Japanese clothes. The Tong Haks of this village came last night, failing in an attack on the city. This makes a worse aspect for us. Lord, bring this out all right, in Thy name.

"Dec. 26th.—Chay, the Tong Hak, came to see me. At Hajen they surrendered the city, which was all friendly to Japs. An attack was made on the city, but cannon at the gate and a few shots sent off thousands. The plan now is to starve them out. At night the Japs made a raid on a village of Tong Haks and killed many. Tong Haks attacked the village of the traitor and killed all the people.

"Dec. 28th.—Tong Hak chief and his father, in a most villainous village, called to see me especially. They are out of powder and inquired how to make it. I told them I had forgotten the amount of each ingredient, though I had seen tons manufactured and stored away. Gave them all the news from Seoul and China. They seemed troubled. I also gave them medicine."

Under date of January 1st, a letter to Mr. Gifford describes more fully the Tong Hak situation:

“DEAR BROTHER GIFFORD,—

“I was glad to hear from you and get the Tong Hak and Seoul news. The news of Dr. Hall, as you might suppose, was a great surprise and unexpected. He rests from his labors. I never thought he would stand the wear and tear of Korean weather and mission work. Strange that doctors suffer so much in this land and so many die or leave. Are we trusting too much to the medicine and human skill and too little to God? It is possible. Well, I suppose now that the Japs are on top of the heap in China, you are giving some attention to Korean affairs and to Tong Haks. It is time for the Japs, if they are going to reform, to begin.

“So far as I can see, the officials they have succeeded in sending to the country have been no better than the former ones, and, I have occasion to believe, less backbone. The Hajen governor has become a Tong Hak, and I hear a new one has come, besides thirty Jap soldiers, who have succeeded in securing quite a number of Koreans, anti-Tong Hak, I suppose, to cut off hair and put on Jap's dress; also to make some fight. Tong Hak powder and rice was captured by the Japs one night, having travelled about ten miles. The supposed traitor village was completely destroyed and inhabitants as well. The Japs, in an attack made upon the city, fired a cannon,

when the braves took to their heels. Now the word is to start for Hajen by the tens of thousands and destroy the thirty Japs. Many are bound not to fight much and will not go near where there is noise.

“ At Sin Chun, over a month ago, in a fight with a few Japs, a great leader had some clothes torn by a Jap bullet and took to his heels. He has, however, turned up and is gathering the crowd again to wipe the Japs out. Many who have hitherto resisted are now actually plundered and made to join. They wear beads like the Roman Catholics and Buddhist priests. They wash and pray to God daily, also sacrifice to God quite often. Several of the leaders have the Testament, and from those who are leaders the Americans and English need have no fear.

“ The ignorant have a hate for the foreigner and greed enough to try and get some spoil by killing. Twice I prepared for death, expecting in a few hours to be killed. Most miraculous, we are so far spared. We have visitors many. Some of the leaders, when passing, call to pay their respects to us. The fact of us having no wealth or enemies has been much in our favor. They come for the Seoul news when they hear it has come. A score or more Jap merchants quite near have been killed on several occasions. I fixed a plundered clock and some more of their goods captured by the braves. Several Buddhist priests suspected of being spies were recently despatched.

“ I am hoping to secure a Tong Hak book, so as

to discover their teaching; it's worth knowing. It may yet become a Mohammedanism in Korea. It has much of Christianity in it. A good feature is the fact of their having the New Testament. It may be a precipitating the latter days for the spread of the knowledge of Jesus ere His return.

"I must confess I'd like to see a Jap gunboat opposite and see a few score land. Some of these fellows need a good lesson. I give a lot of notes to certify they are not Tong Haks. I tell them they are of no use, but they still demand them. I give them; they cost nothing.

"I am fully convinced that the influence of the Christians is much strengthened by my presence here just now. Books and medicine are eagerly sought. One man bought five Testaments and a dozen other books. I have a white flag with a red St. George's cross on it. It silently preaches, more distinctly than I can, purity, and suffering for the sake of others. Tong Hak and anti-Tong Hak, Christian and anti-Christian, were eager in bearing a hand in erecting a tall pole that could be seen all around. We unfurled the banner of Jesus over the village, singing 'All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!'

"I go along from village to village unmolested. Some are shy of me; while the anti-Tong Haks give me the most hearty welcome. It is simply astonishing the suffering of all these from fear. They believe anything dreadful. . . .

“ Korean clothes I wear entirely now. I find it much more comfortable and the people like it best. I am filled with hope regarding the future in this vicinity. The Lord, I believe, will bless His truth, and is preparing the way by trouble. The people are certainly unsettled in everything. I must thank you for all your prayers. I believe the Lord has especially heard prayer in our behalf.

“ My treasurer in Halifax has died, some months ago. He was an excellent man in every sense of the word. No doubt contributions have thus fallen off. Thank God, I have no anxiety. This work is His, not mine, and He has forced me into it. I never enjoyed any work more.

“ Saw, junior, says he will, before long, go up to Seoul, leave his family there to have the boys taught, and he will give himself entirely to the work. He would be excellent and the boys are fine fellows.

“ Wish you all a ‘ Happy New Year.’ I am sending this note by Yun, a circuitous route, and hope it may reach you safely. Kindest regards and many thanks for all your trouble,

“ Yours ever in His service,

“ WM. J. MCKENZIE.”

Another note of January 12th reads thus : “ I have three times in vain prepared and arranged for despatching letters, once by road, twice by boat. This may be futile, the courier is so frightened. Inquirers are increasing and studying; rejectors

and scorners are beginning really to inquire and read. The Christians here are wakening up to their privilege of preaching, owing to the widespread spirit of inquiry. Our wonderful protection and peace is remarked by many. I find tinkering in medicine makes many friends. Tooth-pulling is slowly becoming known.

“Two hundred Japs are said to be in Hajen; also a new magistrate comes to Chang-Yun, supposed to be escorted by the Japs. The call has passed round to muster, but only a small proportion has obeyed. Most of the Tong Haks are disappointed at the result of the whole affair, and regret much having entered. There is no doubt but the Tong Haks are precipitating the spread of the Gospel. I hope that teachers will make for the country as soon as they can make use of this opportunity.”

Other diary notes give further details of the rebellion:

“Jan. 20th.—A long conversation about Tong Haks. New magistrate ordered guns and ammunition sent back at once—to send useless ones not enough. Magistrate tied up by Tong Haks. Evidently a number must be killed first; then there will be peace.

“Jan. 22nd.—Japs have come; have destroyed Tetani, and are burning villages, making for the city; great consternation..

“Jan. 25th.—Man from Hajen, a leader of the Tong Haks, sent to seek advice of how he should

treat the governor. Kim, of Kannikol, came for medicine for a leader who was pierced by a spear in a fighting affray.

“Jan. 26th.—Visited a rebel stronghold and dressed the wounds of a rebel chief, speared in the leg, with bruises all over his body. Word comes from the magistrate that if all go peaceably to work, no trouble; but if Japs come, they must be responsible for consequences. They are weighing the whole matter. To give up the island their power will vanish and they may be taken one by one.

“Jan. 28th.—Several Tong Haks in a village near are telling me that when all these troubles are over they will become ‘Jesus doctrine’ men. One wished to have his boy taught right ere evil ways should be learned. He promised to attend service, and asked if a sinner like him might be a Christian. Praise God, His ways are past finding out !

“Feb. 8th.—Un, chief of the Tong Haks, came with a few friends, but seemed afraid to come in at first. He has heard of the Gospel and the changes to come by it. Seems to be a man of some character.

“Feb. 10th.—Went to-day to see Kim Sangin, who led me to Ye and Yun, the hiding rebels. They expressed a desire to be converted and showed true repentance.

“Feb. 11th.—Kim Chop Choo, of Kannikol, called, requesting me to go to Kannikol. Another man, Kim, advised us not to go, as we could do

nothing for them. The other Tong Haks gathered when we went, and I gave them a straight talk—how when plundering they sought aid of no one, but when in difficulty could come to consult and seek help. I left them in the evening ashamed and confused after plain talk of all their sins. We found the village nearly deserted when we arrived. Many had gone to hide, fearing vengeance on those who had killed Japs. They are said to be coming by hundreds. In the fight between Tong Haks and Japs several hundred Tong Haks are said to be killed, but not one Jap. A veteran of the fight is here now.

“Feb. 12th.—Kim received a note yesterday from the magistrate to come to the city and consult about affairs. We started to-day about ten o'clock and were three hours walking through slush and melted snow. Kim nearly gave out. Several called to see us—old friends and those who had heard of me. All had the same story of plunder by the Tong Haks. All seemed ready to hear of the foreigner's new doctrine, conscious now of their own helplessness. At prayer Kim joined heartily, and was not ashamed.

“Feb. 13th.—Prayer this morning, with several at the time looking on. Kim turned from idle conversation to take part. I was weary waiting for arrangements to see the magistrate. Truly in this country it is no sign of a gentleman to be in a hurry. I had sent cards, so he knew I was in the city. Finally, several officials called. We went first to their apart-

ments, then were led in. Kim and Saw bowed low, with foreheads to the ground. The magistrate acknowledged better than usual, by a good bow. He met me and shook hands—knows that custom. I sat within, while Kim and Saw were without. The magistrate seems to be a man of character and apt to be severe. He said that the past would be forgotten, but in future rebels would be punished according to their sin. Saw spoke very slowly. The magistrate asked me how I lived and ate among Koreans, and what religion I taught, I replied ‘Jesus doctrine,’ the true doctrine. He said he had heard of it, but showed no desire to prolong the conversation. We left without any food being given. In the evening Kim went again to see him, and was asked some questions about the believers in Christianity. He told of the church being built, I giving none. The magistrate seemed pleased to hear of a Korean church, shook hands with Kim on leaving, and told him to call again. Said he was sorry he had not given any food.”

Soon after this visit the magistrate sent out an order that the Tong Haks send to him all guns, spears, and other weapons, or there would be trouble. Several leaders gathered at the house of Kim Sangin to consult. One advised they should stop all rebellion.

The next order from the magistrate was to stop reading or reciting Tong Hak on pain of death. By the 1st of March his own life was

threatened by the Tong Haks as he journeyed to another magistracy. The neighborhood was filled with alarm lest there should follow another uprising when they had begun to hope for peace.

On March 15th, Mr. McKenzie wrote to Mr. Gifford, mentioning this matter. He says:

“I have some idea of leaving for Seoul within ten days, as there is talk of a boat going there; but the Tong Haks are again threatening disturbance, and in another district some fighting is going on. In view of that, I am not just sure whether I will leave so soon or not. Through our advice and counsel this magistracy has not yet risen (I mean the second time). Jap soldiers are said to have come to the magistracy yesterday in view of the threatening rising. The taxes are levied more than ever. If that is all the new customs and laws will do, the old regime was preferable.”

Other letters to this same friend continue to describe the determined and renewed attacks of the rebels upon the sad misrule of their country. One of March 28th reads:

“DEAR BROTHER GIFFORD,—

“Several times I had hoped to get to Seoul about this time; but affairs have taken a strange turn here the last week. The Tong Haks in the northern part of this province had retreated into the mountain, owing, it was said, to the plundering of the governor’s soldiers. These soldiers have been set

up by the new governor and magistrate nearly two months ago. Just after, the Japs made a sweep through the provinces. A few days ago these northern Tong Haks made a raid on the city (Chang-Yun), burning a third of the houses. The magistrate and soldiers left the day before—why, I don't know—but returned a day or two after to find the large buildings partly cut down and some burned. The city folk then met."

"It seems as if the Tong Haks and soldiers would agree and start for the country, plundering all before them, as most of their belongings are destroyed. Terrible was the scare in the country. Reports of murder came of any who entered the city, as it was guarded by the soldiers. The magistrate is seeking to inform the people that the Japs are within the walls, so as to make the Tong Haks, who have a wholesome dread of them, keep at a safe distance.

"The Japs have not shown any readiness in interfering. In this they have acted prudently, for a magistrate with such help always at hand would be a dangerous person, especially when Korean officials know so little of justice. Three days ago there was a small skirmish ten miles from here. Three soldiers are said to be killed and thirty-two Tong Haks. Among the slain are two men from our village, who constantly threatened to kill us and wipe the name of Jesus from the land. They were both Tong Hak leaders, having quite a following. The house in which they slept was surrounded and

burned by the soldiers. This is to the people a most conclusive evidence that the Lord is with us; and woe be to the hand that is lifted up against us.

“Last night, besides the others, four new persons prayed and still more would pray. Their prayers show that they practise prayer at home. In the village where the fight was, An’s brother-in-law, who before this winter was known for his meanness, has showed sincere repentance; Tong Haks thoroughly scared him. He prays and reads the Word, making known to others his purpose to serve God. The strange thing is that while several near his house were killed and wounded and property plundered, the soldiers came to his house, found him and his family quietly in their home, with no fear, and left without touching anything. We praise God for this.

“The wife of one man was in the city staying a few days at her father’s when the city was burnt. Her father was not treated like some of the others. He now prays to God in the name of Jesus.

“A believer from our village was bringing a bull he had bought and some money, when a band of these brigand Tong Haks met him, demanding all. He said, No; he had paid for all, and it was his, and he saw no reason or law in trying to make him give up his own property. On inquiring of his home they found it was in Sorai, and he a ‘Jesus man.’ So they, after making a few more inquiries, handed all over.

“ We praise God for all this. It would seem as if He is about to lay bare His arm among us, and if so, who can hinder? The faces of the people show they have received a blessing, and the spirit of thanksgiving goes up from many a home and heart. I have just one regret above all, and that is, my own faith is small, and there is not that consecration which would fit me for what the good Lord has caused us to see. I am fully convinced that God had even greater blessings in store for me and this people; but I was unfit to receive it, and it may be that season of blessing is past. If we are not prepared when the Lord moves, especially as He has done among us here, we cannot get the fulness of the blessing. He cannot entrust us with greater things.

“ Oh, for more consecration! If we could only truly say, ‘ Not I, but Christ who dwelleth in me.’ I tell you the truth when I say that I tremble at the thought of answering for my stewardship at the great day. So great, so full and rich, have been His blessings to me here, and how little use I have made of them! I can only take refuge in the overflowing loving-kindness of a merciful God on that day. May God help us to improve these most momentous months that are passing!

“ I feel it my duty to remain here just now until things get settled down again. I do not anticipate any danger this time, as by the help of the Lord, and medicine, I have managed to make many friends

far and near, and there is no special ill-feeling toward us by any party. Possibly, there is some jealousy. I discourage fleeing to this camp for material refuge now, or to gain power. We are defended because we put our trust in GOD ALONE. Not us, but the Lord we adore, has been our strong tower and refuge.

“Many are coming to our village to live, some fairly well-off, some poor. It’s all well; I have made a promise I hope to redeem, and that is, that a foreign doctor will come up here this summer. You will help me out in the matter. I close with kindest regards to Mrs. Gifford and yourself, and any who may inquire for my welfare. Hoping to see you in April, I remain,

“Yours ever in Him,

“WM. J. MCKENZIE.”

During the month of April such notes as the following describe the sad state of unrest and fear of the country :

“Thursday, 4th.—All day expect soldiers from the east. Villagers put away everything lest soldiers take all. Cannon said to have been fired and several killed. Over a dozen houses in Kan-nikol vacant. Threats to set my house on fire.

“Friday, 5th.—Magistrate troubled and can’t do as he wishes; no anxiety for us. He went to the market and spoke to the people to work peacefully and not rebel; if so, no trouble would follow. People

seemed to like it. He looks tired and anxious, and can't sleep. Dead are hung on poles. One beheaded yesterday from Chop Cho, near us. Japs are said to have surprised the Tong Haks and killed hundreds. Visited village of Obane. All everywhere are anxious. The magistrate has made repeated threats upon our village, pretending to suspect that Tong Haks are here in crowds. I am of opinion that it is a stab from behind at the Christians, though he shows friendship to me.

"Saturday, 6th.—Visitors from Penamikol and other places report fighting to the east. Two Japanese steamships said to be coming to Tetani, and soldiers and Japs coming to Sorai. I am not anxious.

"Wednesday, 10th.—Sorai is becoming a centre of safety and happiness.

"Thursday, 11th.—Started for Quan Chang; found the people all anxious about my leaving and asking when I will return; visited other villages. Faith in the foreigner if Japs come.

"Sunday, 14th.—Three houses burned in Kum-ijen; innkeeper tied up and property seized. I rode over on horseback and found the leader to be one who once professed to be a Christian.

"Monday, 15th.—Started early for the city; had dinner at Kim's, near the place of fighting. On his outside door is written, 'Worshippers of God.' Among them I found two or three New Testaments and Christian books. They ran when the fight was

going on. They gladly listened to Saw preaching and were duly warned against being hypocrites, deceiving God. All along the road were empty houses and uncultivated fields. My black suit scared many and they scattered to the hills. Near the city scores met and followed us. Here was a scene of desolation, as a large part of the city was burned. Visited wounded soldiers. Many others called, seeming happy to see me.

“Tuesday, 16th.—Made a visit to the magistrate, who seemed friendly to me, but not extremely so. He seized Ye, who had accompanied me to the city. A son-in-law of the magistrate came to my room—a silly fellow, but friendly—who talked to me of letters and English. With him I went to see the magistrate again about Ye, telling of his good character and what he had endured from the Tong Haks. He said he would inquire, and promised a certificate of non-Tong Hakism for him. We ate some ‘kook-see’ together, chatted, walked about outside, saw powder-works, rice for the soldiers, and a wall over the gate all prepared for defence. He then sent a soldier with me to visit and help the wounded—one, a woman shot in the shoulder, and the ball still there; a man with thumb blown off, very sore; another shot through the lung and spitting blood. I heard that robbers at the jail were beating Ye and demanding money, so went again to the magistrate. I told him of the beating and extortion. He laughed and said it was the custom; but when I pled his age and poverty, loosed him right away

and said it was for me. He also gave a kind certificate and ordered my inn fare to be paid. So thankful when I said I came to help the wounded and will be ready any time, day or night, if called. Early in the morning I went to the scene of the fight. Saw bones strewn about blackened, and the crows eating them. All were in hollows—likely trying to run away when shot, or else hiding. The magistrate boasted of going out to the front in the fight. The chief of police called to see me and wished me to go to his house and see his wife tomorrow. He makes great professions of honesty and of being opposed to soldiers. His wife, I found, was once a dancing-girl, and still handsome. She chatted with me, pleading that I do not help the Tong Haks, and showed she did not like my helping Ye, whom she called ‘a great sinner.’ The magistrate advised the same—that I shield them in no way. I told I would not help my brother sin, if guilty. They would like me to live in the city.

“Wednesday, 17th.—Magistrate has gone to prevent the soldiers coming to Chang-Yun. I went with his son-in-law to see many wounded. Praise God for good impressions made and false removed in this city! Started in the afternoon for Cho-Dong. Headache and tired from tramping about; chills and fever. Chop Su, of Cho-Dong, is very scared and wishes to come to Sorai; will sell his house and tiles. Visiting on the way home and hearing awful tales. Prayer and talk with many, explaining the Word.

“ April, 19th.—Seoul soldiers stopped in coming.

“ April 21st.—Three rebels caught in the mountains, where they had built a house. Chop Su’s father, of Cho-Dong, has been captured also.

“ April 22nd.—Four rebels killed Sunday and two or three caught.

“ April 26th.—Wrote a note to the governor and to the magistrate to leave Christians in Sorai alone. Hoping nothing sharp will come to the magistrate from Seoul.

“ April 27th.—Word from the magistrate says ‘all right’—a kind letter. I replied, saying I would inform authorities at Seoul of how well he had performed his part.”

This is the last reference to Tong Hak troubles as far as Sorai was concerned, and apparently the rebellion was then near its end. Subsequently, mention is made of a village of forty houses, all of which were burned; also of an escape which Mr. Saw had from Tong Haks, by declaring himself a native of Sorai. These, among many other incidents, go to show the wonderful influence of the missionary and his religion in protecting the lives of those under his care, and the marked way in which God used, during these perilous days, the life, “counted not dear” unto himself, when he stood fearlessly as the friend of the helpless and the messenger of the Most High God among the lawless, desperate heathen, baffled again and again in their efforts to oppose or destroy him.

CHAPTER XII.

LAST SOWINGS.

“ The night cometh, when no man can work. ”

THAT the reader may come in close contact with the hero of Sorai, and receive directly the inspiration of his strong personality, the record of his last four months of service is given as far as possible from diary notes and personal letters from his own pen.

If some incidents in the following letter have already been referred to, they will bear repetition :

“ SORAI, March 1st, 1895.

“ DEAR BROTHER GIFFORD,—

“ While this boat is in Chemulpo, Chung intends to go up to Seoul. If so, send my mail, if you please, by him.

“ We are waiting for the snow to clear to begin building the church—the first Korean church, with *Korean money alone*. Already a thousand yang is signed by them, besides all the wood given and the work gratis. The contract is given out—eight hundred yang for the wood-work alone. We would ask you to save up your spare papers and magazines to

paper the church. Would you please inform the friends to do likewise, those who have any interest in the work. Three Tong Hak chiefs are studying in their homes the 'Jesus doctrine,' and have contributed to the church. I secured an interview between the new magistrate and the chief Tong Hak of this province, bringing a letter from the latter and a card from the former. Ten thousands leaped to their spears and 'shooting-irons' at his word. He, also, is a hopeful inquirer. Ten families have cleaned their houses last New Year of tablets, and no longer worship these or sacrifice. Sixty or seventy meet twice on Sunday, and at prayer-meeting on Wednesday night a dozen or more had to stand without or sit on 'mani,' in the cold during service. Three women pray now at their own request; their lives are indeed reformed. Every day inquirers come from far and near.

"Next Sunday we make a new move, going to a near village and preaching in the large 'surang' offered for our use. The women can be in an adjoining room listening. Several boys who can sing will go with us, besides Sam Kung Cho and one or two others. Soon, I trust, a woman or two will go, too. I purpose securing similar privileges in as many villages near by as possible, and sending them out by twos or more.

"The Sabbath is well observed in ten or more houses. The church will be on the spot where devils received homage a year ago. We have started a

school. God has converted a carpenter and farmer who knows Chinese. He is chosen as teacher. He is quite zealous, in his own quiet way, to lead others into the light. He is so constituted that he is sure to gain a hearing. His wages are two hundred and fifty yang, five bags of unshelled rice, and a suit of clothes—maybe six hundred yang all told.

“I went this morning on the track of a tiger who visited our village last night and took off a dog. I tracked him to the mountains and got near him, when he roared and ran leaping from rock to rock. He was within a few yards of me, and only that he disappeared so quickly behind the rocks, I would have shot him. I am hoping to get his skin ere I am through with him. If so, I hope to build a church with it. He was quite a monster, and has frequently visited our village this winter.

“The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The prayers of God’s people have done it all. I trust your work in Seoul is prospering.”

Following the diary record through the month of March, the indications of progress and success are many. Yet much that is of interest must be passed by lest the reader be lost in details, and quotations are chosen which make of themselves a brief story of the life of the little church in the village:

“March 6th.—Several hours spent at Ye’s; he promises to keep Sunday. Sang some and read with the boy, and, when leaving, his wife came to speak pleasantly. Here the women meet with a few neigh-

boring women for worship on Sunday. Came to Chang's, who is a good Chinese scholar. He once hated this doctrine, but now believes some, and gave me a good welcome. Several who called were interested listeners.

" Sunday, March 10th.—Visited Cho-Dong, forty li distant. Preached in Chay's house and had full service. An family all came and seemed to like it; they are believing. Scoffers and unbelievers are glad to worship. Chay was able to attend, and prayed well—words well spoken. He showed signs of repentance, and was glad we came. Saw, senior, went to Kim Sangin's, where a number of loafers heard the Gospel. Five from our village went with us. The usual two services in Sorai were well attended. 'Moru' was full, as well as the inside. Several prayed while we were away in my room—a grand day.

" March 11th.—Boys came from Obane for books. A sick boy was with them, whose jaw I lanced; also dressed Ye's armpit. Visited Kumijen. People not very ready; listened, but admitted it was good doctrine.

" March 12th.—Several Christians went to Cho-Dong, and I to Penamikol, where I visited a man, not a Tong Hak, whose house I was desirous to enter. God opened the way. He showed some interest, and is not like others, ashamed to acknowledge it. I had a good talk among a crowd. Showed them that Jesus did not say 'sacrifice not'; and all

agreed that sacrificing, or honoring, ancestors while living was good. Great preparations were going on at Pak's for sacrifice to-morrow, and many guests.

"Wednesday, March 13th.—Went to Kannikol after meeting, as usual, with teacher and children to sing. Several called while I was away; some sick. Sin has wrought awful results everywhere. I got at last a Tong Hak book to study. We had a good prayer-meeting; some were sitting outside.

"March 15th.—Un's family have come to Sorai. To-day they moved into a new house and the magistrate has sent for Un to come to him without delay, whether by day or night. Held a meeting for singing and prayers, with reading and explaining God's Word. A sick man came to be cured, bringing money to pay for his rice while he remains. Koreans want to get medicine that will cure with 'one eating' or so. Clean linen, bathing, care about drinking water, and such things, are not considered of any value, and are not heeded. An old woman came to inquire about help for her paralyzed or epileptic son.

"Sunday, March 17th.—Besides our two services here we went to Cho-Dong, and found a good attendance. I learned that Chay had family prayers with the Ye women in his own house. Two persons came to me there to be cured. Chung's brother says that mission ladies are visiting the palace at Seoul and playing the organ daily; also books are carried in by the load. The Queen is said to be singing hymns.

“‘ March 20th.—While I was studying, a man came to visit who is considered the bully of Chang-Yun, and who volunteers to go before the magistrate and state grievances of the people. He called me uncomplimentary names and spoke mockingly. I twisted his arm several times, caught him by the neck, and gave him stinging blows in the breast—all the while laughing—till he was forced to say he would do so no more. He left a wiser man, and friendly; scared some by pain, and said he would come again. The people are all afraid of him. I pulled two teeth to-day and gave one person medicine. Visited Chung San. Un, the Tong Hak, came from the city. It has been burned by Tong Haks from the North Mountain fleeing before Jap and Korean soldiers. The magistrate fled yesterday, as a thousand Tong Haks are said to be in the city. We had a good prayer-meeting and long.

“ March 21st.—Our first spring day, west wind and warm. The people begin to prepare their roofing. I visited at Cho-Dong. One convalescant man said he could not yet believe ‘ Jesus doctrine,’ as he did not know it. Read some of Max O’Rell—the first literature of the kind I have read since coming to Korea.

“ March 22nd.—Went to visit at Mok Dhong. I saw there a woman who sells ‘ sul,’ and bears a bad reputation. I had a good talk with the few who gathered there. A spirit was said to be behind the house and there they offer rice. All assented to our

remarks, and two promised to come to service on Sunday. Some more persons are wishing to come to Sorai. Un, the Tong Hak, is reported to have thousands of armed men here, so no renegades come.

“Sunday, March 24th.—The largest crowd we have yet had gathered at service—not far from a hundred, and nearly twenty were outside. There was great consternation, after meeting, over the story of a crowd making for here from the city bent on plunder. Kim, who gave me eggs and visited me last winter, has been killed by the Tong Haks. Un has sent letters to the magistrate that he is not calling a muster of Tong Haks, but is opposed to it. One here suggests we shall sing if the soldiers come. A man from Hajen seeks shelter with us, as we are all at peace.

“March 25th.—People from Cho-Dong are seeking assistance, as soldiers and Tong Haks are fighting there. I sent a letter to the magistrate stating that there are no Tong Haks in Cho-Dong, Obane, Yung-su-Dhong, or here. A man has been killed at Cho-Dong who often threatened the Christians, me especially. This will be a warning of how such persecutors come to grief. Studied some to-day.

“Wednesday, March 27th.—At evening prayer-meeting four new voices were heard in prayer. We had a thanksgiving service and much singing.

“March 28th.—Three or four called, who, after reading books, have resolved to become Christians.

The epileptic and his mother came to bring me some fruit and give me thanks. Three or four households came from the east to-day to Sorai. Ye, of Cho-Dong, came to see me and was praising God for His goodness in protecting him through the recent fight. I visited in Yung-su-Dhong. Sent off a letter and order to Appenzeller—ten dollars, for church fittings, and seven more to Dr. Avison. Have asked the latter to come to Chang-Yun for a while.

“Sunday, March 31st.—A large attendance at service; one hundred present and many outside—all showing great interest. Three contributed toward the church. Kim asked me to go to Obane. There is much inquiry now of the ‘Jesus doctrine.’

“April 1st.—The magistrate has given some indirect information about sending soldiers to Sorai, which I believed to be aimed at ‘Jesus doctrine’ folk. He had not received my letter, as the Tong Haks entered and burned the city, and he fled. Kim Sangin received forty-five dollars for the church. Chang gave one hundred yang. I visited Kurangay, where there is a temple, and in every house spirits are worshipped. We had a good talk about this custom. I ate some beef which had been served to devils on board a boat.

“April 3rd.—Talked with many callers—Kim, Chang, and others, who are learning fast. It is common now to hear, ‘Come to learn of Christianity.’ But often it is a last resort and not true. We had a good prayer-meeting and some strangers present.

“ April 4th.—Went through the usual routine; met with the school, sang, read, and prayed. The clay work for the church is now begun and three or four carts are at work.

“ April 6th.—Only snatches of study. Much talk and many visitors from Penamikol and other places. I shot a pheasant.

“ Sunday, April 7th.—The two services were well attended. I spoke in the morning on ‘ Heaven and Hell.’ Ye Jinsu became uneasy and went out. A man of rank from Pyong Yang called and gave fifteen yang to the church, promising to attend. One said there were many becoming Christians in Pyong Yang and the villages round about, and that the Christians did not run when others did. Son came down from Penamikol. Kim, of Obane, burned the devils in his house yesterday.

“ April 9th.—Sent for to visit a sick child and treated him successfully, also vaccinated quite a number. Taught addition and subtraction [probably in the day-school]. We talk all through these evenings. I find many are ready to listen and friendly.

“ April 10th.—Vaccinated the widow’s son in her house from the girl; they did not seem at all afraid. Kindness and gentleness will win. Several called who have resolved to accept the ‘ Jesus doctrine.’ I had a good talk at Cho-Dong in a carpenter’s house. They see the reasonableness of the doctrine. Had a good prayer-meeting, several coming for the first time.

“ April 11th.—Visited Quan Chang and a number of other villages—one a seaside harbor and a nice location, where they invited me to come and live. The occupation is salt-making. Ye preached principally, ‘ Believe on Jesus.’

“ April 12th.—Called at two villages and am making friends. Several promised to come to service on Sunday—one a brass worker, one a Christian little girl of thirteen years.

“ April 13th.—But little study; several called and two stayed all day reading and talking. Nearly all the village is at work stamping the ground for the church with a cart-hub and twenty ropes attached. All is done at night.

“ Sunday, April 14th.—Two services and good attendance. A few were from near villages and some from a distance. Many, no doubt, stay away owing to the small room.

“ April 20th.—Attended two marriages. The grooms were ten and fourteen years old, the brides seventeen. Three police called and were very friendly—one was a Christian. They all expressed a desire to know Christianity.

“ Sunday, April 21st.—A large attendance at today’s services; several came from a distance. Visitors in the evening bought books. There is great need of books now. I wrote a letter for Son Chop Sa, stating his case. His father was captured in Cho-Dong.

“ April 22nd.—Several called for medicine. Sore

eyes are prevalent, and I must consider this subject more carefully. Old Mr. Saw is sick. Pak has gone off to Seoul with letters to mail. One was to Grierson asking him to consider the need of Korea. Kim's wife, who has a sore arm, was not ashamed to see me. Another of the household has a tumor coming on the neck. Went to Penamikol and had good listeners.

"April 23rd.—Visited Kumijen and pulled a tooth in the village. I felt sore from cold or perhaps malaria. I tabulated to-day receipts for Korean Mission for one year—\$785.42—expenses for seven months, \$110.00 silver; balance in Saw's hands, 2,153 yang.

"Sunday, April 28th.—Held usual two services with large attendance. Sons, of Penamikol, came down early to see me and say thanks to me for freeing their relative and son. I told them it would be better to obey God and respect His day. Three or four others came from Penamikol. Others came in and prayed. I met with some boys outside in the grove, where we sang, and I gave them a lesson on Bible truth. Many books were sold to-day. I have resolved to go by boat to Seoul.

"April 30th.—Much rain these two days. We are discussing about building a house. I am delighting in looking at photos sent from home. Am writing letters about Tong Haks.

"May 1st.—Kim, of Obane, came and told me the boat for Seoul would be full of people, so at once

I resolved to go by land, and got as far as Chay's by dinner-time. There Ye, the chief of police, and some soldiers met regarding the body of a murdered man, who was lying beside the road covered with straw. A house of straw was near by, hung with bells and oil-cans to make a rattle. All were waiting till the magistrate came. I reached Tetani at night. Hajen soldiers were there getting rice, but made room for us, and were very attentive to my wants. One man had a Roman Catholic catechism, in which I showed him some differences from our belief. He bought copies of John and Acts. Kim helped me to preach and we had prayer. We are sure to be listened to in these places.

"May 2nd.—As it rained we did not start this morning till nine o'clock, but went twenty good li before dinner. In one village forty houses had been burned, several of them with tiled roofs. Here rebels had mustered and defeated the soldiers, but were afterwards scattered by the Japs, when they fled for the house in which I stayed, which was partly burnt. It was dark when I got to Hajen.

"May 3rd.—We made an early start, as we could not wait to see the governor, and travelled sixty li before dinner. I wrenched a sore knee to kill a snake and feel I did wrong. Rain and thunder began just as we reached an old inn. We crossed the river in a floating scow. Yesterday we travelled ninety-five li.

"May 4th.—Had a good sleep. I find the people

ready to listen to our talk. Yesterday we heard some shots fired in a fight between Tong Haks and soldiers. To-day we travelled one hundred and twenty li—sixty-five before dinner. At one large inn the people were ready to listen to the Gospel. Here, near Song-Do, the peculiar farmer's hat is worn.

“Sunday, May 5th.—A hot day at Song-Do. We saw the old palace, and an image of their great and famous general in a large building. Several men of rank talked with us, listening readily. One asked why I did not come to Song-Do. They are jealous here of Seoul and its power. The women seem very timid. I had a good talk with all present and, as usual, prayer and reading, translating freely.

“May 6th.—Had my horse shod by four men, therefore quickly done. Had a good dinner and reached Seoul about two o'clock. *The English language sounds sweet.* There is a great change in Seoul. I received many letters. Among all the missionaries I feel lonely. Mr. Gifford is much encouraged in his work.”

“May 10th.—Mr. Appenzeller wants the story of the Tong Haks for the ‘Repository.’ I had an interview with the British Consul. He found fault with me, and told me he had power to fine me two hundred dollars, or put me for two months in jail, for my recent conduct in travelling without a passport. I assured him I had known my danger and

spoke of the difference between God's law and British law in the East. I preferred to obey God. He impressed upon me the favor he was doing in not taking proceedings against me and seemed friendly. He warned me against acting so rashly again and promised me a passport. I replied courteously and said I hoped there would be no further occasion for difference between us."

During the remaining days of this brief visit there are jottings of business arrangements, visits among the many missionaries at Seoul, purchases of medicine, books, and other necessities, all of which kept him very busy. He went on to Chemulpo on May 17th, and was then suffering somewhat from malaria. He speaks of being in a rainstorm on the way and of the awful feeling experienced by the time he reached Chemulpo. He remained there but one week and left, on May 24th, by boat for Sorai. Two days' sail brought him to the village on Sunday noon, and here again we resume the diary notes:

"Sunday, May 26th.—Arrived at 1 p.m. I felt ashamed at coming on Sunday, but put my stuff all away in a house by the shore, and Kim stayed there to watch it. They gave me a warm reception. One woman, who never before would speak in my presence, said she was happy to see me—a pleasant change. A great many met me and visited me. The women seemed so glad to see me back. Many are inquiring for my wife. I went to

see the church-frame, which is well put up and well made. There have been good meetings and a good attendance all the while I was away.

“ May 27th.—Have changed my clothes to white for summer. Met with the school, as usual, for prayer. Several visitors called and many were sight-seeing while I was opening all my things out and placing them away. I have this about done now. I find Son is still in jail, and there are threats to kill him if no money is given. Kim Uno has been taken before the magistrate for taking away a bull said to belong to another man. I said some plain things to him. The magistrate already hates us Christians, and says that hundreds meet here in Sorai to abuse him and all in the city. Others came to me seeking help in their troubles, but I said I had already made enemies for nothing. I was not here to adjust money matters; and they had not accepted my first advice, therefore I declined to assist.

“ May 28th.—A Korean holiday, so many came in to visit. It was tiresome all day and I need to be patient. I gave eye medicine to three persons, cough medicine to another, and pulled a tooth. About a dozen books were bought. The women enjoyed themselves sight-seeing at the shore.

“ May 29th.—All working heartily at the church putting up tiles taken from Mr. Saw's house. I visited Penamikol and they listened well, but bought no books. We had a good prayer-meeting here, when I stated that any who wished for baptism

should give me their names before Sunday. Our Scripture topic was 'Paul going to Europe; prevented from going to Asia.'

"May 30th.—Spent the morning reading and talking, and parted with some Gospels. I urge the necessity of having one in each house. I had a visit at Kumijen and a chat with a half-drunken old man. Chang came into the inn and bought two books, saying he was going to study and attend now to this doctrine. The Lord is blessing him. I pasted on the wall 'Ten rules of living' clipped from a copy of the 'Christian.' I am longing to see these people turn to God.

"May 31st.—Several callers to-day. I feel a longing to keep to the one theme, 'Christ and Him crucified.' I read several passages in the Bible with them which teach of the sufferings of hell and the certainty of sinners going there. I told them that because of hell I came to them, to call people to escape. This thought is taking hold. Good work has been done on the church tiles. They are laid well. All are giving their work free, though some farming work is now coming on. Some have given five and some seven days free. An, junior, has given his name for baptism. I gave quinine to a man who has fever to-day from drinking 'sul' yesterday.

"June 1st.—Several callers came this morning. I had a touch of sunstroke from going three steps without an umbrella, and vomited severely. I have been living nearer to God as my responsibility grows.

At Cho-Dong, Ye's wife preached, and the women meet on Sunday and Wednesday. I planted some corn to-day.

"Sunday, June 2nd.—A good attendance at service. Eleven men held up their hands seeking baptism; also Saw's boy and the women I met at An's—twelve in all. Three desired baptism at once, but I must go carefully. Old Mrs. An said she lost her temper in the home if all did not go well, so would wait now till another time. She seemed to show a desire to be careful, and this is pleasing. We had a good gathering in the evening and a happy time, though there was a little rain. Quak's mother died last night and many gathered to wail. I do not know whether there were any heathen rites observed.

"June 3rd.—Started for Hwang Myang Chon and at two places stopped and sold books. Kim accompanied me. At his place many attended, or came merely to listen, perhaps. Kim seems not to be afraid of being considered a Christian and his influence is good. Several of the calls we made I believe will show fruit to God's glory.

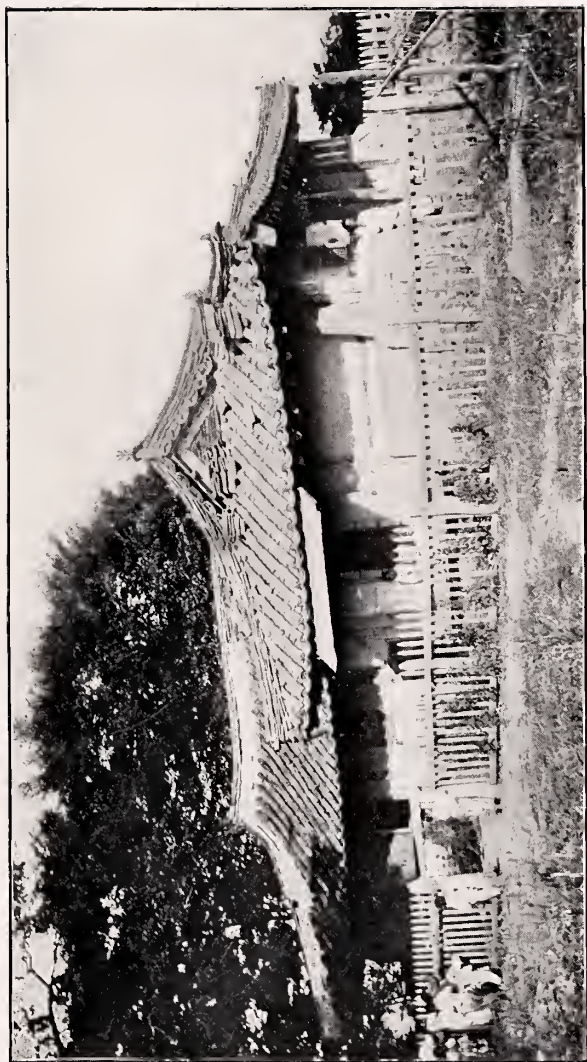
"June 4th.—Dinner at Chay's; called to see a man with a sore throat—he may give something to the church. One man has given seventy days' work free. We still lack three hundred yang.

"June 5th.—Two men came one hundred li for books from a place where we purpose going after Sunday. Am writing letters, to be closed when a

chance comes to mail them. I had a quiet afternoon and sowed some beans in my garden.

“June 6th.—A man came to tell me of another demanding of him twenty thousand yang—a debt of twenty years’ standing. He could raise about half by selling a good lot. I fear I should be some time without my money. One thousand yang will buy wood for a house, or some rice field. I went to see Ye Jinsa, who will likely contribute to the church. He made inquiries about it. I put in a plea for the Gospel. Ye’s wife, his step-mother, and a number of widows in his village, are believers.

“Sunday, June 9th.—*We held to-day our first service in the church.* Loose boards were spread for a floor, and the congregation was called together by the beating of a large brass vessel. There was a screen for the women. Eighty persons assembled. This village does not observe the Sabbath. Every house is represented by some one in the field. I told them a story of a person giving six loaves to a friend in need, who plundered a seventh, and I applied my story by saying they forget God’s goodness and protection of last winter now that they feel safe. O Lord, help us to have here at least a few faithful witnesses separate from the world ! In the afternoon I met with the boys and heard them recite fourteen verses from the twenty-fifth of Matthew and some catechism. On these I gave comments. The evening meeting was well attended. I find one man who last winter



NATIVE-BUILT CHURCH AT SORAI.

received a Bible and wrote over his door, 'Worshipper of God,' now lives in sin and sells liquor.

"June 10th.—After some little preparation, left at 10 a.m. for a book-selling trip. Had dinner at Kim's. I met a man coming for medicine, and after much persuasion he bought two books. It is strange that they do not care for our books. They will believe us about such things as medicine, but not regarding our books. My fame spreads as doctor, but not as teacher. We had a good talk and prayer with the villagers who came to see us. Some bought books.

"June 11th.—Came ten li, visiting six homes. After much exhortation fifteen books were bought. This is small when all the needs are considered. We met a man who had been convinced of the value of quinine by a half-bottle obtained from Mr. Saw. He confessed he had never seen the like before. It gave a good taste to food and had cured him. He bought some books.

"June 12th.—Good sleep every night. We met Ye, of Mok Dhong, in his home near the mountain. So many men leave their wives and take others, leaving the son to maintain the mother and pay the debts. It was hot getting into the city at 2 p.m. Many callers came for medicine, and I always make it a point to tell of the greater disease of the soul and the medicine that is sure to cure. We went to see the magistrate. Kim did not bow, so was ordered out. I said I would go, too; but he caught me by the hand.

I insisted and rose to go. Then he called Kim back. He was anxious to have me talk of Seoul and my trip and forget this incident, so became very friendly and conversed freely. I was enabled to keep cool, but told him that an insult to my friend was also one to me by our American custom. We then went out and had a long talk in the presence of many Koreans about other countries and their customs. He knows that England and America are greater than Japan; thinks America kind, but England savage. I had a small tilt with his son-in-law, who called on me. He saw my hat, looked at it, and pitched it about the room. I took his off, and in doing so tore it some. He seemed put out; but I told him I did as he did. There were several in the room and Kim thought I did it unintentionally. I meant the lesson, however, and it seemed to make him feel ashamed. I kept cool and smiled all the while, though I perhaps was rather hasty. We also went to see Ye, the chief of police, and received a kind, good welcome, particularly from his wife.

“June 13th.—Called to say farewell to the magistrate. Last night he called upon me, but I was out just then, so went late to see him. Over a dozen cases came to me for treatment, some very repulsive. I sold a New Testament and other books to a doctor whose friends I know in Tetani. Dr. Kim bought books at the same time. Both may be having an eye to business. Dr. Kim and I had a long talk.

Ye's wife, on whom I called, detained me long in conversation, seeming ready to believe Gospel truth. She promises to read constantly; says that Ye is a great cheat and liar, but she is not so. She asks if good will come to her if she believes, and wishes me to stay at their home if I come again. The magistrate's son-in-law was anxious to get my books, but expected them to be given free. Kim sells books and preaches some. An old man at his house was beaten both by the Tong Haks and the magistrate to force him to make powder. His legs are very sore. My books are nearly gone, so have decided not to go north.

"June 15th.—Started for home at 10 a.m.; much medicine has been given; had dinner at Kim's. Many were ready to buy books and listen, and gave me a good reception. Some promised to call and see me in Sorai. I am hopeful of this. Sorai carts are carrying material for the magistracy building. At Kim's house all the women were away, so we went to another 'surang.' Had a good, interesting talk on 'Medicine for the Mind'; the analogy worked well. Tigers are numerous every night and are heard roaring in the day. The magistrate has gone to Tetani to see about a case of murder.

"June 16th.—A man was beaten yesterday in the country for 'money-eating.' There is a general stampede now among such men. Ye is in suspense. About ten skulls of those killed in the city are just outside its walls, a Buddhist priest among them.

There are some untended graves, likely of Tong Haks. The murderer of Tetani was killed yesterday by a relative of the murdered man. Old Kim Chop Choo's youngest boy, from Kannikol, came part of the way with us. An and Ye Sangin returned from Seoul, but with no American mail. We got home about dark. A young woman whom I treated for a sore neck tells me that she and a friend in her village are believers. They keep the Sabbath and have to endure abuse. Surely these are marks of the Christian.

"Sunday, June 17th.—A good day; ninety-seven were at morning service. I sat in the church after, having a chat with the men and, may be, caught a cold. In the afternoon I met with the boys for Sabbath School. I had some fever, but attended meeting. A man, Kim, from Onging, has come the second time for me to go in that direction to preach. He is a good Chinese scholar and very vain. Mr. Saw says I must stop giving away medicine, so many will come penniless for it, though not for books. I emphasized my duty as a preacher—there is sorrow for the Christian, but it will be turned into joy. Yet there is some truth in his words.

"Monday, June 18th.—Heard from Dr. Underwood. The Y.M.C.A. of Dalhousie College, Halifax, have sent fifty dollars to this Korean mission. I feel tired and sore; was unwell in the morning, but took quinine, fifteen grains, and feel better, though

still weak. I gave a beggar twenty grains of quinine for fever.

“Tuesday, June 19th.—Fever all day, though I attended school and heard the scholars recite their week’s work. I shut up the gates so as not to be bothered by callers. Chang is back from Hajen and relates how the governor wished to consult with me when the Tong Haks were giving trouble there; but was told that was not my vocation at all, but teaching much. Six hundred Tong Haks there are ready at a moment’s notice. I wrote a letter to Dr. Landis and am sending a Tong Hak Bible. He will mail my letters, as Jones may not be at home. Have spent a distressing day; vomited; cannot eat any food; move about with difficulty.

“Wednesday, June 20th.—Walk in early morning; shut up windows, not let night air in. Resolved not to give in to disease but keep on the move.

“Saturday, June 23rd.—For last two days went for a few rods’ walk. Every day vomiting once or twice. Resolved yesterday to go to Seoul by boat. Wired one to come to-morrow; getting sleepless. Keep people from coming in to-day; will not go out, too weak. Find in p.m. that body is cold, as need so much clothing; hot water bottle, sweat; easier after. Hope it is not death, for sake of Korea and the many who will say it was my manner of living like Koreans. It was imprudence, on part of myself, travelling under hot sun and sitting out at night till cold.”

Here the almost illegible writing breaks off abruptly, and the pitiful weakening of the hand showed that it was indeed death for the brave man who fought alone for life "for sake of Korea." In the same cramped, painful hand he wrote a letter of heart-breaking tenderness to his beloved mother, probably the last words penned on that weary day. He tells her that the people are doing all they can for him and that Mr. Saw will be with him to the last and bury his "poor body beside the church."

He says, "My mind is as peaceful as could be expected. Jesus is my only hope. God does all well. It is so hard to write; for I am aching so." And thus, with tender thought for those whose hearts were to be sorely stricken with his going, he bade loving farewell while there was strength left to pen the words.

Through that hard night and the Sabbath morning following, he fought bravely for life; but the release was near, and the "good soldier of Jesus Christ" was done with his earthly battles. While Mr. Saw and the other Christians were at morning service and a young boy watched beside him, death came.

Climate and fever, exposure and privation, had done their work, and the giant frame could bear no longer the great strain under which a willing spirit had caused it to labor for many months. No thought of self had entered into the busy plans; no desire for comfort had hindered the ceaseless activities and,

therefore, the more quickly, though the more gloriously, the beautiful life burned itself out, a "voluntary offering."

Truly he had said, "God does all well," and while the brave pioneer was so soon called from the chosen land of his labors, Korea was not to suffer. The corn of wheat was to "fall into the ground and die," but not to "abide alone." The gates of death for him were to open gates of life to hundreds of souls. His heroic spirit was to beget a like devotion in many other hearts, and the banner of Jesus which he had in faith flung to Korea's breezes was to be borne by other hands to hundreds of villages as eager and as hungry for its message as his beloved Sorai.

Mr. Saw and the other grief-stricken Christians of the village at once sent messengers to Seoul with the sad news of the beloved teacher's death, and immediately the missionaries hastened to Sorai to learn all that was possible of the sorrowful facts. Their words, which were quoted in many Canadian papers, best tell their story.

The *Halifax Presbyterian Witness*, of October 19th, 1895, has the following account:—

"Friends have received letters from the missionaries at Seoul and Chemulpo, Korea, confirming the sad tidings of Mr. McKenzie's death, and giving particulars. Dr. Wells, of Seoul, writes:

"The foreign community at Seoul was shocked and surprised by the news, received on June 27th,

of the death of the Rev. W. J. McKenzie, an independent missionary living in Sorai, district of Chang-Yun, about two hundred miles north-east of the city. Upon receipt of it Rev. Dr. Underwood and myself left this city on June 29th to make inquiries. We arrived at Sorai on July 4th, and were received by the stricken community most kindly and cordially. They realized the great sacrifice of the man who had come and labored among them, and had laid down his life for them, and many who were not certain before of their belief in the Christian religion came out positively. Mr. McKenzie has done a noble work among the people there, and the new church, built entirely by their own labor and funds, is a material monument of their faith, while in their hearts is a belief which assures them of "temples not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

" 'Mr. McKenzie's last entry in his journal will give the best idea of his last conscious moments. He was confused on the dates. It was dated the 23rd, when it was written on the 22nd, and was to this effect: "Saturday, 23rd.—For last two days went for a few rods' walk. Every day vomiting once or twice. Resolved yesterday to go to Seoul by boat. Wired one to come to-morrow; getting sleepless. Keep people from coming in to-day; will not go out, too weak. Find in p.m. that body is cold, as need so much clothing; hot water bottle, sweat; easier after. Hope it is not death, for sake of Korea and the many

who will say it was my manner of living like Koreans. It was imprudence, on part of myself, travelling under hot sun and sitting out at night till cold." Here his journal ends abruptly.

" 'There are many particulars of his life and work there which are very interesting. I can truly say that a man actuated by the highest motives which can stir a human being, coming into this far country and sacrificing himself for these people and his faith, deserves a higher tribute than my weak but willing pen is able to inscribe. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." His friends, for whom he died, buried him in a lot back of the church, according to his express wish.

" 'We spent a week in the village, during which time Dr. Underwood dedicated the church and baptized ten women and nine men, who were converted under the ministration of Mr. McKenzie, and of whose sincerity and understanding of the step they took there is no doubt. All who applied for baptism were not accepted as yet, however. The Christian community there at Sorai is a bright spot in this dark land. It is like letters of gold in a frame of lead. Let us hope that the work started there will spread out all over the country as has so often happened in similar circumstances in other lands.' "

It was not until August that Mr. McKenzie's friends in Nova Scotia received tidings of his death, and as the same mail brought his own last letters, it

was the harder to realize that he had passed away. Friends hoped against hope that the first tidings might prove untrue, as being only the report of natives coming down to Seoul; but in October the Korean Repository and personal letters confirmed the sad facts and gave the particulars quoted above.

Everywhere there was sorrow; from the home of the broken-hearted mother in Cape Breton to the far western coast of British Columbia, all the Church of Canada mourned a hero. What would become of the Korean mission? Where would be found another McKenzie? These were the questions that weighed upon many hearts, and many prayers were offered for the little church in Sorai, the newly-lighted torch in a dark corner of a dark land.

But the Church at home was awakening to the fact that God had led to the opening of a work for her in Korea, and at this time her councils were considering the wisdom of adopting the Sorai church and the brave pioneer who had not feared to go forth without her help. Needless to say, his sudden death intensified the appeal and the orphaned cry of the new-born Korean church touched the deepest sympathies of all who had loved or known its great, true-hearted founder. To those who prayed in their sorrow came the answer of comfort and hope: "*Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the heathen.*"





MR. MCKENZIE'S GRAVE.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIBUTE OF LOVE.

“Them that honor Me I will honor.”

MR. MCKENZIE'S self-sacrificing life is its own best testimony; the native church at Sorai, displaying its white banner of Jesus, his most enduring monument; and the loyal, steadfast group of Christians there, his living epistles, “known and read of all men.” Nothing can be more lasting; yet, as we love to lay our flowers upon the casket of our beloved dead, so we bring the chaplet of loving words from those who knew him best as a last tribute to our brave hero of Korea.

Among the many sketches that appeared in various publications, a few words from the missionaries with whom he labored and those who followed his footsteps to the far East have been chosen as expressing in some measure the loss to the Church of Canada in the removal of one of her greatest men.

An article in the *Montreal Weekly Witness* of December 17th, 1895, was as follows: “After many weeks of uncertainty, the news from Korea of the death of the Rev. W. J. McKenzie has been con-

firmed. Private letters from missionaries at Seoul, as well as communications in a Korean monthly magazine, give details of the sad event."

The following memoir was written by the Rev. George Heber Jones, of Chemulpo:

"The Rev. Wm. J. McKenzie was born and educated in Nova Scotia, and became an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church of that province. During his seminary course he served as missionary to the settlers in Labrador, braving the rough seas and terrible cold of Arctic winter in order to bring the Gospel to perishing souls.

"Called by God to a missionary career, he decided to give his life to the work in Korea. He further decided to cast himself entirely upon the providence of God for maintenance in the field. As soon as his purpose and plans were known money sufficient for all his needs was provided, and he started on his journey to his chosen field. Mr. McKenzie reached Chemulpo, Korea, on December 15th, 1893, and then went on to Seoul.

"His genial countenance, jolly laugh, great good humor, and hearty good-will, soon endeared him to all. His conscientiousness, courage, and shrewd common-sense early won for him the respect of his colleagues, who were not slow to recognize in him a missionary of the brightest promise. He entered with zeal upon the drudge work which confronts all new missionaries—the study of the Korean language, and of the customs, views, and conditions of

the people in whose service he proposed to spend his life.

“A short time in Seoul, a little longer in Chemulpo, and he removed to Sorai, where he met his death. In Sorai he settled himself temporarily in the home of a Korean Christian. His food was such as the surrounding farms produced, and he adopted the Korean dress. He made excellent progress in the study of the language, and his presence, counsel, and administrations, strengthened the little body of Christians there, and resulted in a large increase of their numbers. He visited the surrounding villages for miles, and in a short time his name was known all over that section.

“All through the Tong Hak excitement he remained in the village, laboring with those of the insurrectionists he could meet, remonstrating against deeds of violence, and striving to win them through an acceptance of the Gospel back to a life of order and peace. I heard from a Korean of one of his early encounters with a Tong Hak chief. The rebel delivered a tirade against Christianity and ended with a distinct threat against Mr. McKenzie's life. In reply, Mr. McKenzie asked the man to please remember one thing, that Christianity might be foreign and bad, but Korea was in sad need of it just now, for Christianity did not permit its followers to murder the King's officers, destroy government property, rob defenceless country-folk and force them into the ranks of insurrectionists. The

Korean was nonplussed, and as he saw Mr. McKenzie's six foot three of bone and brawn striding away, concluded he had better have nothing to do with him.

"The new life with which his presence inspired the local Christians, showed itself in a determination to build a chapel. This is the second chapel to have been built by native Christians of Korea, and the first to which no foreigner contributed. Mr. McKenzie regarded this as his greatest triumph. He could hardly have been prouder of a costly cathedral than he was of the simple, unpretentious native structure. In his last letter to the writer, dated June 5th, he says: 'Church roofed with tile; pillars and beams of more than ordinary workmanship—a perfect beauty, in a grove where devils received homage for centuries. Eighty days' labor given free by Koreans and 170,000 cash. I take no part in the business. I let them know it is their work. They attend to it far better than Americans could, or even Canadians. As for the women, they will not keep silent in the church—bound to be Methodists.'

"One of the most striking traits of Wm. J. McKenzie's character was loyalty. He was loyal to the land of his birth and the land of his Scotch forefathers. He was loyal to Christ and his Church and to his brethren. The honor and reputation of brother missionaries were safe in his hands, and those that dared to assail either in his presence

quickly discovered they had made a mistake. He was always at pains to advocate the cause of the absent one. He was very sensitive as to the rights of others, and would even rob himself of well-earned laurels for fear of infringing upon or impairing the deserts of his associates. He also possessed that faculty so beautiful, and alas! so rare, of justly appreciating the labors and merits of his predecessors. In these days, when it is the fashion to censure or ignore those whom we succeed, it is refreshing to meet a man like Mr. McKenzie, who stood ready to grant the desired meed of applause to those upon whose labors he entered. Writing of the work in Sorai, he said: 'Dr. Underwood will, I hope, come up to dedicate the church, having been first on the ground. Indeed, some of this, much of this, is some of his own sowing come to fruit.'

"Another shining trait of Mr. McKenzie's character was conscientiousness. His word in all matters was as sacred as his bond. His life was unmarred by one single compromise in a doubtful matter. His sense of duty, justice, and right was very acute, and his conduct completely under their guidance. He had the courage of his convictions.

"Enjoying a comfortable post in Nova Scotia as a Presbyterian pastor, he looked forward upon a useful and alluring future in his native land; but when the conviction came that his life-work lay in Korea, he uttered no murmur, but gladly made ready. Then, when the further conviction came

that he must turn aside from the ordinary path to the field, through a missionary board pledged to sustain him, and throw himself on the providence of God for support, he did not falter or hesitate. He looked to God for his funds and they all came, and he came to Korea in the unshaken confidence that all he needed would be forthcoming at the proper time. His faith was as towering as his own tall form—

“ ‘ Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
And looks to that alone ;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, “ It shal be done ! ” ’ ”

“ Mr. McKenzie possessed an exalted idea of the nature of missionary operations. He had before him a clearly defined object to be accomplished, and he took as direct a course toward it as possible. He held that the chief and most laudable object of the missionary was to lead the Koreans to find salvation from sin through Jesus Christ, and to organize these saved souls into a Church of Christ. His one object was to raise up a large number of Christian congregations throughout Korea. I once asked him if he intended to bind these congregations together by some kind of connexionalism, and he replied that such was his purpose, and that he would never have asked them to adopt anything either in doctrine or government which they could not find for themselves in God’s Word. Into a work thus clearly defined in his own mind, he threw himself with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds, deter-

mined to avoid, if possible, the mistake to which an unconnected and independent worker is so liable, of permitting work to become dissipated and lost through lack of organization and system.

“Mr. McKenzie’s record in Korea is bright with the glory of a beautiful promise, undimmed by one single failure. He fell at his post in the front. Heron, Davies, Hall, and McKenzie; Paik, of Wei-ju; Kang, of Chemulpo; No, of Sang-Dong—they died on the field of battle, and have gone to enrich heaven as Korea’s treasures.”

Mr. James S. Gale, author of “Korean Sketches,” a well-known Canadian missionary in connection with the American Presbyterian Church, gave the following emphatic testimony concerning Mr. McKenzie while at home on furlough:

“Mr. McKenzie was the finest specimen of a missionary ever seen in Korea. He was working at a place I knew right well, and the people there speak as one would of the saintliest character one knows. He was a perfect Elijah in his faith and heroism, and yet he was at one with the people. He taught the boys to play ball and other games, and they all loved him with a rare spiritual affection. His death was a terrible blow to them. He stood at his post through all the perilous times before the war, and through all the peril of the war itself. His faith was as a strong tower. He remained when every other missionary fled for refuge. The people brought their goods to him for safe-keeping.

He faced the murdering assailants alone, and their chief put up his sword and called back his men. But the strain was too great. The debilitating effect of bad food and the severity of exposure told. The weight of heathenism is terrible. It depresses the spirit. Poor McKenzie, giant though he was, broke under it, like many another brave and noble soul. The Koreans will never forget him. The native Christians say there never was a man so much like Christ."

A column from the *Canadian Presbyterian* of September 4th, 1895, gives an impression of the influence this strong life and its sudden ending wrought upon the home Church:

"'Died at his post.' Such are the brief words which, in a contemporary, note the death recently of a minister of our Church, whose name and labors and noble example ought not to pass unnoticed and be forgotten. Our readers may remember the case mentioned in our columns over a year ago, of one of our ministers from the Maritime Provinces so strongly believing himself to be called of God to go to Korea with the Gospel that, although our Church was not prepared to send and support him there, he went out, after securing a certain amount of means, determined to trust for his support to whatever God in His providence might send him. This man's name was Rev. W. J. McKenzie. He had been trained in a school in which he had learned to endure hardness. He had labored as a catechist

in various fields; had visited Labrador as a missionary and colporteur, and in various places in Nova Scotia he had ministered, and always with acceptance. His last place of service, before leaving, was at North-West Arm, Halifax, and there he delivered his last missionary address before leaving for his distant foreign field, and it is related how that his favorite hymn, the last which he and his attached people sang before his departure for Korea, was:

‘ Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go,
Anywhere He leads me in this world below.’

“ Besides being well-equipped for service by courses of study in theology and medicine, by practical experience in the missionary work and consecrated devotion, he possessed a magnificent physique, and was a splendid sample of a well-developed Highlander.”

The following admiring testimony to his work and tribute to his character we quote from the *Presbyterian Witness*, of Halifax:

“ A strange language largely conquered, a group of faithful disciples gathered, a place of worship erected, mainly by the people themselves—people who had never seen a Christian and never heard of Christ till McKenzie went among them. He trusted them with his life and they learned to love him and sheltered him from imminent perils, and gladly received his instructions. For months he occupied his lonely station, never seeing a Christian or hearing a word of English. He lived with the natives,

ate their food, spoke their language, learned their ways, devoted himself to their interests. War raged—rebel bands of lawless Koreans, shattered armies of defeated Chinese, and Japanese hosts flushed with victory, passed to and fro; but the Christian stranger suffered no harm. His last report to us intimated that his health had been exceptionally good, and his sickness and death take us the more by surprise.

“It is, of course, needless to speculate as to what might have been—how much better, how much safer, for two or more men to proceed to foreign fields together; how much better if a wife were with him to minister to him in the hour of sickness. There may be lessons here for others, and it is the duty of the Church to learn by experience.

“When the first Gordon was slain his brother promptly volunteered to go and fill the blank which had been made. What one, still better, as suggested, what two, among the young men of our Church—and the call is in some respects special to those of the Maritime Provinces—what one or two will now stand forth and volunteer to go and take up and bear aloft and onward the standard which has just fallen from the hands of another of the noble witnesses for Christ which they have sent forth to various fields, and by which the history of our common Church is being more and more enriched and made glorious?”

But it is to the pen of Rev. Duncan McRae, whose

heart was so stirred by the heroic life laid down in Korea that he could not rest till he had followed to the same distant land, that we are indebted for the fullest sketch, which supplies some fresh details, and has the vivid touch of a deep, personal interest in a brother's work. Mr. McRae was a fellow-countryman of Mr. McKenzie's, and made a trip to Sorai almost his first business upon reaching Korea. He found, at Chemulpo, a box containing Mr. McKenzie's Bible and a few papers. In the British Legation he discovered, after some search, other papers and letters, and best of all, his journal. His will was also in the possession of the British authorities. But for Mr. McRae's diligence in procuring all possible information regarding his deceased friend, but little would have remained to the Church of his history beyond what could be gathered from personal letters.

Mr. McRae's story was written in a letter to the students of the Presbyterian Theological College in Halifax. The following are extracts:

“WONSAN, KOREA, Jan. 30th, 1899.

“Wonderful changes have come over Korea within the last two years, and it seems as if the people may rapidly rise now out of degradation and heathenism. There are thousands of praying men and women, and if you were here to see how the Spirit of God is moving over the land and in the hearts of the people you would weep for joy. They

are a precious people—God's own children—and though long in darkness are now coming to the true light.

“From your own denomination, from a humble home by the shore of St. George's Channel, a soul (McKenzie) came forth to this land, unfurled the banner of the Cross, and poured into the hearts of the Korean people the light and love of Jesus; so that to-day hundreds—yes, I might say thousands—are rejoicing in a personal Saviour. Though he is not here in body, yet that love, which he was the means of kindling in the hearts of others, is like a flaming fire in the Province Hwang-Hai; yea, and a large portion of Korea. I will here give you a brief account of his career in the village of Sorai and our visit there.

“A TRIP TO SORAI.

“It was on the 11th of November that our party, consisting of Dr. and Mrs. Underwood, their little son, Hanley, and Dr. and Mrs. Grierson, embarked on board two Korean ‘sampans’—length of keel, 16 feet; beam, 6 feet; cabin, 6 by 3 by 3. Besides the foreigners there were thirteen Koreans, together with our provisions and luggage. The whole was divided between the two boats.

“You should hear the pow-wow that is made when getting under way, always a something lacking, and charcoal seemed to be our last article of purchase.

“ At nightfall the boats moved off the shore, and down the beautiful Han River they glided. The boats were terribly lumbered up, and my lot was to sleep in the open space with the Koreans. When we awoke at daybreak a heavy fog lay upon the river, and our boats were riding at anchor in an incoming tide of about eight knots. At full tide the boatmen weighed their straw cables and wooden anchors, and the boats began to move down the winding stream. About 2 p.m. they had to heave-to the boats on account of the tide. It was delightful sailing along side by side, watching the Korean scullers, and admiring their straw lug-sails. Here and there on the river banks old fortresses are to be seen, and on the island of Kang Wha, a great wall is built. It was from one of the fortresses on this island that the American warship, some twenty-three years ago, was fired on.

“ You remember that after the loss of the *General Sherman*, when the Americans endeavored to find out some tidings of her, they first sent messengers to Seoul; but the messengers never returned. Then the warship *Monocacy* sailed up the river, and when under one of the forts they saw a fuse burning, and before the old cannon reported the *Monocacy* was out of range. Marines were landed, a terrible battle ensued, a number of forts were taken, and in the engagement ten marines were killed. I may mention just here that the *General Sherman* came to anchor near Pyong Yang. The crew wandered

ashore, and when they returned the ship had grounded with the outgoing tide. Every soul was killed, and the ship burnt by the natives.

“While our boats were waiting for a change of tide, Dr. Grierson and I wandered ashore and secured a small ‘sampan’ and two Korean lads to go out with us for ducks, that were floating down the river. We got out in the stream, but the ducks were not in range. Hearing some geese on the opposite side, an attempt was made to get near them. The tide was bearing us up the river rapidly, and a few hundred yards inshore was a flock of about three hundred geese. Before we got in range the geese flew. We looked round, and behold, our boats were a long way down the river, and we were going in the opposite direction at a terrific rate. We endeavored to make the opposite shore. A little Korean lad said, ‘Italgah’ (‘by-and-bye’) ‘we will be at Hang Kang—twenty-five miles up the river. After some desperate sculling we reached the shore miles below our party, on the opposite bank of the river. Dr. Grierson in his bare feet, and a Korean along with us, got a line from the bow of the boat, and you should have seen the tugging. We managed to get her up to where there was a very strong rapid running round a high, rocky cliff. At first it was thought we could not navigate the craft through the rocks and rushing current. The Doctor bent his energies on the cable. At times it looked as though a slip of the foot or a

parting of the hawser would be serious. At one time I came nearly to my waist, but managed to hold on. Great was our joy when the danger was past. We still towed on until nearly opposite our party. Thinking the tide had slackened sufficiently for us to cross, we launched out. After struggling for some time, our dory was nearing the opposite shore, but directly opposite the point from which we had started. Night came on and the time for our return was long passed. All that could be done was to scull away and keep up courage. We felt very bashful on our return, as the boats were delayed for two hours, and we, the two big geese, the cause of it all.

“Sabbath morning found us stranded in a mud hole just a few miles from where Dr. Underwood was to hold services. He could not land, as it was as much as a Korean could do barefooted, and then sinking knee-deep. We had a quiet time reading and watching the crabs and large worms crawl out of their holes; with the least sound they would all disappear. The Koreans are very fond of these crabs, that are counted as a high dish on the table. However, on Sabbath evening, we were at Satkai, and Dr. Underwood held a service with the natives. The room was packed, and outside, by the doors, was crowded. Mrs. Underwood, in an adjoining room, preached to the women. It was a blessed Sabbath evening, and it did my soul good to see those people throng to hear the Gospel. The only

light was that of a lantern; but the Doctor had a message for them, and into their dark souls the light of truth penetrated.

“Satkai is a country village, with rich farms on every hand, of upland meadow and dyke land. The work was begun here by a native, and now there are from sixty to seventy adherents and fifteen seeking baptism. Before we came they were persecuted. One of their number had died, and when they went to bury the body a party of heathen attacked them. A number had their teeth knocked out and were terribly maltreated. The Christians never retaliated, but had to leave the body without being interred for twenty days on the hillside. Dr. Underwood remained here for two days instructing the Christians. The work in this place is very hopeful.

“We journeyed from here to Sorai, passing through some of the finest stretches of country I ever saw. A huntsman could not wish for better hunting ground—myriads of ducks, geese, and so on. In the evening you see them coming from the rice-fields. The brushwood is the home of the shore in black clouds to rest for the night in the pheasant. They are so plentiful that I have seen great flocks of them a few yards from the farmers’ doors. Wild boar, deer, leopards, and tigers abound in the mountains. I saw one deer bounding over the hills, and in the markets skins of wild boar, tiger, and leopard. We arrived at Sorai on Satur-

day about noon, some of the party completely fatigued.

“Sorai is a country village on the west coast of Korea, in the Province of Hwang-Hai. It is 540 li (three li to a mile) from Seoul the capital of Korea; 160 li from Hai-ju, the capital of the province of Hwang-Hai; three-quarters of a mile from the shores of the Yellow Sea. The houses number sixty, with a population of 280. The people live by farming. About eighteen years ago two men, Mr. So* and his brother, went to China, where they heard, for the first time, the story of the Cross, and soon embraced the Saviour. On returning home, Rev. Wm. Ross, of Manchuria, gave Mr. So a number of Christian books to take to his countrymen; but when he came to the Korean border, a Korean official seized all his books, severely reprimanding him for taking such bad books into the country. Mr. So remained for a few days to rest, as his feet were blistered from the long walk and the heavy load. As he sat in his room one evening, what was his surprise when he saw entering the room the official who had seized all his books. After a short conversation, the customs official began to pull the books out of his baggy clothes and to hand them to him, saying the books were good, and to distribute them among the people. Some twelve years ago, Dr. Underwood, on one of his itinerating trips, visited Sorai and became acquainted with Mr. So and the villagers.

*This is the name which is spelt “Saw” in Mr. McKenzie’s diary.

“When Mr. McKenzie came to Korea, Rev. Mr. Lee, of Pyong Yang, was negotiating with Mr. So to come to Pyong Yang as his helper in Christian work. Mr. So and Mr. Lee met in Seoul. One evening he consented to go, but next morning he declined, giving as his reason that he did not feel called. Mr. So then returned home. Mr. McKenzie, one day, in conversation with Dr. Underwood, discussed the different parts of the country as a mission field. He had decided on the south, but when he heard of Sorai and of a Christian in it whom he could trust, he decided to go and study the language there.

“A few days after Mr. So’s return home, one evening, as the sun was setting, he saw a foreigner and a Korean coming over the hill towards the village. They came to his door, knocked, and were admitted. That night the foreigner told Mr. So how he had left home and why he came to Korea; that he had \$800, and if he lived in the city it would not last him more than two years, but if he lived in the country he could live a much longer time on it. That night Mr. So and William J. McKenzie became fast friends, and the doors of the humble farmer’s home were thrown open to the stranger. As Mr. So expressed it to me, ‘What was mine was his, and what was his was mine.’

“It was not long till all the villagers became attached to the new-comer. He made rapid strides in

the study of the language, and before many months passed was preaching the Gospel of Christ to them. He lived wholly on native food. On two occasions, once by Dr. and Mrs. Underwood and once by Mr. and Mrs. Gifford, foreign food was sent to him; but he refused to eat it. He gathered the children of the village around him and distributed the food to them. He said if he began to eat foreign food that it would be an awful trial for him to return to the native diet again. The people were wonderfully drawn to him, and so hopeful was the work that in the spring of 1895 the villagers decided to build a church at their own expense.

"I need not refer to McKenzie's heroism during the war, when on three occasions the Tong Haks set out for Sorai to plunder the village and take his life; each time something intercepted them. The Tong Haks at last said, 'We cannot fight against McKenzie, for his Jehovah God is stronger than our gods.' Sorai was the only village in this part of Hwang-Hai-Do left untouched by the Tong Haks during the war. Here and there you can see the ruins of villages that were destroyed by the robbers.

"In June, 1895, the new church was near completion, Dr. Underwood was expected from Seoul in a short time to dedicate it. On June 13th, 1895 McKenzie set out for the city of Chang-Yun, sixty li distant. As I have a letter which gives his own

account of this trip, I will give you his own words from it, as follows :

“ ‘ SORAI, CHANG-YUN, June 23rd, 1895.

“ ‘ DEAR DR. AVISON,—

“ ‘ A week ago to-day, after going to Chang-Yun, sixty li off, I hurried home in two days under burning hot rays. I took a roundabout way home, walking all the while. I sat outside one night until quite cool. I had an ordinary white suit on. A week ago to-day at noon I had the usual fever taste in my mouth. I have lost all my strength. I took a sweat with hot-water bottles and great weight of clothing over me. To-day, for the first time, I cannot go out. I don't feel hot; but, oh! the terrible feeling. I don't think I can bear it long at this rate. My sleep is leaving me—a bad feature. Can you come to my assistance, or if not, who can come? I hope I'll be here when you come and not under the sod. I enclose you \$100. Use it freely in getting anything you think I need, and if it brings you a day sooner. I need help. Our church will be finished in twenty days' time; finished well. Please try and save a friend's life if you can.

“ ‘ WM. MCKENZIE.'

“ At this very time Dr. Wells, of Pyong Yang, and Rev. Mr. Miller, of Seoul, were in Hai-ju, one hundred and sixty li from Sorai. One day, Mr. Miller said to Dr. Wells, ' Let us go and see McKen-

zie; he may be lonely and not well.' They did not go. Was it the Spirit that moved Mr. Miller to make this remark?

"From another letter we see that he attended church on Sunday; but Monday he was worse. Mr. So told me he was away just three days, and when he returned he complained of fever and a terrible pain in his head. For three days he gradually grew worse, and on Thursday so high was his fever that he was delirious. The natives did all they possibly could for him. He spoke of going to Seoul by boat, but kept putting it off until it was too late. On Friday he was no better, and the fever raged higher and higher each day. On Saturday, the 22nd, he seemed to recover; for on that day he wrote the above letter to Dr. Avison, a very touching letter to his mother, and his will. He made a mistake in the date of all these letters, which he marked the 23rd, in place of the 22nd. On looking over his diary (which I am glad to say I have found), I find a mistake. On June 14th he has the 15th instead, so this put him a day ahead of time.

"In a note to D. L. Gifford, in which he asks him to settle all his affairs, he closes with these touching words: 'Jesus is so precious now; never knew or experienced so much before of His presence. We'll meet where there is no parting. Oh, to be there!—Wm. J. McKenzie.' From this we learn how he spent Saturday, June 22nd.

"Sabbath morning, June 23rd, 1895, broke fine

and clear. He was worse. He sent for Mr. So and several others. When they entered his room they found him weeping like a child. He told them they would be ashamed of him, but he could not keep from weeping. He said he saw Jesus with him in the room the night before and that he was going to die. Turning to Mr. So, he calmly said to him: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone,' and asked him to distribute his clothes, and \$172 that he had left, among the poor, and to bury his body beside the church. They tried to comfort him and do all that was in their power to relieve his suffering. He complained much of the pain in his head.

"When time of service came around, at his request they went to church, leaving Mr. So's son to wait on him. At 11 a.m. Mr. So was sent for. When he reached Mr. McKenzie's room he was dying, and in a few moments passed away to his eternal rest. Kind hands washed the body and dressed it in his best suit of clothes. A coffin was made out of the best boards in the village, amid tears flowing from the eyes of men, women, and children, and lamentation such as was never heard in Sorai before or since. They laid the body to rest a few paces from the little church, and a green mound marks the resting-place of one dear to the hearts and memories of the people of Sorai. A stone is soon to be placed at the grave. Mr. So, as he told me the story of the missionary's life, wept like a child, tears flowing down his cheeks. Just eleven months in Sorai and seven days sick!"

Dr. Robert Grierson, to whom Mr. McKenzie refers more than once as a coveted colleague, and with whom he had correspondence to that end, is now also laboring in Korea. His eagerness to take up the work of his sainted and beloved friend proved beyond all need of words his admiration of the missionary hero. Yet a few words from his pen are a welcome addition to this testimony of sincere hearts :

“ Some years ago, in the course of a stereopticon exhibition of Korean views in the Presbyterian College, Halifax, a portrait of W. J. McKenzie was thrown upon the sheet. The speaker was unable to contrive words fitting to the occasion, and the whole gathering gazed in silent sorrow upon the face of him who in those days stood in Nova Scotia as the patron saint of Korea. The silence was not because there was nothing to say. Even in those days there were very many people who had a knowledge of some incidents in his life, and there were few in that audience who could not have occupied hours in telling what they knew of that big, noble, genial, consecrated soul. It was because he had departed this life, and because everybody was sorry, that silent meditation seemed most appropriate.

“ Now, however, we can with more composure and less of sorrow, look upon that placid face, for we see in it much of the hope of Korea’s evangelization. We know that through his death a great work has been inaugurated which carries the Gospel to the inhabitants of a territory comprising nearly

one-fourth of the whole Korean empire. We know that the little church to which he ministered has grown to an evangelizing centre and become a model to the whole world of what a church should be. We know that, in response to the call of his dying voice, now already eleven missionaries are at work in the Korean field and more are soon to follow. We know that, apart from the Sorai church where he labored personally, the work under the Canadian Church in North-East Korea enrolls now, in the year 1902, one hundred and sixty baptized communicants, one hundred and fifty-nine persons under instruction with a view to becoming church-members; has six church buildings, of which three were built during the past year, with total voluntary contributions of all church schemes of over two hundred dollars.

“We know all this, and knowing it, we look again into that face, the face of Korea’s friend, and with no less sorrow, but with more hope, we say: ‘Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.’ And the lesson of his life may easily be deduced: ‘He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.’ ”

CHAPTER XIV.

FRUIT—AN HUNDREDFOLD.

“Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone ; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

IN the seven years that have passed since Korea's hero was laid at rest by her sorrowing sons there has been time to observe the results from a surrendered life and to see whether there be tokens of the “much fruit” surely promised in the words of the Lord of the Harvest.

Was the little Christian community left mourning in Sorai to be disheartened and scattered, to disappear in the surrounding heathenism, or was it to be seed of the great fruitage for which its leader trusted ? Was the cry of lament from Sorai but a passing sound, soon to be forgotten, or the urgent plea of an awakened people upon whose moral darkness the light of truth had begun to shine, and whose claim upon her love the Church would recognize ?

Many were the opinions offered, and from that memorable June of 1895, when the Presbyterian Church began to consider in General Assembly the

adoption of McKenzie's work, while he himself lay dying in a poor Korean hut, there was no pause in the discussion and no lessening of the interest in his distant mission. The Church, though impelled by love, was hampered with debt and perplexed as to her duty.

Such urgent words as the following from the pen of Mr. A. F. Robb, then a student in Halifax, could not be without influence; and the pathetic letter which he inserts from the Christians at Sorai to the home Church, more than any other voice, reminded Christ's people at home of the needs of their Korean brethren.

We quote from the *Theologue* of December, 1896, published by the Presbyterian College at Halifax:

"It is now three years since one of our graduates began work as an independent missionary in Korea. During this time the attention of our Church, especially the eastern section of it, has been much directed toward this field.

"In June, 1895, the General Assembly discussed the adoption of North Korea as one of our mission fields, and referred it to the Foreign Mission Committee. Last June the Committee reported as follows: 'The Committee considered carefully the Assembly's reference of the question of entering upon mission work in Korea and concluded that at present it is not practicable. Since last Assembly the Rev. W. J. McKenzie, who only three years ago went out from Nova Scotia to work in Korea, depending upon

the voluntary offerings of his friends for support, has been removed by death. He left a will which expressed his desire that any money he had should be used for mission work in Korea. It is ascertained that there are \$2,000 in gold available. Still the Committee realize there are grave difficulties in the way. Dr. Underwood, missionary at Seoul, of the Presbyterian Church of the United States North, in a letter in which he expresses the hope that Canadians will continue the work begun by Mr. McKenzie, says that one should not go alone. Two, at least, should be sent if the work were undertaken; but to send two would demand much more means than are now available. Still the Committee feel that the Church should know all the facts, and therefore submit the following touching appeal and plea of the Christians in Sorai, where Mr. McKenzie labored and fell. It is written in the Korean characters, but we give the translation as rendered by Dr. Underwood:

“ ‘ As we are presuming to write this to you who are the friends and brother ministers and brethren of Rev. McKenzie, we trust you will condescend to read it and give it your prayerful attention. We sincerely trust that by the grace of God you have been blessed and are well.

“ ‘ After Mr. McKenzie arrived in Korea he came down to the village of Sorai, in the magistracy of Chang-Yun, in the Province of Hwang-Hai-Do, and

working hard about his Father's business, led many to come out and take their stand for the Lord.

“ ‘ The village of Sorai was always a very wicked place, devoid of blessings. Now there are many who are trying to follow the example of Mr. McKenzie. His body is no longer with us, and we, in prayer, want to know God's will. We, now waiting before God in prayer, hope that you, our older brothers in Canada, will pray much and send us out a Christian teacher.

“ ‘ In the name of the Korean Christians of Sorai,

“ ‘ So KYEAG Jo.

“ ‘ Sorai, Chang-Yun, Hwang-Hai-Do, Korea.

“ ‘ December 26th, 1895.’

“ Such is the cry that has come to our Church generally, and to our Church and students in the Maritime Provinces more particularly. What are we going to do about it ? In accordance with the opinion of the Committee, the Assembly declined to undertake the work in the meantime ; but the matter cannot be regarded as settled till the prayer of our fellow-Christians of Sorai is granted and Christ is again proclaimed in this part of Korea. Can we this Christmas season rest satisfied in our abundance while we make no effort to help those who are hungering for the bread of life and who have cried to us for it ?

“ *Korea is already white unto harvest.* A great change has taken place in the ‘ Hermit Nation ’

since the first Protestant mission was established twelve years ago. Then the Korean, like his Chinese brother, distrusted the foreigner and despised his barbarous customs. Now the authorities are highly in favor of Western civilization and interested in Western religion. This sentiment is spreading among all classes. Dr. Vinton, of Seoul, writes in the *Missionary Review*:

“ ‘ Now, as never before, the people flock to hear the preaching of the Gospel. Chapels are crowded. The throng surround windows and doors to the full radius of the speaker’s voice. Street preaching draws larger groups than ever before. Hearers at dispensaries give closer attention than usual. In country districts a wider circle and a higher social stratum are reached. Men who have hitherto disdained the missionary now seek his attention, and this not by twos and threes, but everywhere in numbers. Men who have lived in open sin come confessing, repenting, and taking up the Cross. As an inevitable consequence of this growing interest, sessions and examining boards find their work growing burdensome. At every communion season there are numerous admissions. Nearly every Sabbath some baptisms occur. The lists of catechumens are full to overflowing. With all due caution as to seriousness and permanency of impression, this steady increase continues. The nation is in expectation. They look for the changing of all that is past. They are not more wedded to their old religious ideas than

to those of daily social observance. The nation never had a religion—only a superstition. With scholars it is the following of the precepts of Confucius; with the common people, the propitiation of local spirits. Shall ever a more favorable season occur for the wide uprooting of these beliefs and the presentation of Christian truth ?

“ Mr. McKenzie wrote: ‘ The country is all open and ready to listen to anything false or true. The Jesuits are busy and the Japanese are pouring in Buddhist priests, and yet God’s people are so slow. I have one province of nearly two millions to myself. ‘ The harvest is great, the laborers few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers.’ ”

“ *We have men for this work.* It will be a sad day when the Church which has produced such men as Geddie and the Gordons shall have to say that she has no more men for the foreign field. But that time has not, and, we believe, will not come. Our Church never calls for volunteers and fails to get them. The spirit that animates her members is rather one that leads men to press forward alone when the Church as a whole is not ready to move. That the missionary spirit is not waning is shown by the fact that in Pine Hill alone there are eight students who have volunteered for the foreign field. There are others in Dalhousie.

“ *We have money.* Lack of funds seems to have been the only thing that prevented the Assembly

from taking up the work; yet our giving power is not exhausted. Our annual contributions per communicant for foreign missions is only 53 cents, and for all the schemes of the Church only \$2.00. But the Church will not have funds for Korea until she undertakes the work. God does not heap up supplies in order that we may have courage to obey His commands. He bids us to go forward in faith and promises to supply all our need. The Church will have money for Korea as soon as it assumes the work and appeals to the people for support. See how they rallied to McKenzie's aid, contributing during the brief period in which he labored, about \$4,000, half of which remains for the continuance of the mission.

"We have interest. Mr. McKenzie's work has turned the eyes of our people toward this field. He, being dead, yet speaketh. And to-day in some sections of our Church there is more interest in Korea than in any other of our mission fields. A province of two million souls! They cry to us for teachers. We have men, money, and interest. Our Presbyterian brethren of the United States, who are laboring in the south of Korea, bid us God-speed. Surely these are God's calls to us. Will our Church respond by assuming the work? Or will some other Church enter the door which we did not have faith enough to enter? Or shall some follow McKenzie's example? Assuredly, his spirit lives among us yet and this cry shall not go unheeded."

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society of his Church also urged the prosecution of Mr. McKenzie's work, and offered to support one missionary when it should be decided to initiate a Korean mission. Gradually, by the multitude of influences, all opposition was broken down and the final decision made in favor of opening the mission by the Maritime Synod of 1897.

Missionaries needed not to be sought for this choice field, for three young men, who were at that time completing their theological and medical studies, at once offered themselves to the Foreign Mission Board. They were Robert Grierson, of Halifax; W. R. Foote, of King's County, Nova Scotia, and Duncan McRae, of Cape Breton. The first two were accepted by the Board, to be supported by them, this being considered the utmost that could be undertaken at that time for Korea. Mr. McRae's soul was on fire, however, for the needy field, and the flame of his zeal spread to other hearts among the students of that year, until an offer was made by them for his support also. His strong character impressed all who knew him, and his determined overcoming of many obstacles made his enthusiasm a power that carried others beyond caution and worldly prudence into the same faith-life that Mr. McKenzie had ventured upon and proved practicable; again the personality of a worker lent a charm to the Korean mission that called forth new friends and fervent sympathy.

In the spring of 1898 the trio were through their studies and preparing to leave their native land. Dr. Grierson and Mr. Foote were both married in the following summer, and the party of five held farewell meetings in various places in Nova Scotia throughout August, leaving that month upon their journey eastward. They reached Korea in September, and landed at Seoul. Soon after the annual Council of Missionaries was held in the city, and the settlement of the newly-arrived party carefully considered.

The Sorai church, to which the Canadians had looked as their first home, had made wonderful progress since 1895, and grown so strong and in every way independent that although the sentiment of all the party would have drawn them to that revered spot of all others in Korea, yet they could not but see that other districts were much more needy. The American Presbyterians also were stationed at Pyong Yang, so nearly adjacent to Sorai that they could easily give supervision if necessary to the native church there, and thus the western coast all the way south to Seoul was practically provided for. The Canadians were, therefore, influenced rather by the needs of the field than by sentiment, and dismissing the cherished dream of carrying on and extending the plans of their beloved McKenzie, betook themselves to the eastern coast, choosing the city of Wonsan as a centre. Mr. Gale, of the American Presbyterian mission, was stationed here and was most hospitable to the newcomers.

Wonsan has a magnificent harbor, and presents facilities of travel not everywhere found in Korea, as comfortable steamers connect it with other Korean ports and with Vladivostok, Kobe, and Nagasaki ; Hong-Kong, Shanghai, Cheefoo, and Tien-Tsin. During the summer season steamers of a Russian line call occasionally and also carry mails. There are no Western residents but the officials of the customs staff and the missionaries, so that the Japanese have a monopoly of the foreign trade. There are distinct Chinese and Japanese settlements in the city besides the Korean. Mrs. Bishop gives the population of Wonsan, in 1897, as fifteen thousand Koreans, with about fourteen hundred of other nationalities, mostly Japanese.

Mission property was not at first available for purchase, but by the end of the first year three small homes were secured and remodelled for American occupants. The whole property was on a hill commanding a fine view of the harbor and in a purer atmosphere than that of the dirty, crowded city.

No sooner had the missionaries gained a working knowledge of the language than they found their hands full, with work enough for a staff twice as large. The following year, 1900, brought Miss Edith Sutherland, of Baddeck, Cape Breton, who came to Japan to become the wife of Mr. McRae, and Miss Louise McCully, who had just been warned out of China during the Boxer trouble and joined Mr. McRae and his wife at Kobe.

The Canadian party now numbered seven, and it was thought wise for Dr. Grierson to remove to the northern part of the province. He chose Song Chin for his new location, a small port which he believed gave promise of rapid growth and likely to become a busy centre for work. He removed there with Mrs. Grierson and little Dorothy in May, 1901.

Six months later, in October, their places were filled by three other Canadians arriving at Wonsan—Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Robb and Dr. Kate McMillan. Miss McMillan came supported by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society; Mr. Robb by the spontaneous gifts of many in his Church, who were eager to take shares in the "Robb Fund," which was again an irregular but most successful means of accumulating missionary money. The Church was thus proving one of two things to be true, either that Korea had gained a hold upon the hearts of her people that unloosened new purse-strings, or that the secret of giving was to be found in the appeal of the individual—one man presenting to the people enough of faith, of determination, of heroism or self-sacrifice to win their love, after which giving is a privilege. Mr. Robb and Dr. McMillan have the honor of being the first foreign missionaries to be sent from the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick.

A second division of forces was made in October, 1902, when Mr. and Mrs. Robb were appointed to assist Dr. Grierson at Song Chin, and Mr. and Mrs.

McRae, with Miss McMillan, to open a station in the city of Ham Heung, where promising work had been begun. Ham Heung lies about midway between Wonsan and Song Chin, and thus made a connecting centre. The policy of the missionaries has been to establish such centres, from which to radiate into the surrounding country and, as far as can be done by itinerating, to evangelize and build up out-stations.

Truly God's seal is upon this work. In 1895 a lone worker, in a little village facing the Yellow Sea, unsupported by his Church and leaning wholly upon God, as he sought to plant a church of Jesus Christ in the midst of Korean idolatry and demon-worship; in 1902, a strong, independent native church in that village, famed throughout Korea for its deep spirituality and aggressive work—"an example to all the world of what a church ought to be"—and upon the opposite coast a busy staff of ten efficient workers pressing into every unoccupied corner of another province, planting little churches in scores of villages, and covering that whole dark region with Gospel light; while behind them stands a home Church that gives not only financial support, but sympathy and prayer that only a beloved cause could call forth.

Thus hath God wrought in seven short years, and He has not yet stayed His hand. Still He is thrusting forth His laborers, and it remains for the Church still to learn all the "good purpose of His will"

toward Korea. The missionaries are already amazed at the extent of the field and the whiteness and the greatness of the harvest. Their constant cry is that many sheaves will be lost unless other reapers come quickly. Like the fisherman of old, they have launched out into the deep and let down their net and find the Master has brought into it more than they can care for; therefore, they are beckoning "unto their partners in the other ship that they should come and help them." Will the "fishers of men," who have not yet launched into deep waters, answer the call and share in the overflowing blessing? Jesus supplied on that wonderful occasion enough to *fill both the ships*; will He do less for us now?

For a true picture of the field we cannot do better than to glance at that given by the missionaries themselves as they send back to the home Church the report of what their eyes have looked upon in Korea. In 1901 Dr. Grierson writes :

"FIRST ANNUAL REPORT FROM SONG CHIN
STATION.

"I.—HISTORICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

"Song Chin is a small port on the eastern coast of Korea, about midway between Wonsan and the Russian border. It is distant from Wonsan by road two hundred and thirty miles, and by water one hundred and thirty. It was first opened to

foreign trade only two years ago, in May, 1899. Up until the spring of the present year the foreign settlement consisted only of the vacant space by the harbor side encircled by the old city walls, all the Korean houses of the old 'Seaside City' (as Song Chin means) having been removed to a plain half a mile away to make room for the Japanese, Chinese, and any other nationalities who may come in for the purpose of trading.

"Song Chin was connected with the rest of Korea and the outside world by the extension of the telegraph from the south, in November, 1900, and will shortly be united with the Russian telegraphic system from the north. A branch of the Japanese post-office was established in March, 1901, and the first Japanese buildings erected for the purposes of trade were built during the past summer, consisting of three nice houses, now temporarily used as the residence of the Japanese Vice-Consul and staff.

"Regular communication is kept up by three small coasting steamers plying between Wonsan and the northern ports; by a large steamer, plying regularly between Wonsan, Song Chin, and Vladivostok, and occasionally by large coasters coming round from Chemulpo. Trade has increased rapidly since the port was opened. The local growth of population also may be judged by the fact that about forty new Korean houses have been built in the new Korean town this summer where there were about

one hundred and forty in the spring, an increase of twenty-eight per cent.

“Song Chin was first visited by our mission in November, 1900, and it was decided to open a station there by unanimous vote of the annual meeting of our mission in December of the same year. It was opened by the moving thither of Dr. and Mrs. Grierson, on May 18th, 1901, when the erection of buildings was immediately commenced. The station had the benefit of two months’ assistance from Mr. Hugh Miller, of Seoul, and in July was strengthened by the arrival of Mr. John Grierson, of Halifax, to assist in house-building.

“The field attached to the Song Chin station consists of the entire province of North Ham Kyung, together with five of the fourteen counties comprising the province of South Ham Kyung. It is practically a virgin soil to the Gospel. It embraces in all seventeen counties, with some seven or more walled cities, nine seaport towns, the regular port of call for Korean coasting steamers and has a population estimated at three hundred and seventy thousand, among whom no evangelical body except ourselves is working.

“The station Song Chin is not a great centre of population like Wonsan, though it is rapidly growing. The Korean houses within a mile radius of the port total about three hundred, while within a mile and a half radius of the hospital they number over four hundred, representing a population of

over twenty-five hundred. The importance of Song Chin is as an open port, giving us the treaty right to hold property, and as a strategic point from which the whole field attached may be reached. The capital of the northern province, a large city called Kyung Sung, is two hundred and eighty li (about ninety miles) distant. It is much easier to reach than Ham Heung, as the three small coasters call there nearly always on their way north. Indeed, the whole field, with the exception of the two inland counties, is rendered very accessible by the service of the small steamers, whose ports of call out of Won-san, with the exception of two or three, are within the bounds of our field.

“II.—THE WORK IN THE PORT OF SONG CHIN.”

“Work in the field this year has been necessarily limited to Song Chin and its vicinity on account of the impossibility of leaving the various building operations even for a short time without superintendence. Building operations included (1) a board shanty for temporary dwelling; (2) a hospital building; (3) a mission residence; (4) a hospital well seventy feet deep; (5) a small house for Korean servants; (6) a residence well fifty feet deep; (7) a small house for Korean language teacher; (8) church edifice commenced. The last two entail no cost to the mission, the former being paid for by the missionary and the latter by the native church.

“When the station was opened, in May, there was

but one Christian family in the place. The arrival with us of a Christian language teacher, Christian carpenters, Christian coolies, and Christian house servants, gave us a little church immediately. For several months our congregation consisted only of these, and met in the house of the local believer; but in the month of September, as a result of the earnest preaching of the brethren two outsiders were converted. One of these, in turn, preached to the gentleman with whom he boards, and they have both become earnest Christians.

“A band of travelling merchants numbering eight persons, including women and children, heard the Gospel while boarding at this same house, and after professing conversion, buying Bibles and other books, and worshipping with us for about a month, went away north, preaching as they go. We expect them all back again next spring and trust that they will open up the northern regions for future preaching of the Gospel. Besides these, one non-Christian carpenter and one coolie, who came from Wonsan, have professed conversion, with good evidence of sincerity, and the attendance during the entire summer has been nearly uniform—twenty or more men and three or more women.

“No other place being suitable, the Sunday services have been held, since the first of August, in the completed hospital building, where the missionaries also find a temporary dwelling. In October the native Christians, many of whom had earned

money in the buildings, proposed of their own initiative the erection of a small Korean house for church and school purposes. At a meeting of the believers, the sum of two hundred and seventy-nine yang (about twenty-five dollars) was raised on the spot. Work was immediately begun and further subscriptions came in, making a total of about thirty-one dollars at this date. Of this sum ninety-seven yang (eight and a half dollars) were subscribed by people who were heathen when the station was opened. The building is now in progress, and it is hoped that it may be erected before cold weather interferes with the work of plastering the walls with mud.

“ Besides the Building Fund mentioned above, the Sunday church collections for the six months to date total yang 88.31, or \$7.80, making total contributions of yang 445.31, or \$38.80. The last Sabbath of worship before presenting this report saw the largest attendance at our meeting, viz., thirty Koreans, and was made memorable by the attendance, as a believing worshipper, of the head carpenter who built the hospital. He had heard a great deal of preaching and was especially impressed by the fate of Noah’s carpenters, whose history was related to him, and has now at last come into the ark. Thus the only two non-Christian carpenters who worked on the hospital building have become Christians.

“III.—THE WORK IN OUT-STATIONS.

“(a) *Im Myung*.—Last year this town was reported to have a band of five believers. Being a large market centre only nine miles from Song Chin, on the main road to the north, we had hoped much for its future; but to our sorrow the work has all died out, owing to the death of the most steadfast believer, the defection of another, and the departure to other localities of the rest. We hope, however, to do a great deal of work in this near centre, at which even during this summer a good deal of literature has been sold, and to which the missionary has paid two visits of a day each.

“(b) *Capsan County*.—In this inland district up near the Chinese border there are two places where Christians live. The first is Tong Chum, the great copper mining town of Korea; the second is Myung Dang Dok. No visits have been paid these places since Mr. McRae's trip a year ago; but by letter and messenger we have heard that the number of believers has increased in both places.

“(c) *Pook Chung County*.—Last year work was reported in one town of this county, viz., Ankok, where lives a Christian of several years' standing and his family, some five believers in all. This summer several others are reported in this place. Though no missionary visited them, they have been helped by numerous passing visits of brethren, who came here from Ham Heung to help in the building work.

It is a great pleasure now also to report the commencement of work in the county town, Pook Chung itself, a populous walled city, the southern extremity of our field. Previous to this, though there had been a considerable amount of preaching done there, no results whatever had been seen, and it was always a matter of regret in the mission that we had no root struck in that populous centre. This summer, however, through the moving thither of a Christian mechanic, a little band has gathered together, and they have written us three or four times imploring a visit. Though a missionary could not go, books were sent them, and a Christian of some years' experience visited them on his way back to Ham Heung. From his letter it appears that there are six men who give evidence of being in earnest.

"(d) *Yea Dong*.—In March of this year, when building was to be commenced, timber in all other localities having been reserved for Korean government buildings, the buyer was compelled to go to this seaside, yet mountain-girt, village for wood. Thither went also our Christian carpenters, wood hewers, and coolies, and there they preached as occasion offered, and met on Sunday for service. On May 2nd, the man in whose house the Christians boarded, decided to believe. Two others soon after believed, and on Sunday, August 4th, when the opening services of the completed hospital were held, they all travelled in the seventeen miles of very

mountainous road and worshipped with us. Dr. Grierson, in company with Mr. Hugh Miller, paid a visit to the village and spent Sunday, August 17th, there. This group also had a visit of a fortnight or more from one of our best Christians while buying a later consignment of wood, and several of them have attended service and been present at stereopticon Bible study classes in Song Chin. The number now meeting for worship on Sundays is ten persons, and their Sabbath collections to the end of October amount to twenty yang, or nearly two dollars.

“ IV.—MEDICAL WORK.

“ Up to the end of March, when constant absence from Wonsan made it impossible to do justice to the duties of the office, Dr. Grierson held the position of Customs Medical Officer in that port. He also did a very limited practice among the native Christians there. Since coming to Song Chin it has been necessary to refuse nearly all medical calls; but as Korean persistency will not take no for an answer, it has often been necessary, like the judge of the parable, to reverse the answer, ‘because they troubled me.’ Considerable medicine, therefore, has been sold, and several minor surgical cases were attended to. Among these was one of anthrax, resulting from the goring of a bull, which, in spite of all endeavors, ended fatally. Only one operation under a general anæsthetic was performed, and it

resulted favorably. The Korean youth under instruction to become a medical assistant has also this summer been taught chemistry, pharmacy, arithmetic, Chinese and English, and has been of much service in many ways."

A few paragraphs from Mr. Foote's account of the Wonsan circuit for the year 1901 gives some important details:

"Three years have passed since we made Wonsan our home, and to note the advancement in these years is very gratifying and encouraging. When we came here there was no church building. The men met for service in Mr. Gale's Korean study, and the women in Mrs. Gale's dining-room. Now we have in Wonsan a large, commodious church, where the whole congregation can worship together. At that time the baptized members, including children, numbered forty-seven, which has grown to one hundred and twenty-eight members and twenty-seven baptized infants. There are now, after removals by death and otherwise, ninety-eight adult members. There are also fifty-one catechumens under instruction.

"The one school of those days has grown to three. At that time there were but three places of worship; now we have fifteen groups and two church buildings, both added this year. In all these places Sunday and Wednesday evening services are regularly conducted. The groups extend over two provinces and five counties.

“The whole field under my care is two hundred miles long and seventy-five miles wide, comprising part of two provinces and sustaining a probable population of half a million souls. Wherever I go I meet with a warm reception and have a crowd of eager listeners.

“*Sunday Services.*—Throughout the various groups the service is conducted along much the same lines. In every group there is a leader who has charge of the work of the station. The first hour of the morning service is given to Bible study.

“In Wonsan, as in all other places, all who attend church attend the Sunday School. One of the pleasing features of our work is the great interest taken in Bible study. The catechumens study six months before they are examined for baptism.

“When we first took over work in Wonsan, not being able to speak the language, we called upon our best men to preach, turn about, at the various services. What seemed to us a hindrance then has proved a great blessing, because by this means a class of men were being developed whom the native church and we now look upon as leaders. The Sunday evening service is left almost entirely in the hands of the natives.

“I began in April a class for leaders, which continued nearly three months, until the rainy season and was re-opened after the fall itinerating was over. We decided to meet twice during the week.

Two men came fifty miles to be present. I would have been satisfied had five or six been present to follow the course I had outlined. Instead of that there was an average of twenty. The interest increased until the last.

“Itinerating.—Where there are no railroads and the fastest way of travel is at a walking pace, visiting country groups requires a lot of time. One is kept busy to make thirty miles a day. Two colporteurs of the Bible Society and my teacher usually accompany me on these trips. I have to take bed, blankets, and food with me. Wherever we stop a crowd gathers. For hours we sit with these eager listeners. The colporteurs open their packs and offer their books, which sell readily. If in a Christian community we usually remain two or more days, and spend most of the time in Bible study. It is sometimes difficult to believe the progress made in these out-stations between visits.

“On my last trip I found one of our oldest Wonsan Christians over eighty miles from home conducting service for a band of new believers. Since then he has written that he feels he is needed there, and will remain until spring.

“Training Classes.—Our growing work requires that special attention should be given those who are leaders in out-stations. To do this work most effectively training-classes have been organized. Like other departments of our work, the classes are self-supporting. Sometimes those who come support

themselves; sometimes the church where they live defrays their expenses. This season is one of much rejoicing for the Koreans—an annual re-union of believers. The studies are confined largely to the New Testament. There are many good results following these meetings. Native brethren and missionaries from other places are sometimes present, and besides a widened knowledge and deepened interest, there is the exchange of opinions and laying of plans for future work. This unifies the work carried on in the different Presbyterian missions, and makes real the *one Church* we are trying to establish.

“*Leaders’ Classes.*—In the Presbyterian Church in Korea there are about twenty-five thousand adherents and one of the questions before us now is, What shall our native ministry be? This year the council discussed this subject, and adopted a tentative course of study, feeling the need for better equipped helpers. While in the country, where the work is so large and promising and needing so much care, I feel that all my time should be spent there; but when I return home and see this large city, with the church as a base to work from, I feel that between training leaders, looking after schools, superintending colporteurs, doing evangelistic work, and the daily necessity of language study, that my full strength and time are required here. How welcome another man would be.

“*Building.*—Two churches have been added dur-

ing the year, one near Wonsan and one some eighty miles south, in Sang Sin Won. In the latter place, the congregation, from the first, determined to have a suitable place of worship, and not without great effort on their part has the task of erecting a new church been accomplished. In the other place service had been established before we came to Korea. One man built a small house of three rooms to hold service in, but the congregation has long since outgrown these. In Anpyon, funds have been collected for a church, but the building is not yet erected.

“*Books.*—The sale of books has been greater this year than ever before. I have sold to the natives 1,058 Bibles, New Testaments, and portions, besides 700 hymn-books and tracts. The Bible Society have supplied me with two colporteurs who have been at work all the year. By the help of these men I keep in touch with the whole field, learn of the progress of believers and the opening of new work.”

The account of progress during 1902 is even more inspiring. The work for the year is reported under two headings, the Northern and Southern Circuits of Wonsan, besides the report from Song Chin. We quote a few paragraphs of interest defining the work:

“The Wonsan church has, at this date, 77 communicants, 48 catechumens, and 210 adherents. The growth has been more marked in the deepened interest on the part of Christians than in the num-

bers added, as has been shown in their supporting Mr. Yun to devote all his time to the preaching of the Gospel, and the liberal contributions of the women to help support a Bible woman. The contributions for ten months have amounted to two hundred dollars (gold).

“Wonsan station includes the large central church in the town, and the two adjacent villages, Sin Pungni and Kai Mal, where regular Sunday and Wednesday evening prayer-meetings are held. The work of the sub-stations has been divided by giving Mr. McRae the district lying north of Wonsan, which includes the provincial capital, Ham Heung, while Mr. Foote has taken the district to the south.

“In Wonsan Southern Circuit there are fifteen sub-stations, one hundred and sixty-five adherents, and thirty-four catechumens. Three persons were baptized this year. In this circuit there are two unorganized churches with church buildings. Connected with each unorganized church are sub-stations.

“Anpyon is the oldest unorganized church in this circuit, being opened in 1899. The church building was opened this year and is situated in the town of Anpyon, where there are eight baptized members, eight catechumens, seven families, and a few single individuals, making a total of forty-two adherents. During the year this place has been visited several times by the missionaries, and the

progress during the year has been most gratifying. The school has been reorganized and a new teacher employed. The new church is free of debt. This church, though not large, is in some ways setting a good example, as in taking steps to contribute toward the support of a home missionary.

“There are two sub-stations connected with Anpyon, situated in good centres for work. In these sub-stations are three baptized members, three catechumens, and ten adherents.

“Ho Yang County has a central church situated at Sang Sin Won, first visited by a missionary in 1900. The following year a church was erected. Connected with this church is the sub-station of Sok Sai Kol and other places where there are believers. These isolated stations are far apart in many places, yet we trust they are centres round which other sub-stations will spring up, so we can group them into churches. This is a new field, and we have not yet visited all the counties. There is no more fitting way to illustrate the beginning of work on this field than by the parable of the leaven. Here and there dotted over this circuit are more than twenty places where Christians live, fifteen of which have been enrolled either as unorganized churches or sub-stations.

“In Wonsan Northern Circuit there are twenty sub-stations, two hundred and ninety-three adherents, and fifty-nine catechumens. Fifty-two were baptized during the year, and forty-seven catechu-

mens added. In this circuit there are four unorganized churches, the largest of which is in Ham Heung city. This church has three sub-stations with twenty-two baptized persons and one hundred adherents. The church building has been enlarged and the boys' school on the church compound has more than doubled its attendance.

"Ham Heung County contains one other unorganized church, that of Yun Mot Kol. Apart from these there are three sub-stations, making in Ham Heung County a total of seven sub-stations and one hundred and sixty-two adherents.

"In Hong Won County, which lies farther north, there is one unorganized church in the county town, including one sub-station. The total number of baptized members is sixteen, adherents thirty-five.

"In Chang Chin, our only inland county, the work has just begun in two sub-stations.

"Chin Pyung County has one unorganized church at Pan Chun. This church, including Pan Chun, where a church building is being erected, consists of four sub-stations. In this county there is one remote sub-station, making a total of five sub-stations, and forty-seven adherents.

"In Ko Won County work is beginning to open up and we have this year to report two sub-stations. At one of these, Kon Nomi, we have ten catechumens.

"This year we would earnestly plead for more

missionaries, two at least, to aid in these circuits, the rapidly growing work of which is already far beyond us."

But the story cannot be told by reports or by figures, and only as we follow these men and women in prayer shall we be able to "enter into their labors." May we also enter so fully into the will of God that their cry for help shall not go unheeded, and the self-sacrifice which they by example preach to other young men and women be repeated in many lives, that shall thereby find "life more abundantly."

We have glanced at the wide circuit on the shores of the Sea of Japan and gained some idea of the fruit springing up there from one "corn of wheat." For however we may speculate as to what the Church in Canada might have done, or how the Master might have worked for Korea without her hero McKenzie, we cannot doubt that he was the instrument used for these great results which are all to the glory of God.

But we must take a last look at the beloved village of Sorai, where God buried his worker, and with the picture portrayed by the pen of Mr. McRae in the conclusion of his letter to college friends, from which we have already quoted, we conclude this chapter:

"McKenzie lived, as I have said, just eleven months at Sorai and I wish to give you a brief

account of what his work accomplished among those heathen people, and for the whole of Korea.

“The first native church built in Korea without one cent of foreign help, was built at Sorai. The site on which this church is built is one where ‘devil worship’ was performed for centuries. This church has a parlor and a gallery, so leads in this line.

“The first endowed native Christian school in Korea is at Sorai. Just before McKenzie died he left \$170 with Mr. So to be distributed among the poor. After Mr. McKenzie’s death this money passed into the hands of the British Minister. Mr. So told the British Minister what Mr. McKenzie wished to have done with the money, and about a year after the money was handed back to Mr. So. The people of Sorai held a meeting, decided to build a school-house by each man going to work, and with the money buy land, the interest of which is to go towards the support of a teacher. So they bought a large rice field—and in such a way that it cannot be sold—the rental of which is to support the school. The rental is not quite sufficient to pay the full salary, and the balance is made up by the people. So you see there is in Sorai an endowed school called the McKenzie school.

“The first native manse for a native evangelist is at Sorai. It was finished this fall. Sorai supports two native evangelists, who go from village to village preaching Christ.

“The first Christian flag unfurled in Korea was

at Sorai, and by McKenzie. Throughout Korea a white flag with a red cross (St. George's) is the announcement for church services. It is universal and McKenzie introduced the idea. I wish you could see the flag and flag-pole at Sorai.

“The first country baptism was at Sorai twelve years ago, by Dr. Underwood. The first baptized infant when on coming to age to be received into the church on his own profession of faith was at Sorai. The first country Christian wedding in Korea was performed at Sorai. The first man in Korea to be ordained an elder was at Sorai, two years ago—Mr. So, Mr. McKenzie's friend. He is the only elder in Korea as yet.

“The word ‘Sorai’ means ‘song’ or ‘noise,’ or ‘sound.’ The first country village in Korea to send forth the sound or song of the Gospel was Sorai, and its sound has gone through the whole land. The little church in Sorai has a church membership of 150 and about 60 catechumens. There is not a single anti-Christian house in Sorai, and only three houses in the neighborhood that do not as yet keep the Sabbath. Sorai is a village that at one time was full of wine-dives; to-day there is not a single one.

“One thing that struck me very forcibly at Sorai was the hearty welcome one receives and such a shake of the hand, that makes you say, ‘It is McKenzie's.’ Korean salutation is a low bow. The brightest spot in Korea is Sorai, and Hwang-Hai-Do, the banner province of Korea, and one

might say, one of the most promising mission fields in the world.

“I can best give you an idea of the standard of church membership by taking you into the session room. One afternoon I opened the parlor door of the church, and here I saw Dr. Underwood squatted on the floor. On his left sat the deacons and Elder So. On his right there sat an old lady. Her locks were tinged with hoary age; her face showed that many a year had been spent in sin and wickedness; but her eyes were bright and she was dressed in spotless white clothes. I said, ‘Doctor, what! have you women in your session? and who is this here?’ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘don’t you know Anna? She is the poor widow who gave the site for the church, and the lot for the manse. She has given the deeds for all this property. Last year she had nine bags of rice and the Lord’s share came to nine-tenths of a bag. When she saw this she said, “The Lord must have the whole bag and no nine-tenths of a bag.” Besides this, she also gave of her little earnings money to carry the Gospel to others.’ It did me good to look into the face of the dear old lady and see her at peace with God. As the women are bashful in coming before the men, she always sits in the session with the elder and deacons, so that the others might not be too much embarrassed.

“*Standard.*—Fifteen were examined and only ten were admitted. Here are a few of the questions asked:

“Applicant.—I come before God in prayer with fear and trembling. I pray with the thought that I know He will forgive. I know my sins are forgiven.

“Questioner.—How do you know ? Answer.—Jesus said He would, and I know He will do what He has said.

“Q.—Why do you want to be baptized? A.—Because God has forgiven my sins.

“Q.—How often do you pray? A.—Never less than three times a day.

“Q.—Do you feel badly for giving up your old ways and gods? A.—How can I, when I am now *leaning* upon God?

“The applicant then retired. The deaconess, deacons and elders said her temper was very bad, and they thought she had better wait. I wonder how many of our women at home would be refused the rite of baptism and to sit at the Lord’s Table for a fault of this kind ?

“Another applicant, and some of the questions and answers :

“Q.—Do you sin now? A.—How can I help it, with this fleshly body of mine? But when I sin I ask God to forgive me and I know He will when I pray in earnest.

“Q.—How often do you pray each day? A.—I pray six times a day, but I cannot tell the number of silent prayers. I am a deaf old woman and I know nothing, but I know Jesus forgives my sins.

My thoughts, my acts, my words are all sin; but He pitied me and loved me, and died for my sins.

“She was admitted.

“Another woman, and a few of the questions:

“Q.—Do you pray often? A.—Some days I don’t pray, and on that day I get cross and scold and I sin more than on the days I pray.

“Her answer was an honest one, but she was asked to wait.

“Every night we were at Sorai, the church was filled with men, women, and children; but on communion night it was packed to its utmost. The gallery, which is not very large (being only about 18 by 3) was overcrowded. All Korean places of worship are divided into two compartments. There runs through the middle of the church a screen about seven feet high dividing the men from the women. When the hour for opening came, all were in their places. There were ten to be received into the church—six men and four women. Dr. Grier-son, assisted by Dr. Underwood, baptized them, and to me was given the privilege of addressing them through Dr. Underwood. It was my first time to celebrate my Saviour’s dying love, seated at the same table with those so lately come out of the darkness of heathenism into the eternal light.

“As I looked at those dear souls, so precious in God’s sight, now sitting and clothed and in their right mind at the foot of the Cross, it touched the depth of my soul—all their garments so clean and

white, glistening under the lamp light; their faces looking so bright, clear and happy; their voices ringing with songs of praise and thanksgiving, and in prayer their hearts united, as the Divine blessing and presence were invoked. The sight was such a one as you might all well envy to behold.

“As they partook of the sacred elements, tears flowed down their cheeks; and when I thought of him whose body lay in the churchyard, other eyes were not dry. It was a blessed sight, long to be remembered. Truly God had a work for His servant in this land. He knocked long and loud at our Church door at home, but we kept him there, knocking, knocking, knocking, until his locks were wet with the dew of night; and with the hand of the Church against him, he turned his footsteps homeward, bade his loving mother a long farewell, and with his face set towards the ‘Hermit Nation,’ and with a soul throbbing in anguish for the souls passing from the dark night of heathenism into the eternal night that knows no rest nor dawn of day, he journeyed on till his hand knocked and his voice was heard and his footstep beating; and when they heard him doors long closed, and the hinges entwined with the ivy of idolatry, swung open. He entered in and told that sweet story of love. By his life in those humble huts, glimpses of the blessed face of Jesus and the Holy One of God were caught. In his death, conviction of sin ran deep in the hearts, not only of the humble peasants and the savage

Tong Hak, but also in that of the proud Yang-ban. To-day his dust is mingling with that of others who have since fallen asleep in Jesus. Many who now sleep beside him will awake when that trumpet sounds and glorious will the sight be to see him leading into the fold of God lambs long lost in the mountains and deep ravines of heathenism.

“On Thursday morning I went to his grave and plucked a few blades of green fern, and bade Sorai farewell, hoping to return and visit the place again.

“Just a few more remarks. An outstanding feature of the Presbyterian work is that of self-support, and McKenzie may be said to be the founder of it Korea. Many of the workers who were disposed to spend money on the native work changed their views when the sound of the work at Sorai reached their ears. Side by side with this work of self-support the Methodists are freely spending money building churches, schools, and paying native preachers. While the Presbyterians have adopted a different policy, yet the work is spreading so rapidly that the present staff of foreign workers cannot overtake the work. Under the policy of self-support, the natives often choose a man out of their midst to devote all his time to preaching, and out of their small means contribute a salary for his support. The province of Hwang-Hai is especially noted for native workers, and particularly the men of Sorai.

“Sorai has two native evangelists in the field,

and the church there supports them. While at Hai-ju, word came to Dr. Underwood of one of the Sorai evangelists being in Chang-Yun and one hundred and fifty seeking Christ. The letter the Doctor received was urging him to try and come to Chang-Yun as soon as possible. It was to this city that McKenzie made his last visit, and the last city he preached in.

“While at Hai-ju with Mr. Foote, I met Mr. Ye Chung Sam, of Chang-Yun. He told me that he first heard of Jesus from the lips of Mr. McKenzie, and now he rejoices in his Saviour and his God. A Tong Hak, who was converted under Mr. McKenzie and imprisoned for some crime which he had committed before he found Christ, used to sing in his cell each day, ‘Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come.’ A prisoner in the adjoining cell caught the words, and he, too, began to sing, ‘Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come.’ This poor man committed some terrible crime and made his escape; his father was arrested in his stead and sentenced to be hanged. When the son heard of it he immediately returned and gave himself up; the father was released and the son was at this time awaiting the day of his execution. The words of this hymn led him to Christ. He became a Christian. Daily he could be heard singing, ‘Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come.’ He did not seem to fear death. Just a few days before he was to be hanged some wonderful event took place in

the palace, and a royal edict was issued to liberate all the prisoners; and he who sang, 'Rejoice and be glad! The Redeemer has come,' was set free.

"As I looked into the faces of those in heathenism and was unable to speak to them, I longed for the time to come when in their own tongue I shall be able to tell the story of the Cross. May our days of preparation fit us for the great work that is to be done in Ham Heung Do. Oh, who will come in this acceptable time? Though parts of Korea are bright and promising, yet there are parts of it very dark. Think of Rev. Mr. Adams, of Tagu, in the midst of one million souls, and not a convert! The south as yet seems untouched.

"Korea has seen many wonderful changes since her doors opened, and especially in the last few years, and ere 1900 rolls in, I hope that she will see many more. There is hope for Korea. I attended a union service one Sabbath in the Methodist Church, and over one thousand Koreans listened to the Word. Such a sight you seldom see in a church at home. Whatever may become of Rome and Spain, there is hope for Korea. The prayers that arise from ten thousand Protestant Christians will surely prevail.

"When I think of you boys gathered round the college altar, I am lifted up; for I know that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that I may be counted worthy to preach the

everlasting Gospel in this land, and to see souls born into the kingdom.

“The grace that is sufficient for us all, may it abound with you in your studies.

“Yours in the Master’s service,

“DUNCAN McRAE.”

And this is but the beginning of the harvest-time. Sorai is but a sheaf of the first-fruits brought already into the Lord’s garner, while there is still glorious promise of a full harvest yet to ripen. From east and west come the songs of the reapers as they rejoice in their toil and invite others to share it with them, but from the farther distance still echoes “the sound of a voice that is still—
‘Come over and help us.’”

Korea’s hero is “not dead, but sleepeth.”







